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Letters of Travel

from

Caspar Morris, M. D.

1871-1872

To His Family



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TIMES PRINTING HOUSE
PHILADELPHIA



INTRODUCTION

PHILADELPHIA, September 16, 1873.

My Dear Children :

This day a year ago we were in Edinburgh. It is a bright autumn afternoon. I have risen refreshed from an hour's slumber. The sun shines brightly on the photograph of the Colosseum hanging before me, and this revives the promise made to your Mother that I will arrange, revise and correct for preservation, the letters written to you during our travels ; which you have so carefully and lovingly kept, and which lie in one of the drawers of the desk kindly presented by my good brother Henry, on our return ; which stands beneath that photograph, at the foot of the sofa on which I have rested.

What better time than NOW. Often has the request been urged and compliance promised and postponed. Where will postponement leave me ? When shall I find more leisure, or be better qualified for the duty ? It is a duty and like all duties may be converted into a pleasure by a ready and cheerful discharge.

To your Mother it is due by every obligation. Most reluctantly and at a great sacrifice of her comfort and will, she consented to accompany me on the tour which she hoped

would be beneficial to me. Most cheerfully she submitted to the privations and trials incident to travel ; most lovingly she ministered to the support of my often fainting spirits ; and most lovingly and efficiently did she contribute her share to the common stock of enjoyment.

I have quite forgotten the contents of the letters. I know only that they are truly photographs—instantaneous pictures—of events and scenes and impressions and feelings as they presented themselves to the eye or affected the mind and heart, as we passed through them.

And as I now seat myself, with the same pen in hand with which they were all written, and to paper such as many of them were written upon, though the scenes themselves have passed away and the circumstances are so diverse—your mother busied once more at her loved employment of sewing for the benefit of her children and grandchildren—and I seated in the modest but cheerful room we call the “Library” in the new home where we are probably to spend the few declining years of the evening of our life. In this undertaking I cannot be said “*renovare infandum dolorem*” though about once more “*errare per terras et super mare*” ; it is rather nearer the fact that these memories, “redolent of joy and youth” seem to “breathe a second spring.”

Whatever these letters may fail to present, they tell a true tale of our experience and exhibit the representation of our sorrows and our joys ; and as you read them (if read them ever any of you may) you will find in them the representation of the incidents which occurred, and the thoughts those incidents suggested, and the feelings and emotions they stirred in my heart, recorded at the moment while they were most vivid. Always hastily done, often in the weariness of rapid travel, there is of course much imperfection.

I look back upon it all with much gratitude to your uncle Wistar and your Aunts, to whose liberality we are indebted

for having afforded us such an opportunity for enjoyment ; and with humble devout thankfulness to the gracious providence of a merciful God and loving Redeemer, who was with us in all our goings out and comings in, and through perils by sea and perils by land and all the vicissitudes of the way, brought us safely back and preserved you all to welcome us once more, HOME.

CASPAR MORRIS.

NOTE—PHILADELPHIA, December, 1896.

These letters, with the exception of a few which had been partially prepared for publication by our Father, Dr. Caspar Morris, in accordance with his intention, as expressed in the foregoing introduction, are printed just as they were written, without alteration or revision.

Some are unfortunately missing ; notably, one describing the journey through the Stelvio Pass, and another of vivid interest and thoughtful reflections after his visit to the Catacombs of Rome. The majority of our Mother's letters were messages of affection and detailed family correspondence, which in our opinion she would probably not have wished preserved for any but those to whom they were addressed. Wherever any letter of hers appears it was found among our Father's letters as arranged by him, and has therefore been printed with them.

This volume is published solely for distribution to the family, which in the score and more of years elapsed since the introduction was written, now embraces many who never knew the writer. For these younger grandchildren and great-grandchildren who had not the privilege of personal association, with all its accompanying evidences of a Father's constant love and tenderness, we trust both pleasure and profit may be found in reading this record of impressions made upon an active and studious mind. In the comments and reflections upon the scenes through which he passed—expressed with that ease and grace which gave him throughout his life not only the pen of a valued correspondent, but the charm of an intelligent and sympathetic conversationalist—we venture to hope that they may not fail to discover repeated and ever present assurance of that charity which possessed

and animated him through all his walks in life, making him in very truth "the beloved physician" in many households beside his own.

Though failing health in his latter years caused his steps unwillingly to falter in the path of the profession to which he was devoted, and in which his success was measured by the affectionate respect of thankful patients, his Faith, Hope and Charity—and the greatest of these was charity—for all men, never forsook him through months of painful illness. We would have the generations of his descendants who are yet to come, think of him not only as the student, as the healer of men, as the affectionate father of a devoted family, but we would have them remember the pattern and example of his life as a Christian gentleman, who has left the heritage of a stainless name. May the spirit of his life be ever present, ever speaking in the words of one of his favorite poets, bidding each one :

“ So live, that, when thy summons comes, to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the galley slave at night
Scourged to his dungeon ; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.”

ISRAEL W. MORRIS,
GALLOWAY C. MORRIS.



STEAMSHIP "SCOTIA," Wednesday.

My Dear Sister Emily :

Kneeling on one knee (there are no loose chairs you know to draw up to the table), I avail myself of *the last* quiet moments, QUIET? before being "cast off," to say to you how our hearts yearn toward you and *all* we leave behind us. Thus far "all well," and we would desire, and pray for more faith to say, simply, truly and humbly, looking into the dark future, "all is well." Our Father is there, and as of old, so still, "though I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost part of the sea, even there Thy hand shall lead me and Thy right hand shall hold me."

The very act of writing the words brings forcibly present to the soul the richness of the assurance. Not that all should be *as we will*, may I reverently say, God forbid that it should be as I will. My will is corrupt, my judgment infirm. Both have often lead me astray. He never, never, and never will. Neither does He leave or forsake those whom we leave behind. You there, I here, He with both, and all equally and eternally.

When you see Mrs. Cope remember us gratefully to her, and most lovingly too, and also to Mrs. Buckley.

My sheet is insufficient to record all the names of those who crowd around my heart with tokens of their love.

But I must say "farewell." "May the God of all grace keep your heart and mind, and preserve you blameless, to the coming of the Lord." All would join in "Amen" if they were near.

Your truly loving brother,

CASPAR MORRIS.

STEAMSHIP "SCOTIA," July 1, 1871.

My Dear Son Galloway :

Our thoughts turn toward those we leave behind us, who have been so long and so intimately entwined with the inmost fibres of our hearts, that these cannot throb without striking some chord which

vibrates in common with yours. We are now more than half seas over, and have been blessed with perfectly propitious weather; not always sunshine; that was too hot and glaring, burned the cheeks of all around, and blistered the noses and ears of some. On some days the fog has been so dense that we have heard the constant reiteration of the shriek of the fog whistle, and sometimes there have been showers of rain; but through all we have been pressed onward by fair winds, and the temperature has been so cold as to require all our well provided wrappings.

Everything has been thought of by our various friends, so that we are objects of envy to less favoured fellow-voyagers.

The accommodations of the ship are all that could be asked; and she herself a pattern of a sea-boat, a triumph of human wisdom and energy.

But I never utter such a phrase, without remembering the reproof of the Apostle, "who art thou that boasteth, or what hast thou that thou hast not received?"

The wisdom of man's intellect is the fruit of God's gift.

We are told the "Scotia" is the last of the side-wheel steamers, the difference between the 150 tons of coal which she consumes per diem and the 80 or even as low as 60 tons used by propellers in the same time is, in itself, a small profit, without counting the difference in cost of building, and the gain of space for freight now given to coal.

We find very agreeable company among the passengers, and are able to keep out of the way of that which is disagreeable; though the clatter of coins and the slang terms of the gambler are floating around us whenever we go to the saloon, nor are there wanting the angry exclamations and noisy discussions of points of honour and the rules of the game which will obtrude themselves on our ears.

Your mother keeps up better than I had ventured to hope she could. She has not missed one meal, though she has lost some which she had taken. She lies down for an hour or more each morning, and we pass much of the other portions of the day, when the weather permits, on deck. Tell Mrs. Buckley her cup has been in daily service, and has proved a most valuable and acceptable gift. I can reach it before I rise, as it stands on the rack in our state-room, and pour into it your mother's dose of Tonic Tincture, add the proper dilution of water while still keeping the lying posture and thus escape nausea, which I could not have done with a common wine-glass not graduated as this is. She will from this learn that her thought was wise, as her intention was kind and loving.

But oh! what would we not give for a participation now in the peace and comfort of your dear home and the quiet prattle of the dear boys, and the sweet sounds of Hannah's piano, and a look at the beauty of your lawn!

Well, that will come after the storm, and meanwhile we will cheer ourselves by the glad anticipation. You can report your uncle and aunts as all doing well. I shall reserve the space below in case anything should occur worthy of being reported between this and Friday, when we hope to mail our letters at Queen's Town.

Wednesday.

Spoke the "Cuba," sixty-two hours out from Queenstown. We avail ourselves of a glorious day to finish up our letters ready for being mailed on our getting off that port, which we hope to make on Friday.

Your loving father,

CASPAR MORRIS.

P. S.—I am glad, my dear children, that your father *can* write to you. I do not love you less than he, but am not equal to expressing it, but 'Tis a comfort to feel that you will understand it entirely, and be loving me still.

Your most affectionate mother,

ANNE C. MORRIS.

STEAMER "SCOTIA," July 19, 1871.

My Dear Son Israel :

The steamer "Cuba," which we met this morning, 62 hours out from Queenstown, gives us *patent* notice that we have traversed much the longest portion of our voyage, and that if we wish to transmit to our friends the earliest notice of our welfare we must prepare our notes.

Your mother is lying down, between lunch and dinner, and I avail of the empty table in the dining saloon to convey to you the written symbols of our love and wishes for your welfare.

The sea is purely blue ; the sky not so bright as our own ; (that we have taken leave of till we reach Italy) but quite clear of clouds ; the roll of the ocean pitches the ship fore and aft, and keeps many of our fellow passengers in their berths ; but *all is well*, and we are making favourable progress and now hope to reach Liverpool on Saturday. We shall be obliged to remain there, over Sunday, though we should have chosen Chester in preference as a more quiet place for the Lord's day. Perhaps it is as well, as it will permit your uncle and aunts to attend Friend's Meeting, and we shall find our service the same in either place. Mr. McVickar, of New York, read it for us on board, delightfully.

We have had but little intercourse with our fellow passengers. Mr. Rhenn and his nephew are very pleasant. Mr. Wanamaker and his former minister at the Bethany Mission (now at Abington, Pa.), a Mr. Lowry, sit near us at the dining table, and also a Rev'd. Mr. Dickson, father-in-law of Mr. Lowry. We exchange the common courtesies of fellow citizens.

There is an Englishman, who is a partner in the Banking House which does the business of the Penn. Central R. R. in London, who recognised your uncle Wistar, and is a very pleasant man. My friend, Isaac Braithewaite, is the Broker of the Bank, so that we have common points of interest and enjoy a talk together on various matters. He is a hearty, honest speaking Englishman thinking as we do about Ritualism and its tendencies; and dreading the progress of Romanizing tendencies in both countries. May God preserve us and ours from the insidious snare!

Your uncle was told there was to be on board a Friend in some way connected in business with Edward Marshall; and though the Purser tells us he is our neighbour in the same range of state-rooms, your uncle has sought in vain for any one having a sign of Quakerism about him so that we shall probably land without having recognized each other. We are said to have on board, also, a Governor of Honduras; and a Malabar Portuguese servant indicates that we must have some East Indian also. There are many *distingué* looking Englishmen, but there is room enough for all, and each takes his own position, and we enjoy ours.

Your mother sews, *of course*, and I read to her, either on deck, or in the Saloon. We stay little in our state-rooms though they are comfortable.

We shall be glad to learn that you got out of New York as safely as we did, though I assure this is the first time the anticipated *riot* has presented itself to my mind.

Our prayers turn after you, that you may be kept on the right hand and on the left; from foes within as well as without; and that we may be permitted once more to collect together in peace. Your mother wishes you to take the herrings from 1428 Chestnut street, if you and Annie like them, and says, if the house should be rented without the furniture, take up the floor-cloth carefully, and send it to your sister.

P. S. (by dear Anne)—Any of you use any thing you would like to have. 'Twill be a relief to me if you will, as I reproach myself for not being more thoughtful about these things. We think Mr. Cowpland, or Mr. Buchanan, the sexton, had best rent our pew in the Church of the Epiphany.

Your loving

FATHER AND MOTHER.

STEAMER "SCOTIA," July 18, 1871.

My Dear Son Cheston :

While your mother lies down before dinner, I take my seat in the saloon to give utterance to the feelings of affection which well up in my heart, and flow out freely to you all, left behind in bodily presence, not in heart, and you and Mellie and the boys come in for a full share of the stream.

Her kind providence for your mother, in furnishing her with a warm silk hood, has proved very profitable; and I find her ink-stand a most important agent in promoting my comfort; so you see we are not destitute of present and material tokens of the love which unites us.

We are having a *nice time of it*. The number of passengers is large; and, of course, the variety of character is great; some thoroughly disgusting; as, for instance, a party of young men at my elbow, while I write, only withheld from wrangling over a low game of cards by some little remnant of shame; while at the table behind me mingled voices of women, men, and children, are interrupted by the jingling of the coins which tell the story of their gambling assured by the brag of success and tones of triumph of the winning players.

A tutor, with his pupils, is among the passengers who will not, I suppose, from what I see of them, experience the difficulty of Mr. Labberton, who once and once only, took charge of such a party and declared on his return, (I am told) that he would as soon undertake to drive a herd of swine as to encounter again such a task.

But to return from this digression, caused by the distracting sounds in the Saloon.

Your uncle and I have talked over his plans and decided to leave Holland off, at the beginning, and staying only a week in London make our way direct to Switzerland.

We shall endeavour to get into Edwards' lodging house in London if they can accommodate so large a party. If they can not receive us, we shall probably try Woods' Hotel, Furnivals Inn, a house near Lincoln's Inn recommended by your uncle Israel.

Our arms are all affected by the vaccination, though not painfully so, and I hope they may not be as they are sore enough to prove the activity of the virus used and the fact of its insertion. T. Longstreth had not been vaccinated, so I turned out in New York and bought a quill and tried that, (to me) unusual mode of operating; but it was unsuccessful, either from inefficacy of the virus, or want of skill on the part of the operator.

I secured the matter through the assistance of Doctor Thomas Markoe, whom I found a courteous and obliging gentleman as well as a brother in Medicine.

I have not yet seen the Surgeon of the Ship though I know there is one.

On my remonstrating against the high encomiums on my professional standing, in which I was introduced to the Captain by George H. Stuart, saying that I had left my profession behind me, Capt. Lott replied that I need not be afraid, as it would only secure me gratuitous attendance if I should require any.

By the way, Mr. S. looked very well and says he has at last found *the Doctor* at Clifton Springs; not the water-cure, but the Doctor who understands his case.

He has been so often cured, that I do hope for his family's ease, and friends, as well as for his own, that he and they may not be again disappointed.

Give your mother's love, and mine, to the dear boys, from Tyson down to each one that can understand and value it.

We hope to return beloved and comforted by them all, in our old age, which is laying claim to us without any defence or mode of escape.

Your loving father,

CASPAR MORRIS.

20th : Favourable winds, and fair weather; we expect to reach Queenstown early to-morrow. Your mother and all the party well. Have had an exceptionally fine voyage.

* * * * *

Love. Much, much, love. I will try to write. *We are doing nicely.*

A. C. M.

WOOD'S HOTEL, FURNIVAL'S INN, LONDON, July 26, 1871.

My Dear Son :

The time which has elapsed since we parted has been, truly, but short; and yet so important have been the results, and so widely has it separated your dear mother and myself from *all whom we hold dear*, that we can not disabuse ourselves of the impression that it has been long, and fraught with momentous consequences to us and to you; and we feel as though each moment must bring us tidings of importance.

Your mother has borne wonderfully well, the pain of separation, the discomforts of the voyage and the fatigue of travel.

As yet neither she nor I have ventured on either sight-seeing or shopping, beyond the purchase of some flannel shirts and some stockings in Chester.

We are as quiet *here* as though we were miles away from the great, bustling, throng of this Metropolis of the world—for such it is—and the arrogance which assumes to ourselves any importance, is mere childish folly.

This Hotel stands back from High Holborn, the great thoroughfare between the City (proper) of London, and Westminster, and the great Western extension of the capital of the British Empire. We enter through an arched Gateway and passing across an open space, of about the same area as one of the sections of Penn's Square, find ourselves in a good Hotel, with quiet servants, and though the rooms are small, they are clean and our meals are well served.

We arrived at Liverpool on Saturday, getting ashore by 12 M.; took a lunch at the Adelphi Hotel, and, after arranging with an agent,—Mr. Sherlock—who makes it his business simply to attend to the wants of American passengers, attend to their luggage, forward either to or from them packages or purchases, etc.; who took charge of our various *fixings*, took rail for Chester, distant about 14 miles. The car was very commodious, and so arranged with compartments, that our party occupied one entirely distinct, and was separated from all other passengers, and as comfortably seated as we had been in the special car in which the Pennsylvania Central R. R. Co., had sent us as the family of one of its most honoured Directors, to New York, when we left home, as a special token of respect to your uncle.

So, you see, *the brag* was taken out of us at once.

Then the grade of the road is so easy, that we were astonished by the small size of the Locomotive—not half the size of ours. It looked to my unskilled observation, to be of much simpler construction, and must certainly be less costly.

Then, *the finish* of every thing! The beauty of the Station-houses at every stopping place, with their exquisite flower-gardens, adorning the slopes of the embankments and excavations, give an air of refinement and elegance.

We were also impressed—the ladies especially—by the manners of the guards.

With us a conductor, with no costume to mark his position as an official, *flings* open the door of the car, and cries "Tickets" with an air of supercilious superiority. Here a uniformed officer touches his cap and says respectfully, "Please have your tickets ready," and after a pause of a minute or more, inspects and stamps them and hands them back with a "Thank you," in a subdued and kindly voice, that seems to express "a good journey to you." At Chester we stopped at the Queen's hotel immediately adjoining the Railway terminus, and found it a very nice establishment, well appointed in every respect, and perfectly quiet, notwithstanding its proximity to the Railway terminus. It belongs to a joint stock Company, and is *managed* by a lady.

Nothing could excel it in any respect; and after staying there, Saturday afternoon, Sunday, Monday, and part of Tuesday, we paid for the accommodations of our party of nine, only about Twenty Pounds.

These practical matters are important, and having detailed them to you, I will add that I this morning, procured from Brown, Shipley & Co., Twenty Pounds, for which amount I drew on you ; and to which you will please attend.

At Chester we had a fair specimen of English weather ! The rain and sunshine alternated, without any warning of change, a dozen times in about as many hours. The temperature was cool.

On our way from Chester to London we saw the hay lying as it had been cut, in the field, three weeks ago, and no apparent hope of its being cured.

On Saturday some of us walked round the wall of Chester and were gratified by the spectacle of a most impressive sunset, giving a glorious glow to the western sky, and lighting up with beauty, the slopes of the Welsh Mountains, which were cultivated, while it threw into darker shades, by contrast, the sombre outlines of the loftier and uncultivated ranges.

It is impossible to convey to you an adequate idea of the splendour of the scene.

We, from the western world, stood gazing on its glory over the crown of the arch of the gateway through which Roman legions had emerged from their "Castra"—hence the name Chester—for conflict with the savage Britons, our ancestors.

Though the walls and gates have been often rebuilt and renewed, since those ancient days, still they are the same, on the principle by which we, ourselves, retain our identity through life, though perpetually undergoing change by waste and renewal.

These walls have never been wholly prostrated, but continually renewed from those days until now.

Many parts are now so corroded by time and weather that they must soon be rebuilt. It is not that the stones separate, the mortar is indestructible and cements them still ; but the stone itself is worn away.

The walk around the top of the wall is about two or three feet wide, well flagged, and guarded by a parapet about 3 feet high coped with dressed stone.

The circuit of the wall is about two miles ; and there are towers at several points rising at least twenty feet above the wall. On the top of one of these poor Charles stood, supported by a few loyal friends, watching the progress of the battle in which the destiny of the kingdom was determined for that generation.

We attended the worship at the Cathedral, on Sunday, both morning and evening. It was devoutly celebrated ; and the sermons, (Morning by Canon Kingsley, and Evening by Dean Howson) were, both of them, eminently interesting and profitable.

On Monday we visited the "Rows," or shops, which are unique in their arrangement ; there are none other such at least in Great Britain, perhaps not any exactly such in the world.

It is as though the front rooms of the houses of block after block of dwellings had been taken out, and the back rooms converted into shops, while the story above was supported on columns, and the floors of the front rooms laid with brick pavement or stone flagging, while the ground floor rooms are likewise appropriated to shops which open on the level of the street-way. The houses are old; at least of the age of Elizabeth and present the gables to the street adorned with quaint devices and strange ornaments; some of them having grotesque carvings; and some scripture texts, or expressive mottoes carved on the timbers which intersect the fronts.

Steps at either end of each block, and occasionally in the intervening space, give easy access to the carriage-way.

The stories are of little elevation; mostly of about seven feet, some less, and none higher than eight.

A covered way is thus provided from one shop to another, protecting the shoppers from the weather.

Many relics of the Roman occupation have been disinterred by the progress of more modern improvement, such as tessellated floors, altars, fragments of columns et cet: These are collected in an enclosure connected with one of the towers.

Among the objects of interest in the vicinity are the ruins of a mediæval Monastery, or Priory, a portion of which has been restored and does service as a Parish Church; and Eaton Hall, an extensive modern Gothic building, one of the many residences of the Marquis of Westminster, one of the richest, if not the richest of the English nobility.

It is a grand and imposing structure, standing in a noble Park well planted with trees, of many miles extent. Your mother and I did not accompany the other members of the party in their drive to visit this as it would have required a second carriage, and we still remember the attraction it presented to us on our former voyage in the year 1836.

The Park is of great extent, the drive to the Hall being itself, miles in distance, through grand plantations of noble trees, and the grounds near the Hall laid out with all the taste which great skill in the science of gardening provides, for effect. When we visited it more than thirty years ago, the Hall had a front extent of 800 feet, which has since been added to.

On Friday morning we left Chester for this place via Shrewsbury, Wolverhampton, Birmingham, Warwick, Oxford and Windsor.

The greater part of the way lay through a landscape of perpetually changing beauty; green fields divided by trim hedges; with here and there a great Park with its lordly mansion; and frequent hamlets of thatched cottages clustering around venerable churches, with their steeples pointing heaven-ward or tower with its chiming bells.

The agriculture seemed perfect; fields of grass, grain, and turnips or other root crops, succeeding each continuously. About Wolver-

hampton we passed through the iron producing region. There for miles it was *one vast smithy*. *Literally everywhere* forges and furnaces and factories.

The heavens were obscured—actually shut out from sight—by the smoke belched forth from the thousand chimneys; while the surface of the earth was concealed beneath the universal pall of cinders and scoria, thrown out from the numberless workshops which were crowded on its face.

Here lies the power of Great Britain; Is it inexhaustible? The coal and iron ore are certainly *material*, and therefore destructible and may be used up; and then the men—the intellectual power—must transfer themselves, and with themselves that power, to other localities; and with this transfer of power goes the empire.

We must wait and see. Whether free-trade or protection be the best for permanent prosperity is a debateable question in my mind. The more rapid the consumption, the earlier the exhaustion. With love to all from both your mother and myself,

Your afft : father

CASPAR MORRIS.

You must let this serve for your brothers and sister.

WOOD'S HOTEL, FURNIVAL'S INN, LONDON, July 27, 1871.

My Dear Son, (Cheston):

We have had a London day. Your uncle and Mr. John Welsh and I spent the morning in a Hospital visitation.

We began with the new buildings of St. Thomas' on the Thames Embankment, opposite the Parliament Houses, supposing that they were occupied. We were disappointed in this; the wards are not yet furnished. We made, however, a pretty thorough inspection of the buildings. It would have been better for our purpose if we had asked before going there and secured the guidance of some one able to give us information on many points in which we needed it. We expected to have found all we needed among the Officials.

The Hospital is built on made ground, formed in the process of straightening the River line and reclaiming that which was lying waste along the irregular shore.

A retaining wall was constructed at the water line and a wide, paved Avenue laid out just within it. This runs the entire length of the Embankment, and provides a channel of communication directly along the River.

The ground occupied by the Hospital is considerably higher than the level of this Avenue, from which it is separated by a retaining wall which is crowned with a Parapet, within which an open Corridor

extends the entire front of the Hospital grounds, and affords a very admirable opportunity for the convalescent patients to take exercise in the air freshened by the draught along the current of the stream.

It may be true that the atmosphere of the Thames is not so pure as that of a position further removed from the contaminating influences of the great masses of human beings, crowded in the Metropolis, but it is purer and fresher than it would be without the currents created by the motion of the stream. Between the Corridor and the ends of the Pavilions, into which the Hospital buildings are divided, the grounds are cultivated as gardens and planted with shrubbery. Across these, bridges from the ends of each pavilion afford access to the Corridor for the patients.

The plan of construction is that known as the Pavilion plan ; each pavilion is three stories in height and the front is composed of open corridors, stretching along the entire length, and affording easy communication between the numerous buildings.

The first building we entered, lying at one end of the range, was that devoted to Administrative purposes and the apartments of the Resident Officers.

The vista along the front corridor as we entered, presented a very impressive view.

The several Wards are each of them capable of receiving 28 beds, standing, as do those in our Hospital of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in front of a pier and having an outlook from two windows opposite the foot of each bed.

The entire capacity of the Hospital is I believe but few, if at all, short of one thousand.

At the extreme opposite end of the range of ward pavilions we found that devoted to Instruction.

In this department there are three amphitheatres for lecture rooms, including one for Anatomy, one for Materia Medica, and one for Pathological Anatomy. This last is connected with a large airy, well-lighted, room for dissection ; and another for Post-mortem examinations, having a small number of raised seats designed for the accommodation of students, and enabling them to see for themselves the morbid condition of the organs in the cases the treatment and progress of which they have been watching.

Every part of these extensive buildings is connected by telegraph with every other part, an arrangement rendered absolutely necessary by the vast area they cover.

We were told that the cost of the site and the erection of these buildings amounts to not less than \$2,000,000.

The situation is admirably adapted to the use of a hospital. The river not only affords a wide unoccupied area, but secures a free current of air ; and the animation of the scene with the unceasing passing to

and fro of steam-boats on the river, must be inspiring to those who have been secluded and weakened by disease.

The animating moving panorama is always in sight from every ward ; while the exercising corridor overlooks it.

Such a spectacle must be beneficial in convalescence, and, to many persons of the classes which furnish the patients of our hospitals, even more attractive than the quiet and seclusion of rural surroundings.

The structure impressed us favourably ; it is nearly complete ; they are now colouring the walls in distemper, and painting the wood-work and expect to bring the patients from the old St. Thomas into this about October.

The arrangements for out-door patients are on the largest scale. The reception and prescribing rooms are numerous, each devoted to a special class of disease and each giving ample accommodation.

From St. Thomas' we went to Guy's and I was delighted to note the vast improvement which had been made since I was there, in 1836.

Though the building is, I believe, some two hundred years old, everything is clean and fresh as though of recent construction. There was not the slightest offensive odour perceptible, and the patients looked as comfortable as sick people can be made. Every ward of 24 beds is in charge of a head nurse called "sister," though not connected with any "sisterhood."

These are fine looking, intelligent countenanced women, evidently belonging to a class much above that from which we derive our "Nurses."

A Matron has charge of the whole, and provides each of them with the requisite assistance, called "nurses," five, and a "Night-nurse" to each ward.

Children are dispersed among the adult patients ; all under 7 years of age in the Female wards, and the older boys in the male wards.

The walls are painted, and every available space is occupied by beautiful engravings or by illuminated texts from Holy Scripture.

There are at least a dozen oil paintings presented by the artist whose work they are, named Salomen.

They represent rural scenes with animated figures of men women children and animals, well drawn and highly coloured.

One very impressive one represents Bunyan's Mercy at the Wicket Gate. The figure of Mercy is good, and the face most touchingly beautiful and true to the conception of the immortal Dreamer.

The texts are selected with admirable judgment.

The sheets and pillow-cases were of *linen* and scrupulously clean ; I asked, foolishly, how often it was changed ? The Matron and nurse turned it down for my inspection, smiled, and said "every hour if it is necessary."

The smoke of the bituminous coal renders the use of White spreads inexpedient, but neat clean chequered linen spreads were substituted.

The tables were covered with damascened cloths of bleached linen, and the appliances for meals were clean and attractive.

In one of the wards I found Doctor Owen Reece about to commence his daily visits, and asked of him the privilege to be permitted to accompany the class of students who were about to profit by attending him.

There were only about four or five earnest looking young men ; I presume the dressers or house pupils.

He commenced by examining the cases which had been admitted since his last visit.

One of the young men read the history of a case drawn up by himself, and a diagnosis of its nature and present condition drawn from his own investigation, and written out fully on a form provided for the purpose.

This was read aloud to Doctor Reece by the author as they stood by the bedside of the subject, after which Dr. R. made his own exploration of that case *most minutely, and patiently*, and gave his own diagnosis, which was recorded by the clinical clerk.

He then prescribed the treatment. The "Sister" stood beside each bed during the entire examination, and heard all that passed. At the head of each bed hung a large card, on which was engrossed the name of the patient, the disease as diagnosed by Dr. Reece, and the prescription and diet directions for each day.

Altogether, I think they are decidedly in advance of us. But how could we hope to approach them? Guy's has a large income from invested funds, and owns an Estate of 11,000 acres of land in Herefordshire.

It is now 10.30 P. M. and the whole party is very weary and sleepy.

We spent last evening at Mr. Bevan Braithewaite's ; with himself only. Mrs. Braithwaite and the family having left town in the morning for their appointed summer visit to her family in Oxfordshire.

To-morrow I shall take the cars to Epsom and make a visit to my dear old friend Isaac Braithewaite, who has written to beg me to go to see him as he is too feeble to come into town to call on us. We have secured the service of a Courier an Italian named Stephano Cervetto, who is to substitute Friezer till the latter gets through his present engagement.

We start from London on Tuesday morning via Dover and Ostend, spend the first night on the Continent at Ghent ; go the next day to Brussels and Antwerp.

The weather has, thus far been most propitious to us, though there had been continuous rain for a month before our arrival. It has ever since been clear and the temperature most genial.

To-morrow I design to go to St. Lawrence, Jewry, to search the register of that Parish for any notice of the Hollingsworth and Cornish families.

The rest of the party go to the Zoological Gardens, Regents Park. To-day Mr. Bevan Braithewaite carried them to Westminster Hall, and the House of Lords, in which a case was being argued, so that they saw the Lord Chancellor and some Barristers in costume. Mr. B. could name to them all the notabilities.

Mr. B. is a regular walking Cyclopædia. He shewed us many rare and valuable books in his private library, last evening. Among others a copy of Cicero which had belonged to Blackstone having his name on a fly leaf, evidently an autograph, and annotations on the text written on slips of paper interposed between the pages proved that it had been used by him for purpose of study.

A question of chirography having been raised, and T. K. Longstreth asserting that the signatures to the American Declaration of Independence were poor, Mr. Braithewaite denied the correctness of the opinion, and at once took down from the shelves of his library, in which we were sitting, a copy of that document with fac-similes of the signatures, in order to convince him of his error. He is ready on every topic can be presented.

Love to Mellie, and the boys—I hope she will pardon the professional tone of this letter.

Your loving father,

CASPAR MORRIS.

LONDON, July 27, 1871.

My Dear Galloway :

Money goes here even when one does not, as I do not, pay ones own way.

Will you please inform your brother, Israel, that I have been obliged to draw again of this date for twenty Pounds.

I have already written to him since our arrival, and not to you before this, therefore address this now to you and trouble you with the message to him.

Yesterday your mother and I did some necessary shopping, which used up the proceeds of our former drafts ; after which she went with the others to the Tower and St. Pauls Cathedral, while I accepted an invitation from my old friend Isaac Braithewaite to visit him at his summer home.

When we were here, 35 years ago, he, his sister, your mother and myself, occupied together very humble apartments in the heart of the city.

Now I find him with a residence at the west end, to which they come in December, and a summer home near Epsom 9 miles from London. His health is so much impaired that he was unable to call on us, but wrote to me begging me to come to him and bring your

mother, and asking the other members of the party to accompany us and dine with them *in travelling dress!*

Of course your mother was not disposed to go, and was thankful that Mrs. Braithewaite had not thought it necessary to call on her. She would not have accepted even if Mrs. B. had first called. I had no alternative. It would have been treason to friendship, old and true, for me to hesitate about these conventionalities. I went by Rail; and, as I thought, by the line and train designated but found there were two separate lines and that I had taken the wrong one, so that the carriage was not at the station on my arrival. I felt a little embarrassed, but determined to enquire my way and persevere.

Having got my directions for the road from the people at the station, I walked on.

After having passed through the village of Epsom, (without seeing any traces of the arrangements incident to the annual Races to which it owes its celebrity), I approached on the outskirts, a noble grove of grand old trees, surrounded by a lofty wall and entered by a spacious gateway, in which I heard repeated reports of guns and made up my mind that "pigeon shooting" was going on within. Approaching the gate through the massive wall I found a porters lodge just within it and a road winding up a considerable elevation, through clumps of shrubbery of exquisite beauty.

I soon saw a noble looking lady approaching by a cross path and stretching out her hand toward me with the exclamation, "I am sure you must be my husbands old friend, Doct. Morris; how did you get here? We sent to meet you, and the carriage is to go for you again. Mr. Braithewaite will be *so glad to see you!*"

Just then it began to rain, and as we rose the hill a *stately* mansion met my eye, grandly seated on a knoll, with the grounds sloping toward us; beautifully planted with exquisite shrubbery in great variety. Turning toward the right hand (the house fronted us on the left), Mrs. B. said "excuse me a moment, I will step to the stable and prevent the groom from putting his horse to the carriage to drive to the station again for you, as he has been told to do."

I of course walked with her. She no sooner set eyes on the servant than she said, "I hope they all escaped. How many did you shoot?" On his replying "not many, Master John did not fire! The Captain did it all;" she said "Oh, I am so glad!" and then turning to me she said, "It is barbarous sport; but Captain —— is making us a visit, and they made an apology on the ground that we do want some pigeons to eat, and there are a great many about, but I am so glad they did not get many."

By this time we had reached the Hall door, which stood open, displaying a large Billiard table directly in front of the entrance. As we crossed the threshold, she exclaimed again "Mr. Braithewaite will be so glad to welcome you, he has been lying down all the morning, to prepare or you."

But how shall I attempt to describe the beauty of the flowers? There were Carnations which I mistook for Roses, so large and fully developed were they—a hedge of Sweet Pea, (the old fashioned favourite of the garden in the days of my child-hood) in full bloom—Banana plants, and great tufts of Pampas grass, and other tropical plants set in turf as green as English grass can be, and short and close shaven as the pile of Italian velvet—an *Auricularia imbricata* of perfect form, and nearly, if not quite twenty feet in height—and many other foreign trees and plants and shrubs, which appear to have adapted themselves to the climate here, under the care of a gardener who must be well-skilled in his profession.

Nothing could exceed the kind hospitality with which I was received by my dear old friend, who, though many years younger than I, is now a venerable looking white headed man.

We paced slowly back and forth, along a nicely kept walk which runs parallel with the front of the house, bordered on either side with bedding plants of the choicest sorts and in great variety, while the smooth green turf dotted with *noble elms* and *grand old oaks*, spread out, acre beyond acre, and a fine herd of Alderneys pasturing in a field beyond, and distant hills, seen across a wide extent of furze-clad Common, closed the view. In one part of the grounds a party of young ladies and gentlemen, were playing *Croquet* with great zest.

Talking over the mercies and memories of the past, to us and ours, and the blessings of the present, we sauntered up and down the terrace walk till Mr. Braithewaite became exhausted, and carried me with him into the drawing-room which opened into a conservatory about 40 feet square, around which hung such clusters of *Bignonia* flowers as I had never dreamed of, while there stood, scattered about the floor, pots of *Erica*, *Fuschia*, *Ferns* of various kinds, *Torrenia*, and a dozen other plants, of whose names even I am ignorant; but all of great beauty and each a perfect specimen of its kind. It was altogether a fairy scene.

At about 7 P. M. I was shown up stairs to prepare for dinner, and at 7.30 some twenty ladies and gentlemen, all members of the family or guests staying in the house, were ushered into the dining-room.

Three men-servants in livery waited on the table. Soup was followed by fish, and that by mutton cutlets and stewed Pigeon; then there was roast beef, and roasted chickens.

These were followed by pudding, and that by custards; after which came on the fruit dessert, composed of grapes from their own glass, and the most delicious melon I ever tasted, also grown in their own frames.

Each was served by itself, and handed round by the waiters. Coffee followed, after the serving of which the ladies left us and the gentlemen sat and talked over Sherry, Champagne, and Claret. But very little of any of the wines was drank by any one.

In the midst of a very pleasant chat Mr. Braithewaite turned to me and said "would not you like to go with me to my own room?" I gladly assented, and when we had entered, he turned the key in the door, and said "many a *nice* time we have had, you and I, together, do not you feel as though it would be pleasant to pray?" So, withdrawn from the company, we renewed together our old associations of Christian fellowship until the time arrived for the starting of the last train for London.

All this affluence and elegance, is the result of his diligent and earnest pursuit of business.

I can not avoid fearing greatly for the effect upon his children. It is a *dangerous* position in which they are placed; they are attractive looking young people and I pray that they may be kept from all evil, and from bringing sorrow to the heart of their father.

This morning I received a letter from him thanking me for my visit and begging for a renewal of the pleasure. To-day the whole party went to the Zoological Gardens. Hippopotamuses, Rhinoceroses, Giraffes, Elands, Camels, were each represented by numerous specimens, while Birds, Beasts, and Reptiles; Monkeys, Bears, Lions, Tigers, Hyenas, met one at every turn, each one provided with the arrangements most congenial to its instinctive and natural habits.

The boys would have been delighted beyond conception.

As we passed through the monkey house, a sick Chimpanzee leaped into my arms, unsolicited, and nestled himself in my bosom. What was the attraction?

Give our love to Hannah and the boys; we hope to hear from some of you, on Monday, after which we shall start for the Continent. It seems hardly possible to convince ourselves that we have been separated *only three weeks*.

Your mother stands it all very nicely, and the others are all well except your aunt Hannah, who has a cold.

Mr. H. Burroughs has left England. We did not see him.

Your loving father,

CASPAR MORRIS.

* * * * *

I found it impossible to continue a journal of the events of travel and at the same time maintain a frequent correspondence, and therefore soon abandoned the former, determining to rely on my letters as the record of what we saw and felt and did. I did commence a journal, and shall here transcribe from it the account of the occupations of the few days we spent in England. They were oppressively crowded with the arrangements necessary for our extended and prolonged tour over the Continent of Europe, in Egypt, and the Holy Land, mingled with hurried visits to objects of interest, new to most of the party, and recalling to your mother and myself the memories of former enjoyments and trials.

Who would have ventured to foretell to us, even a few years back, that after the lapse of thirty-five years, we should revisit these scenes? We then came by sailing packet, and rejoiced over the unusually short passage of 21 days, only. This voyage was of only 9 days, without even one incident of discomfort, excepting moderate sea-sickness.

The list of fellow-passengers was very large, though not very select. There were some distinguished Americans, among whom was Mr. Evarts, on his way to Geneva, to represent the Government of The United States before the Tribunal of Arbitration and there were some Englishmen of elevated social position, but the motly assemblage was like the crowd one meets on the great thoroughfares of life, everywhere. We formed no acquaintances.

There was one charming young lady from New York, a Miss Buckley. When we entered the saloon of the "Scotia" on embarking, we found the tables literally covered with superb bouquets and baskets of the choicest and most exquisite flowers, each having a card attached, "For Miss Buckley." We decided she must be one of the fashionable belles of New York; and thought no more about them or her; the levelling influence of sea-sickness wiped out of our thoughts and feelings, flowers and recipient.

The next day my attention was arrested by the rich melody of a female voice, soft and full in tone, reading to some disconsolate children, whose mammae were unable to manifest even maternal love, grouped around her as she sat upon the deck.

The same sympathising sounds uttered at the doors of one state-room after another, offering fruits and words of consolation to the wretched "*incumbents*," made us aware that we had on board, some one at least, of those ministering angels who are fluttering around "when pain and sickness wring the brow"; and revealed to us the attractive influence which caused the stream of flowers to overflow so richly on Miss Buckley as so many tokens of affection for a parting friend. I am sure she was worthy of them all. She was as lovely in person and charmingly unaffected in manners as she evidently was in heart and temper, but she was one of a large party, and ours was equally so, and both disposed to be exclusive, and sat at distant parts of the table, and therefore had but little communication, and formed no acquaintance. Indeed we had but little opportunity for communication even with those we already knew, only exchanging with them the most infrequent civilities.

Smooth as was the sea, and favouring the breezes, we all experienced the depressing influence which renders one averse to exertion. We left the Mercury among the nineties, but soon found all our heaviest winter clothing and warmest wraps were in requisition.

The day after we left Queenstown, I was on the deck at day-dawn, seeking to renew my acquaintance with the Welsh coast, but it was all veiled in impenetrable "fog," so dense that we could not see the

length of the ship, and the frequent screams of the steam whistle, as we crept slowly along, told us not only of peril from collision, but of detention in our own course and consequent delay in arrival.

Suddenly, after all hope of reaching port that day had been abandoned, the fog lifted, and we soon found ourselves off the Bell Rock buoy, whose welcome notes replaced the discordant sounds of the whistle of alarm; and under full head of steam, we entered the Mersey, along the coast of Lancashire, by what is known as the North Channel passing the pretty sea-side villages of Waterloo and Bootle; while the mountains of North Wales, and the Hills of Cheshire, rose in the distance, and New Brighton spread its pretty villas and cottages along the South shore. We entered the Mersey about 9 A. M. passing slowly along the massive walls of hewn stone which form the Docks, lifting above us, as we steamed up the River, the vast hulls of the great fleet of merchant vessels which bring to Liverpool the Cotton of the Western Hemisphere, the Silks and Teas of the Eastern and the great medley of the various products of the different climes of the earth which here find a mart of exchange for the varied manufactures of the shops and looms of Great Britain. Behind these Docks lie extensive and lofty ranges of warehouses, stored with these goods and manufactures, in unceasing, active exchange.

Many millions of pounds sterling have been judiciously expended in thus providing facilities and safe-guards for trade, made essential by the great rise and fall of the tide in the Mersey, and the extreme rapidity of the current.

Millions more have been laid out in the construction of rival establishments at Birkenhead, on the opposite side of the river, which are as yet unprofitable, though the growth of commerce is so great and rapid, that it is not improbable they may soon become not only remunerative, but necessary.

We spent but a few hours at Liverpool, and these were fully occupied in making arrangements to leave it. We placed our sea equipage in charge of Mr. Sherlock, the very intelligent and attentive agent who pursues as a business the taking charge of this branch of accommodation for travellers; storing not only their sea baggage, but also any purchases they may make and consign to his care while they are travelling; either shipping them or retaining them in his warehouse. A moderate charge to each, in these days of "running to-and-fro," affords him an ample compensation, and renders them an efficient service.

We saw only the exterior of St. George's Hall, the equestrian statues of The Queen and Prince Albert, the Waterloo monument, and that great and characteristic illustration of the present age, the Terminus of the London and North Western Railway, with its great Hotel adjoining—under the same roof, indeed.

Mr. Sherlock devoted himself to the care of our party, waited on us till we were embarked on the Ferry-boat for Birkenhead, and crossing with us took his leave only when he had seen us comfortably seated, at 4 P. M., in the cars for Chester after having furnished your uncle Wistar with an introduction to the manager of the Queens Hotel, to which he advised us to go.

The distance from Liverpool to Chester, by the line of Rail we travelled by, is only about 14 miles; the country is very flat, and possesses no special attraction for the traveller, either in high culture, beauty of landscape, or fine buildings, or historic associations, and we reached our destination in time for dinner, for which we were prepared by the bustle and toil of the day.

We found the hotel justified the commendation bestowed on it. It adjoins the railway terminus, being truly under the same roof, and separated from the waiting rooms and offices of the railway only by the track of the rail, and that covered by glass.

It belongs to a joint stock company, and is managed for them by a woman of great administrative ability.

The management is admirable; there was no confusion, or noise from the railway, or any other source, and the service was perfect.

An extensive and well planted pleasure-ground, with its shrubbery, and attractive flower-beds, spread out before the windows of our private parlour, and cheered us, wearied as we were, with its promise of comfort for the morrow, which we shall make a *sabbath*. The windows of the room open down to the level of the ground.

This Hotel is about a quarter of a mile from the outskirts of the town, which extends on this side about the same distance beyond the old wall, and its gate.

A well constructed "Drive" and footway, leads to the main approach to the gate. Near the point of Junction of these roads there is an extensive Park, beautifully laid out with foot-walks and planted with rhododendrons and other shrubbery, interspersed with flower-borders; presented to the citizens of Chester by the Marquis of Westminster, who has large estates in the town and vicinity.

After dinner several of the party strolled off in detachments. Your mother was too weary to leave our room, so leaving her to rest I walked into the town to refresh my recollection of the place, and its mediæval remains.

After leaving the new approach from the Railway Terminus, the old street leading to the gate was lined as of old with antiquated dwellings and stores, many of them presenting the gable to the street, some of them with the upper story projecting over the first, and supported on columns, others of larger front and more modern plan, in the style with which we are familiar at home in the oldest structures of the early settlers of the colonies in the days of James and the Commonwealth and the First Charles, and the Georges, of which a few

have been retained in despite of the modern march of improvement.

The whole aspect of the way was antique, and prepared one for the Gateway, the arch of which spanned the street as one passed through the wall and entered the ancient enclosure of the Roman "Castra," from which word is derived the modern "Chester" as applied not only to this city, but as combined with other localities, as, for instance, Winchester, Worcester, Gloucester, etc. The first object of interest to me, after entering the precincts within the wall, was the Hotel at which your mother and I and Cousin Emily, and our dear Mary, then an innocent, unconscious babe of only six months, unable to appreciate any thing connected with travel, except its discomforts, stopped on the occasion of our tour through England and Wales, in the summer of 1836.

It is just within the wall, and still retains the same name, *The Grosvenor Arms*, and is still much frequented, on account of its location near the Cathedral, and other objects of antiquarian interest. Chester is I believe, the only town in Great Britain retaining the old walls, by which in feudal and still more ancient times, every city was protected from the aggression of enemies. The reference in Holy Scriptures as well as secular history, at the earliest period to which their records reach, to "Gates" and walls, proves that at the earliest period of which any account has been transmitted to posterity, such protection was needed. Was there not a prehistoric period in which man still retained that "uprightness" in which he was created, and had not yet "sought out many inventions," by which he oppresses his fellow.

Such speculations will intrude themselves into my thoughts. Evil as are now the days, and various as are the results of human corruption, it certainly is more pleasant to be able, as we now can, to dwell without fear, in open unprotected places, and to have what would otherwise be solitary places made glad by the presence of human habitations, than to have the entire population cooped, and huddled within the narrow limits which may be protected by the power of some one chief against the violence of another; and to feel that one is one's own master, and not the serf or follower of some lord, subject to his caprice, and liable to be called to do him service, whether in the camp and field of war, or as the tiller of the soil for the benefit of the sole proprietor of soil and those who dwell upon it, both alike belonging to that lord.

Such was the condition of the toiling masses, in those dark ages to which belong the walled city with its guarded gates; ages to which the admirers of antiquity and its relics, look back with veneration, and a half formed desire for the restoration of their scenes of picturesque display of chivalric grandeur.

As the implements of stone and bronze, and the disinterred contents of mounds and tombs, preserved in our museums, these old

walls and gates should be kept in repair, as memorials of past ages, and stimulants to thankfulness for the privileges enjoyed by those whose lot is cast in these more enlightened times, when the rights and privileges of the many are recognized, and not accorded only at the discretion or kindly feeling of the few.

The wall of Chester is about two miles in circuit, and is provided with a paved walk along its entire extent, guarded on the exterior by a parapet, about two feet high, while on the city side the houses abut directly upon it, with not only windows, but doors as well opening upon the walk.

At the gates this walk rises by steps above the crown of the arch ; and at the river-side a flight of stone stairs descends to the water's edge.

Legendary lore asserts the certain fulfillment of every wish uttered, aloud, after running three times without stopping, up and down again, these stairs.

It requires good breathing power to utter any thing after such a feat of agility.

This walk around the top of the wall, affords a very attractive promenade and is a favourite resort for the citizens.

Great events have left their impress on the course of the history of the Western world, since these walls were first constructed by Roman soldiers.

A contemporaneous inscription on one of the stones of the wall, records the fact that that portion had been the work of the XXth legion.

Britons, Saxons, Danes, the supporters of the claims of the Red rose of Lancaster, and of the White rose of York ; of Royal Supremacy, and of Parliamentary Power, have each, in turn, found them objects of attacks or means of defence.

They now, all value for warlike purposes forever lost, afford a pleasant resort ; on which age may saunter in the quiet evening hour and recall the pleasant memories of the past ; where youth may cultivate its affections, and, in the morning walk, or evening stroll, under the influence of friendship or of love, enjoy the "pleasures of Hope ;" where the sober citizen may seek relaxation from his cares, and where the stranger like ourselves, from the far-off land, may be gratified by the first sight of the remains of what to him is antiquity.

It was not, however, from this source we drew our chief gratification at this visit.

We gazed with delight on the glory of the setting sun ; and thought how soon he would illuminate with his rising splendour, the land of privilege we so love ; and rested our eyes, as we turned them from the rich tints with which he decked with splendour the clouds above, on the quiet, and peculiarly English scene presented in The Dean's Yard, a cathedral enclosure, which lay at our feet just within

the wall, comprising an area of many acres well set in grass, where the Dean's children watched the dairy maid milking the Dean's cow.

This preferment is now held by one of the most eminent and deserving of the clergy of the Church of England, Doct. Howson, author of the well known *Life of St. Paul*.

Near the cathedral there is a considerable space between it and the wall, appropriated as a cemetery ; and near by another open space known as the Cathedral Close, and still another the Dean's Yard, to which I have already adverted.

These form valuable sources of purification of the air, available for all classes of the community, while, in many other points the dwellings abut directly against the wall, having entrances and windows on the wall from the upper stories as well as by the lower ones onto the street.

Near the tower on which Charles sat, watching the progress of the critical conflict which decided the fate of the kingdom, and ultimately his life, there is an enclosure appropriated to the collection and preservation, of Roman remains found from time to time in making excavations for new buildings in Chester. These consist, chiefly, of broken statues of the gods, broken altars, and columns and other fragments of buildings, having but little antiquarian value and no beauty.

At a late hour but the bright light of day still shining, a weary party, we retired to our beds to seek the needed repose after the excitement and fatigue of a first day in Europe ; thankful to be once more on dry land, having been carried in safety through the perils of the mighty deep, and released from the sound of rushing waves, and the jar and rattling of the engines which have been our nightly disturbances since we left home. We all slept late into the following day, waking only in time for a hurried breakfast, before the hour for Morning Worship in the Cathedral, to which we all repaired.

The Cathedral service was performed ; choral, of course, but very solemnly rendered, and deeply impressive.

Certainly we all found it entirely satisfactory.

The individuality of the worshipper was not lost in the vastness of the multitude, while the perfect unison of the many voices gave grandeur to the service.

While I felt deeply my personal interest in every utterance of prayer, and ascription of praise, I yet recognized fully the preciousness of *Common Prayer*.

The morning sermon by Canon Kingsley, was able and instructive, on the character of Ahab, who "sold himself to sin" ; and was made practical in its application to the present times, when "men of all ranks and conditions of life, are ready to enter into possession of their neighbour's goods provided some Jezebel will take the odious active part in doing the wrong to Naboth."

The evening service was also choral ; after which Dean Howson preached from the text " by their fruits ye shall know them." Purely evangelical in doctrine, it was lovingly catholic in the true sense of the word, embracing in the unity of the "one faith " all such as "bring forth fruit unto holiness " as the result of faith in the work of the Lord Jesus Christ.

After evening service we walked about the building, which is being "restored " ; which process is actively promoted by the Dean. Built of red sandstone, which is very perishable, the exterior had become unsightly under the corrosion of weather and time. The exterior has been renewed, retaining carefully the original character, in the most minute detail.

Unhappily this rigid adherence to the original features, involves the restoration of ornaments and symbols, which belong to the Papal superstition, many of which had, with great propriety, been removed or even destroyed at the time of the Reformation in the reign of Edward VI.

There is great reason to fear that we are now sacrificing on the altar of spurious taste the invaluable principles of fundamental Truth, while retaining, preserving or restoring these representatives of error.

We listened but impatiently, to the mythical stories of the Verger about legendary saints and heroes, and heard his tedious explanations of the designs of the often grotesque carvings on the stalls of the Choir.

He recognized us as American in our nationality, and invited our attention to a modern but beautiful monument recently completed to the memory of Bishop Pierson, author of the work on the Creed which has been adopted as the authoritative exposition by the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States of North America, for the instruction of her students of theology.

He was at one time Bishop of Chester and the propriety of the placing a monument to commemorate his worth and learning, in this Cathedral, was suggested by Bishop Coxe of Western New York, and contributions for that purpose sent from there a few years ago. A blessed thing it would be for that church, were the faith he expounded as that expressed in the Apostles' Creed, the living faith of that body. Most thankful should we be for such an "exposition " of the truth.

They also exhibit here a tapestry wrought from one of the Cartoons of Raphael, representing the reproof of Elymas the Sorcerer, at Paphos, by St. Paul, before the Roman Deputy, Sergius Paulus. This is said to have been stolen, this especial illustration being missing from the series in the Vatican.

As their first opportunity to become acquainted with the rich beauty of this form of art, those of the party who had not before seen

a specimen of vertiable tapestry were highly gratified, while your mother and myself were equally interested in the renewal of the pleasure we experienced in seeing it for the first time in the year 1836.

The Bishop sat high above the heads of the people, enthroned in the shrine of some St. Werburgh, a local celebrity to whom the cathedral was dedicated, and who had been the Abbot of an adjacent monastery.

On Monday we drove about the town admiring the Park, the Hospital, the Blue Coat School, and other public buildings, but especially interested by the antiquated houses which still remain notwithstanding the various destructive influences of the centuries which have passed over them but have failed to destroy them.

The early residence of the Stanleys, the family now bearing the title of Earl of Derby, occupied by them in the early years of the 17th century, is still standing, and in its dilapidated condition, up a narrow court, its low-ceiled and narrow rooms occupied by the families of the lowest class of labourers, presents a strong illustration of the advance of modern over ancient comfort in domestic arrangements.

On the principal street there are many ancient houses with low stories and heavy beams intersecting the brick or stone work of the gables which project above the lower stories, and form the front of the street, any one of which is an object of interest to the stranger.

One attracts special notice from the legend connected with it. It is called God's Providence House, and bears on the beams which intersect the ornamented gable the legend in gothic letters, "God's Providence is mine inheritance." It is said to be the only house in which there was no death at the time of a fearful visitation of the Plague soon after it was built, and thus consecrated.

Many of the houses in the "Rows" which I have vainly attempted to describe in one of my hurried letters written from Chester, are three centuries old; others have been rebuilt, but retaining all the peculiar features of the original.

Chester is certainly well worthy of the earliest visit of the stranger from a land from which every vestige of an antiquity which has nothing behind it, and does not date at the earliest more than three centuries back! and is easy of access to the newly arrived voyager, who finds in its mediæval relics an appropriate introduction to the observation of the remains of a still earlier era which will be as interesting after having been familiar with these, though they would appear insignificant if seen for the first time after having been overwhelmed, and awed by the grandeur and age of Etruscan, Grecian or still older Roman ruins, even if one should stop short of the hoary antiquity and massive solemnity of Pyramids, and Obelisks, and Temples of an unknown antiquity.

Leaving Chester by Rail, after breakfast, we dined in London. How different from our own experience 36 years ago, when we posted

up to the Metropolis, reaching Macclesfield the first day, and thought we had done well.

The Railroad is not only a grand trophy of past success, and triumph of present power, but the great agent of future progress. What shall that be? Shall we rise in the course of the next half century, to a point from which we shall look down on that we have now attained, and glory in, as we now look down on that from which we have risen in the last fifty years?

Thirty-six years ago we made an excursion from Liverpool to Manchester, by Rail,—that being then but recently opened, and the only line for the conveyance of passengers—merely for the novelty of the mode of transportation. Now, so numerous are the lines running in every direction with crossings and junctions every few miles, that it occurred to me that Engineers of the present day must regard the solid earth as designed only to furnish beds for railroads, as Brindley is said to have said that Rivers were only designed to feed canals.

The grades of the road by which we were carried up to London were easy; the tracks laid solidly, and well ballasted; the embankments smooth and well sodded, and the line of rails skirted by neat flower borders or kitchen gardens.

The stopping places were frequent, and the station-houses often picturesque, sometimes elegant cottages. The cars were commodious, and arranged in compartments; and the officials, and servants of every grade, obliging in their attentions, and civil in their deportment. Every thing conspired to make travel attractive, and pleasant. "Your tickets ready, if you please" would give notice of approaching inspection, instead of the short, sharp and often harsh cry of "*Tickets!*" uttered by the conductor with us, as he throws open the door with a dash, which seems to say "*I am the man here*"; seizes hastily the first ticket, clips it, thrusts it back without even deigning to look at one, and passes on to the next. The courteous utterance of the "Thanks" in a subdued voice, falls gratefully on the ear, even though one knows he had the right to *demand* that one should produce the evidence that one is not taking a ride surreptitiously. As we were whirled along, every thing appeared strange. That which is only comparatively of yesterday, presents an aspect of antiquity to one who has been wont to see it only in the works of God, ever renewing themselves, and clothing themselves with fresh beauty year by year.

At home there are no ancient works of man. Here tombs, monuments, and churches, though they do not bear the date of more than a few recent centuries, have an ancient appearance and attract notice by some peculiarity of style indicating the period of construction, or by the solidity of their structure.

We passed through the Marches of Wales, along the slopes at the foot of the hills, and crossed the openings of the valleys which run into the mountains, catching passing glimpses of scenes of great beauty

and full of interest from their historic associations as well as from their inherent loveliness.

The extent of the manufacturing industry, and the richness of the Iron and Coal districts around Wolverhampton Birmingham, and Kidderminster and other such seats of manufacturing industry, suggested thoughts of the wealth and power of Great Britain, while the transient glimpse of Warwick Castle as we passed its mediæval walls, gave one a faint idea (like that of one just waking from sleep, who just opens his eyes and closes them again instantly, acquires of some new object) of the habits of life and manners belonging to the 13th and 14th centuries around which the stories of the Novelist have thrown the glamour which makes them attractive.

Oxford, as we gazed for a moment on her venerable domes and towers while skirting the plain on which she lies, aroused thoughts of the vast contributions of English mind to the accumulated and still growing stores of Science in its various developments, and Literature in its most valuable treasures.

We could distinguish the groves and walks of Magdalen College, founded by the one Saxon who has been honoured by all subsequent ages of his countrymen with the name of The Great, and made sacred by the pure taste of Addison ; and the shades of Milton and a crowd of honoured names of those whose powers were trained within the courts of the university, who have reflected back upon their Alma Mater the full tribute of honour in return, seemed clustering around her ; though the aspect of the suburb near which we passed gave no idea of what is shut out from view by the unsightly walls which enclose each College.

Blenheim (the house hidden from view amid the noble trees of the grand Park), spreads its groves along the banks of the Thames ; after passing which we skirted Windsor Park, the majestic Castle crowning the distant heights ; and dashing rapidly along by Uxbridge, Wycombe, and other places the names of which revived the memory of the pleasure we enjoyed in our *drive* through them on the occasion of our former visit, we arrived at Paddington Station, near Kensington Gardens, and were there ushered into the great metropolis of the world, London.

It was a wondrous day ! We had left Chester—redolent of memories of Britons, and Romans, and Saxons ; of Edwards, and Richards, and Charleses, and Parliament, and passing through fertile fields richly laden with the products of the soil, corn, and grass, vetches, and turnips and other root crops ; and animated by flocks of sheep and herds of cattle, grazing peacefully ; living tokens of the progress of civilization, and the advance of human welfare and happiness ; and had reached the great centre of modern power the mart of industry and trade.

No such scenes had marked the days of mediæval England. We were sorry to see the mown grass lying uncured, black, and rotting in rows in the meadows.

Better, however, even this, than the devastation of Civil War and the tramp of troops of hostile factions, however "chivalrous."

Let us thank God that the days of chivalry have yielded to those of Commerce and Manufactures, and that the greatness of to-day is marked by peaceful triumphs over nature, and not by bloody trophies of successful invasion on other's rights or the triumphant resistance of oppression.

Such advance could not be made without the overthrow of institutions which were themselves inimical to peaceful pursuits.

A change is thus wrought in the habit of thought of the human mind, as well as in the pursuits of men, which will itself give rise to future changes, as marked as any that have preceded them.

Thus the tide of human events rolls on ever, leaving deposited on the shores which curb the flowing current, not only the wrecks (which mark the imperfection of human power), but living seeds, the germs of further development in future ages.

In contrast with the depressing effect of the sight of the decaying hay crop, the richness of the verdure of the fresh grown grass and luxuriance of the various root and other growing crops was very gratifying; there was still hope left for the farmer that his flocks and herds would not suffer.

Where the land was thin, exhausted by long reiterated cropping without any return of fertilizing influences, and the corn (wheat is so called here universally), consequently light, innumerable poppies took possession of the impoverished soil, sometimes overtopping the wheat and giving a purely sanguine hue to the field; and in other cases just mingling their scarlet petals among the bearded heads of the green or yellowing corn, giving a purple or redtinted hue to the more or less extensive field, and recalling the witty criticism of good old George III, on the florid sermon of a courtly preacher, "the poppies are beautiful, but they ruin the corn."

Every glimpse of sunshine was availed of by the farmers, the whole force being turned out to shake up the blackened hay, and give it air and expose it to the drying rays; and some few half formed stacks and ricks were covered with canvas cloths to protect the hay which had been already "carted."

Game preserves and ornamental copses were often seen, and the lordly domain of Blenheim, which lies within sight of the Railway, must win and receive the admiration of every passer by.

From Chester, brother Wistar had telegraphed to the Misses Edwards, recommended by Cheston, to know whether they could receive so large a party as ours.

Their establishment is at the West End, near St. Georges Chapel so celebrated as the scene of many fashionable marriages. They were full, so that we were compelled to seek for quarters elsewhere, and having had equally strong recommendation of Woods Hotel, Furnivals

Inn, in High Holborn, from brother Israel and others, Wistar had engaged accommodations there before we started.

Arriving at the extreme west end, we had our choice of a drive in cabs thence down to the city, or a subterranean passage by the Metropolitan Railroad.

Preferring to see all that was to be seen and to avoid the close and foul atmosphere of the tunnel, running as it does through earth saturated with the accumulated filth of centuries, we chose the more tedious and wearisome arrangement and took cabs, and were driven through the busy crowded streets ; thus repeating for your mother and myself our experience of thirty-six years ago when we entered London at about the same point, and by a strange coincidence we were driven without any connivance of ours, in the same direction and over a part of the route, by the same streets. We were at that time carried beyond the point at which we now stopped, going about a mile further into a still more central place opposite the Guildhall.

Even in the deepening twilight we could now recognize some familiar places and old buildings ; but were more impressed by great and unlooked for changes, especially in High Holborn itself, and the immediate vicinity of Furnival's Inn. Where on the occasion of our former visit we had seen only narrow crooked alleys leading among dingy old houses, which, whatever they may have been in the days of Good Queen Bess, were then no longer fit for the residence of even squalid poverty, we now found wide thoroughfares lined with modern shops.

One point at which we were sure to find a jam of every form and kind of vehicle, omnibuses, vans, cabs, and private carriages, amid which struggling pedestrians squirmed and twisted themselves at the imminent risk of life or limb, is now, by the simple expedient of carrying one thoroughfare across the other at a higher grade on a viaduct, rendered not only safe but of easy transit.

The Holborn Viaduct is one of the great achievements of modern art, as were the still grander Aqueducts of ancient Rome. Stairways afford opportunity for pedestrians to descend to the street below or to ascend from it to that above.

The city terminus of the Metropolitan railway, which affords rapid transit from one part of the vast conglomeration of humanity known as London, is at this point.

St. Andrew's, Holborn ; and St. Sepulchre's, two Parish churches built after the fire of London, stand the one at either end of the modern viaduct, memorials of the past ; and rather pretentious statues of more modern city magnates are stationed on the parapets of the bridge, and the gloomy walls of Newgate and Old Bailey frown on the passer as he presses forward toward Cheap side, Old Jewry, the Guildhall, the Bank, and Leadenhall and other places with which every one is familiar.

We found ourselves very comfortable at Woods but were not a little amused, a few days after our arrival, by the manifestation of

disgust on the part of Stephano Cervetto, our Italian Courier (engaged as his temporary substitute by Freizier), who had been awaiting our arrival with some anxiety, as we were informed at Brown Brothers & Co., who evidently thought his own dignity compromised by being in the employ of a party willing to stop at so plebian an establishment.

We occupied a suite of apartments on the ground floor, the rooms small but clean and neatly furnished, with good beds, and a table well supplied at our discretion, and the servants very attentive.

The sweet sound of psalmody ascending from a room in the basement daily at 9.30 A. M. and again at 9 P. M., announced that there was a service of worship at those hours conducted by a City Missionary for the benefit of the family of the Proprietor, and the servants who could be spared from actual duty at those hours; and a note in the Bible (of which there was a copy in each apartment) invited the participation of guests.

The proximity of this establishment to the Inns of Court, the Post Office, the Bank of England, and other great financial centres causes it to be the resort of business men though but little, if at all, known to the fashionable world and the herd of pleasure-seeking travellers, who naturally seek for more stylish quarters at the West End. Here cluster by themselves the various places of amusement and recreation frequented by those classes which think there is no place worthy of their knowledge out of May Fair, Belgravia, and Tyburnia.

How suggestive of progress or at least of change, is the last name!

Once the spot at which robbers, murderers, and other criminals of the basest class—the despised of all—expiated their crimes on the gallows, the word was synonymous with irredeemable disgrace; it has been the seat of the highest fashion, and is now passing through the stage of transition, the residence of fading gentility.

Such is the course of all human affairs; one type runs through them all, little and great, social or individual, national or metropolitan; all rise from the earth; flourish for a time and then decay and return to the dust from which they sprung. Nations and families have their birth, their life, their death, and their tombs; some with longer, some with shorter annals; some with greater and some with lesser splendour, but one beginning and one ending to all.

The energy and activity of London is now even more imposing than when we were first dropped into its seething mass, five and thirty years ago—the average duration of human life—the period allowed to a generation.

Then, driven by a postilion in our own travelling carriage because there was no other mode of conveyance for so great an invalid as your mother then was, entering by Kensington Gardens and passing through the entire length of the city by Pall Mall, the Strand, Cornhill, and Cheapside to King street, Guildhall, we, weary and disconsolate

realizing what it was to be *alone* in the great crowd, found refuge at the close of a long day's travel in the *Sun* Parlour of a Coffee house to which we had been fortuitously recommended to go, we have reason to believe in the same house which had been the residence of a common ancestor of both your mother and myself, and from the window of the room we thus first occupied in that City of which he had been one of the Aldermen (and came within one vote only of being made Lord Mayor) we looked down upon the roof of that Guildhall where he took an active part in the proceedings of the citizens in opposition to the Court, so prominently as to render him personally obnoxious to the monarch, and to cause Lord Chief Justice Jeffries (though they had once been personal friends) to refuse any co-operation in the efforts to save his life, with the assertion (pointing to the urn which stands on the top of the column erected to commemorate the Great Fire of London), "though you were to fill that vase with pearls, and guineas, he shall be hanged."

Now a dozen or more Railways bring their thousands of passengers hourly to as many Stations in various parts of the metropolis; and vehicles of the most appropriate form, and comfortable as any one can desire, stand waiting at all hours to convey the newly arrived stranger to any point he may indicate.

Woods Hotel is a very good point from which to survey the present London with its multiplied interests and diverse influences. You pass by an archway from Holborn with its crowding flow of busy peoples into a courtyard with ranges of offices on either hand, and the hotel building stretching across the opposite side of the square, from the back windows of which one looks down upon a mass of old houses, crowded together in inextricable confusion, divided from each other by the narrowest possible alleys rather than streets.

The changes wrought by the progress of improvement of course, arrested our attention the more forcibly, from the fact that our present place of sojourn is not very far remote from that we formerly lodged at while then in London.

Moorgate street (then a forlorn ruinous looking place presenting no promise of anything but hopelessly advancing decay) is now a wide avenue well laid with Asphalt pavement or Belgian blocks, and lined on either side with lofty warehouses of costly construction and in modern style.

The Royal Exchange, and Bank of England, have undergone no change, and so the Post Office proper; but the new buildings now being erected for the accommodation of the Telegraph Department, are very imposing in appearance and promise to be commodious. The Government has purchased the privileges of the incorporated companies and made the wires a part of the Postal service.

We observe the continuance of many of the old names of firms with which we were familiar at our former visit, but the new shop

windows, on Cheapside, and Cornhill and the new pavements and occasionally an entire new front to an old warehouse, show that progress is made even in the most unchangeable parts. Bow Bells still send forth to the "citizen" the note of the flight of Time, and the antique figures still raise their hammers for the resounding stroke on the bell in Cheapside opposite King Street; across the head of which the Guildhall stands as it has stood so many centuries, the scene of Municipal controversy at the charter elections, as well as of the revelry of the feasts of the Alderman and Councils.

The historic associations which cluster around this part of London (Guildhall and its vicinity) are especially dear to the middle classes and those noble houses which owe their eminence to the support they have always given to that class—the Old Whig Lords.

Whilst others of the party were occupied in shopping and sight-seeing, I devoted two days to the examination of the Registers of the Parishes of Bassingshaw, St. Mary Magdalen, and St. Lawrence, Jewry (now consolidated into one); for any traces of the history of Henry Cornish, Alderman, an active citizen and affluent and extensive merchant in the days of Charles II, and James II; who was executed for High Treason in the time of James II; accused of being connected with the rising in behalf of the Duke of Monmouth, and confessedly associated with Lord William Russell, and an active opponent of the attempts of the Royal brothers to establish Popery.

Family tradition traces the pedigree of both your mother and myself through the Hollingsworths, to a daughter of Alderman Cornish; and I hoped to find some record of marriage or burial in these Parish Registers, which would establish the claim and throw light on the history of the family.

I was disappointed.

After a careful search in which I was most ably assisted by the Rector, who also manifested his sympathy with the object by declining to accept the customary and legitimate fee for the "search," we found nothing, beyond the simple "Henry Cornish, Alderman; interred in the chancel, 18th of November 1687." This was done before the landing of William and Mary.

From The State Trials we learn that Alderman Cornish was arrested on Change on Saturday (possibly, Friday) confined without counsel and debarred from any intercourse with his family or friends, without pen, ink, or paper, or other means of making preparation for trial; and indicted on Monday, convicted, by (to say the least of it) equivocal testimony, and at once sentenced, according to the horribly barbarous habit of the age to be hanged until half dead, taken down and disembowelled, and his heart burned before his eyes, beheaded, and his body divided into quarters and exposed to public gaze, at "the pleasure of the King."

This sentence had been executed literally in October, 1685.

There is abundant testimony in the contemporaneous pamphlets— (see Somers' collection in the Loganian Library, and several of the English Histories of the period), to the noble Christian deportment of the patriot and martyr. Echard and Macauley give him due praise, and it has always been held in the tradition of the Hollingsworths that the act of attainder was repealed in the next reign and the estates restored to the heir.

But where had the mangled remains rested during the two years which had elapsed between the execution and their final deposit in the chancel of his Parish Church?

Doctor Calamy (not the distinguished and venerated Nonconformist, but a member of the same family and holding similar views and feelings, but adhering to the Established Church of England), gave ample testimony to the Christian character of Mr. Cornish, and his exemplary life.

In the parish register there is no note of his age, nor of the circumstances or time of his death, nor could we find any antecedent trace of the family. Two years later there is an entry of the baptism of a child of "Henry Cornish."

I should have devoted more time and labour to the search if I had had it at my command; I gave all I could to it during our hurried visit at that time.

In making the investigation I first sought out the Solicitor of the Parish, who received me with great courtesy and referred me to the Beadle, and also gave me a note to the pew-opener, requesting her attention to me. From her I learned that the Rector is also a Minor Canon of St. Paul's, on duty at this time, and would be found participating in the service at 4 P. M., at the close of which I could see him with less inconvenience to him than at any other time or place.

I went therefore to the Evening Service and asked one of the Vergers to point out to me the Rector of St. Lawrence, Jewry; and as he withdrew from the Choir after disrobing, I spoke to him, and he kindly made an appointment to meet me at St. Lawrence after the Litany service the next morning.

Your mother and I went to it accordingly. There was a kind of melancholy satisfaction in thus worshipping the one God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, in the same sanctuary, with the same words our common ancestor had used and where and by which he had been nurtured in the one faith, for the preservation of which from corruption and its transmission in its purity to his descendants he had sacrificed his blood, "not counting his life dear unto himself."

It was his estimate of the value of the simple truth as it is in Jesus as opposed to the corruptions and errors of Rome (which Charles had adopted and was striving to introduce into his realm), that inspired his patriotic zeal and made him an earnest opponent of the Court and an active participant in the movements which led to the removal of the

Stuarts, and the settlement of the power of William and Mary and the establishment of Protestantism.

It was very sad to us to observe the manifest evidences of the reflux of the tide of superstition. Here in the very church where Doct. Calamy had taught the truth and in which Cornish had worshipped, Ritualism has established itself.

It was a week-day service; many of the congregation assembled were active young men, who had evidently left their several places of business for the purpose of worship—serious, devout looking men. Each as he entered the church knelt in the aisle, with his face to the eastward, and crossed himself repeatedly, bowing himself again to the “*altar*” as he took his seat in the pew. All joined earnestly in chanting the responses; and at the close, as each withdrew, he again bowed to the “*altar*” and crossed himself before leaving the church. The building is in good repair and is a fair example of the churches which were erected after the great fire in London.

I have since seen in *The Times* that a demand by the Rector for the assessment of a Parish Rate, has been resisted successfully on the ground that the purpose was to introduce change in accordance with the modern notions of High Ritual.

To us the deportment of the Rector was not only courteous but kind.

If I had had the necessary time at my command I should have prosecuted my search further and ascertained whether there are any other registers of the parishes of St. Michael, Bassishaw, or St. Mary Magdalen, which are now merged in that of St. Lawrence, Jewry.

Among the greatest attractions of the vicinity of London are the Botanical Gardens at Kew, maintained at the expense of the Nation. The extensive grounds lie on the south bank of the Thames a few miles above London and are easily accessible by steamers plying on the River, by Railway, and by frequent Omnibuses. The Gardens are open to the public freely and are often crowded with visitors in quest of recreation and amusement. There are not only extensive houses for the cultivation of exotics and the protection of Tropical plants, but a large collection of specimens adapted to promote the study of Vegetable Physiology; and Herbariums in which are preserved dried specimens of plants from the grandest monarchs of the forest to the humblest vegetable organism.

The grounds are laid out with great taste and judgment, so as best to exhibit the natural growth and form of each tree and shrub and plant; and every variety, from every climate, is provided with the temperature and other surroundings best adapted to its habits. One would never tire of the wondrous attractions of Kew; nor exhaust its stores of instruction in botanic lore. Many of the trees are of the grandest size and the sloping lawns and winding alleys of verdure and secluded paths, offer ever changing allurements to the lovers of the beautiful in nature and in Horticulture.

The day we passed at the Crystal Palace was also one full of special interest.

The grounds there are planted with trees and shrubbery and adorned with flower borders, and there are some arrangements for the display of tropical plants and other exotics, interspersed with the more formal ornament of numerous and large fountains; but they have no claim to be mentioned on the same page as the National Gardens at Kew.

On the occasion of our visit there was a great Temperance Festival held in the grounds.

Cheap excursion tickets to it had been issued by nearly all the Railroads which had termini in the Metropolis, and more than 70,000 persons, children and adults, were collected and marched in grand procession through the grounds with bands of music, and banners flying; after which the children were collected in the grand hall and gave a concert, singing Temperance Songs.

It was an inspiring display exhibiting the power of the principle of total abstinence, which made it possible to gather an assemblage so numerous in order to spend a holiday in enjoyment without excess or disturbance.

The spectacle was a grand one as we looked down from the Terrace, over flower borders and beds dotting the rich turf, kept in continual verdure by the spray of the fountains which sent up their columns of water to be dispersed into spray and descend in gracious showers on the closely shaven grass.

The attractions at Sydenham are very varied; besides the outside beauty of the grounds and the collection of exotics, there are many objects of interest in the building.

Courts are arranged filled with Egyptian, Assyrian, Grecian, Mediæval, and Renaissance buildings and furniture, designed to furnish representations of the habits and manners of the respective eras.

One, for instance, contains a model on a large scale of the excavations at Pompeii, while in an adjoining apartment are restorations of the buildings as they were at the time of the eruption, by the ashes of which they were buried; with figures dressed in the costumes of the age, and engaged in the pursuits of the place and period.

There is also a court devoted to restorations of the plants and animals of the paleozoic ages, constructed under the directions of the most skilled scientists in that branch of human knowledge.

What with banking and shopping and visiting friends, the days of our sojourn in London were *absolutely consumed*, leaving but little in the ashes even, to be fanned again into flame by the breezes of memory in future conference. We passed an evening most pleasantly with Bevan Braithwaite, the youngest son of the noble friends of my father; who for his sake received your mother and myself and dear

Mary, then an infant, making us the recipients of all the comforts of their hospitable home, as the manifestation of their grateful appreciation of the friendship of that father; than whom no son ever had one more loving, forbearing, more self-sacrificing in devotion to the promotion of his interests, temporal and eternal.

Mr. Braithwaite is a Barrister, a Fellow of Lincoln's Inn, held in great esteem for his moral worth and as highly valued for his professional standing.

He was consulted by the government of the day in the celebrated Alabama case. A thorough Englishman, his sympathies (notwithstanding his Quakerism) were with the Southern states in the Rebellion.

A Preacher among the Friends, thoroughly Evangelical in his doctrinal views and earnest and eloquent in proclaiming them, he overcomes the impediment to his usefulness in that line of service of Christ (caused by very serious stuttering in his utterance) by the perfect calmness with which he perseveres.

He is a very active member of the Acting Committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

He called on us daily on his way to his Chambers in Lincoln's Inn, offering his services in any mode in which he could be of use to us.

Meeting Wistar and sisters at Friends Place of worship on Wednesday, he took them to Westminster Hall to see the Judges and Barristers, and modes of legal proceeding in the Court, and thence to the Parliament Houses.

His familiarity with English as well as with Classical Literature, is surprising. He can recite page after page of passages from the best authors, prose as well as poets, his mind and memory being as well stored as are the shelves of his Library with the best authors.

His wife and family were absent for their summer visit to her family in Oxfordshire, but we passed an evening with him at his earnest request at his small but elegant residence on the Camberwell Road.

He received us in his Library, filled with choice editions of valuable works, proving his familiarity with their contents by frequently turning to their pages to confirm his views by their authority. His memory is wonderful.

Another visit made by your mother and myself, with the greatest pleasure, was to the family of the late Josiah Forster (another of the highly esteemed friends of our dear father) and with whom I had myself enjoyed the privilege of friendship, maintained by occasional interchange of letters, since our former visit to London; when he carried me to visit the schools of the British and Foreign School Society in the Borough Road, and to the British and Foreign Bible Society, of both of which he was an active Manager.

He now rests with the Lord, whom he loved and served with cheerful goodwill.

We saw his widow, and sisters, and his brother Robert who when we were here in 1836 manifested much affectionate interest in my spiritual welfare.

He is now an imbecile wreck through the influence of years, living with his sisters: the object of the most watchful affection.

Each has done what they could, and has adorned the doctrine of God their Saviour by a consistent life; and for each there remaineth the rest of the people of God.

Even now they stand like trees planted in the courts of the Lord, beautiful in their old age.

We had designed to leave for Dover on our way to the Continent early in the morning, but the urgency of the numerous demands on our time prevented the accomplishment of the necessary packing of our luggage during the afternoon, and we were compelled to postpone that tiresome task till the morning and postpone our start till the afternoon.

Some of the party who had heard of the rich and extensive and varied treasurers of the British Museum (but had formed no adequate conception of the vastness of its collections, which, indeed, can be derived only from actual inspection), fancied we might visit it in the morning before starting for Dover, but we did not attempt it.

The road to Dover lead us through Kent, so celebrated for its hop-culture. The formal planting in rows with high rigid poles on which to support the climbing vines, only partially covered with the foliage and flower at this season of the year, did not lend any grace to the landscape; and the huge illy proportioned kilns built of ugly bricks, did not improve it.

The old farm-houses and thatched cottages were picturesque objects whether scattered irregularly amid the fields and meadows, or gathered into hamlets clustering around the Parish church; and the "Downs" (as the rounded chalk hills are called) gave some little variety to what would otherwise have had too much sameness for beauty.

The Railroads penetrate these ridges by tunnels, the cost of the excavation being less than the damages demanded for the surface in the case of lengthy deep cuttings.

The towns through which we pass have no special claim to notice from their present importance or appearance, nor, so far as I am posted, have they any historical associations.

Yet there is no part of England absolutely destitute of some incident treasured up at least in local tradition.

The wheat-fields were being reaped and there were many thriving apple-orchards, and the people looked contented, and of consequence

happy, and we were much impressed by the air of substantial comfort belonging to every grade in social life.

Church towers and spires were frequent, and gave beauty to the country and spoke of instruction for the present generations as they had afforded it to those which have gone to their account.

Toward evening we reached Dover with its white chalk cliffs rising nearly perpendicularly from the sea, crowned by Dover Castle, which occupies the site of an old Roman fortress.

Pretty villas and cottages are arranged in terraces, rising one above another from the margin of the sea to the top of the cliff, which are occupied by lodging-house keepers, who take lodgers during the bathing season.

Several were pointed out which are supported by the contributions of the benevolent, as convalescent hospitals for the poor.

It is but a narrow channel which separates England from France, yet who that has ever heard of the discomfort of the passage but looks with dread to the encounter; who that has experienced the disgusting details of its turbulence, that does not (under the strong sense of its inexpressible distress) resolve that no hope of enjoyment beyond, shall tempt to the renewal of the experience.

Yet the crowds which pass and repass daily, prove that some are unterrified by the grumbling of sick passengers, in *The Times*.

Thirty years before I had stood on this shore with passports *viséd*, letters of credit on Paris, and all other arrangements for a trip in France and Belgium perfected, but the qualms of a voyage to the Isle of Wight were fresh in my memory—perhaps the experience had been too recent to justify the relegation of it to the domain of memory—and England had unexhausted attractions, so I turned my back upon the beguilement of the Capital of the vanities and follies of “the life that now is,” and drove back to the charms of Christian fellowship, amid the mountains of Wales, and the Lakes of Westmoreland.

Now under other auspices, and (we trust) at the call of duty, we again pass by much that is most interesting to us in the natural beauty and artificial adornment and historic associations in Great Britain, not even pausing, in passing, to look at the seat of the earliest Ecclesiastical establishment among our Saxon ancestors, Canterbury, with its memorials of mediæval histories, political as well as ecclesiastical, and enter on an extended tour through Egypt, and the Holy Land, as well as the various countries of the continent of Europe.

From Dover I wrote on the evening of the day we had travelled from London to our children, addressing the note to dear Mary.

DOVER, August 2d.

My Dear Daughter :

Here we are, under the chalk cliffs of England, the whiteness of which as seen from the coast of Gaul by the Romans caused them to give it the name by which it is still known in the language of poetry, Albion.

The opposite shores of France rose into view beautifully as we approached by rail running along the coast from Sandgate and Folkestone, which are much frequented watering places on the southern coast. We left London at 4.50 P. M., and reached here, having passed over a distance of 180 miles, in about four hours.

Our route lay through a very varied and pictuersque country, the railroad carried by several tunnels through chalk-hills, called here "Downs," on emerging from which our eyes wandered wildly over highly cultivated fields intersected by beautiful green well-trimmed hedges ; covered with abundant and luxuriant crops, sometimes wheat (here known by the generic term corn) just now yellowing for the harvest ; sometimes oats with its pale green hue, almost white, and then again, great fields of mangolds or turnips or beans or vetches ; or acre after acre of hop vines climbing poles set at regular distances, the hard formality somewhat relieved by the graceful pendency of the vines and the rich hue of the green of the foliage.

The meadows wore the liveliest coat of grass and the herds of cattle, quietly reposing, as though satisfied with the ample supply for their future needs as well as content with the abundance of which they had already partaken, and the numerous flocks lying in the green pastures, and beside the still waters, presented a picture of agricultural peace and plenty which will long be present in our memories as one of the delights of travel.

We passed no lordly palace nor stately mansion ; residences of wealth or power ; but were rarely ever, if at all, without the sight of many quiet hamlets clustering around church towers or short spires, as though the centre around which they naturally collected for protection.

Everything we saw indicated comfort ; I suppose there is but little education among the labouring masses in these districts, but there is reason to hope they enjoy the blessings of life even if they are without its refinements.

Our life in London has been one of unceasing toil, and your mother has endured it to my great astonishment ; wearied, but not exhausted ; and always ready cheerfully to go to whatever the others had a desire to visit.

Yesterday was spent at the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, about 14 miles from London.

It is an immense structure of glass, an engraving of which is rolled up in the library at Ivy Neck. It was first erected for the great

International Exhibition of the industries of all nations under the auspices of Prince Albert, at the close of which it was taken down and reconstructed where it now stands as a permanent place for the exhibition of models representing the buildings of antiquity, as well as the ruins of Egypt, Greece and Rome, and the Alhambra, that grand representative of the arts and culture of the Moors ; still the boast of Spain.

There are also numerous specimens illustrative of the customs and habits of foreign nations, interspersed with many good specimens of the plants and flowers of other climes.

There is also a bazaar in which are sold a great variety of articles, useful and of fancy.

The chief attraction to me was found in the surrounding grounds, which are laid out with great taste and highly ornamented with flower-borders and beds, and planted with shrubbery ; among which were grand fountains, throwing up large volumes of water, partly falling into large basins and much dispersed in sheets of spray descending in gracious showers on the vegetation around ; which is thus kept fresh and green.

Wide, well constructed walks meander through the various attractions of the grounds. In these and the numerous apartments of the Palace, 65,000 persons were collected at the time of our visit, each enjoying himself in his own way.

It was a great temperance excursion from all parts of the kingdom for which cheap excursion tickets had been issued.

The various Societies were marched in procession, with banners and bands of music, and twice during the day 5000 children united under a skilful leader in singing appropriate hymns and songs.

The tunes were such as you used to sing of old at the Epiphany Sunday-school Anniversaries, and reminded your mother and me very pleasantly of many such experiences. Harry and Dr. Tyng would have enjoyed the spectacle fully.

We reached the Hotel at a late hour in the evening wearied and exhausted, having almost fasted during the day. Just as supper was placed on the table in walked Mr. John Welsh, to take leave of us as he was to leave in the morning for Philadelphia—home—and we for the Continent.

We now look with dread to the anticipated horrors of to-morrow, as the boats are small and poor, and the unanimous testimony of all who have crossed the Channel is that it is a fearful affair, not from danger, but from the disgusting sea-sickness.

Well we are *in for it* and will try to take it cheerfully.

That God, our God, may have you all in His wise and holy keeping is our only prayer.

Your loving father,

CASPAR MORRIS.

Your mother has retired.

A long pier at Dover projects itself into the Channel, on to which the railway trains are run, discharging and receiving the ever living shoals of passengers of every nationality who throng to this port, in passing to and from the continent, as the point at which the channel, by which Britain is made insular, is narrowest.

What does not mankind owe to the wise providence of the Creator, who by this narrow straight isolated the Anglo Saxon race? Like the moat of the feudal castle it afforded, during the Middle Ages, security from the constant overflow of their nearest neighbours, assimilating them to the Latin races, at the same time that it afforded ready opportunity to the Sea kings—Norsemen and Danes—to settle their roving heroes on the fertile soil, and infuse their peculiar energy into the sturdy hardihood of the aboriginal stock.

Thus as God formed it in the beginning, so he used it from time to time to accomplish his wisely appointed purposes, either as a barrier of defence, or an avenue for access.

While it furnished the poet with the apt illustration of his theme—"Lands intersected by a narrow frith, abhor each other"—(what national repugnance has ever been stronger than that between France and England?) it has also at various periods afforded facilities for the interchange of offices of love, and the extension of assistance and protection from the warm hearts and strong hands of Christian England to the sad hearts and oppressed liberties of the Protestants of the Continent; and Elizabeth, Cromwell, and Pitt, each in their several times and ways, were the agents in the hand of the King of Kings in the accomplishing his own purposes.

Corrupt and imperfect agents it must be acknowledged, and their failures were often sad indeed!

Dover and Calais! points around which hopes have clustered and names at which hearts have failed! Courage and cowardice, honour and treason, savage cruelty and Christian mercy, have each been exhibited here in the ages past; and each shore, in its castles and forts, exhibits the scars of war lightened by the smiles of the present in the shape of piers and esplanades, the resort of invalids and pleasure-seekers, while seaside cottages tell of peace and security, where once prevailed the clang of men at arms, or the boom of artillery.

National jealousies are still displayed. It is supposed that an isthmus once connected England to the continent at this point; and now lest too great facility of landing should make the narrow straight an easy passage for an invading force, the harbour of Calais is provided with no pier which would permit the landing of troops from large steamships.

The steanboats plying between Dover and Calais are therefore small and imperfectly supplied with conveniences for protection in wet or rough weather. We selected Ostend as our place of debarkation on the continent on account of the larger size and better accommodation

furnished by the steamers of that route, as well as because the distance to Brussels was shorter by it; and the land part of the journey lay through a more interesting country. We started early in the morning, enjoying the privilege of a bright sunshine, and a favouring breeze. Though larger than the Calais packet the Ostend boat itself was but small and inconvenient, *and crowded* with passengers. Had the weather been rough or wet, there was no refuge from the exposure except in small close cabins, below decks, into which not one-half the company could have been packed with the utmost pressure. The mere thought of such a calamity was sickening. A loosely hung canvas awning screened a small portion of the deck from the sun, but was so imperfectly arranged that in case of a shower it would have delivered the accumulated water on more persons than it sheltered.

Had the sea been rough and the passengers sick, not one in four could have found relief at the bulwarks. Altogether the provision for the convenience of the passengers reminded me of those at watering places of inferior grade, whose proprietors receive visitors for the benefit of the waters and say to grumblers, "you pay for that, and may be thankful for anything you receive in addition."

The steamboat company "provides transportation," but does not even promise comfort in transitu.

Happy were we in our day. Only four hours were consumed in the voyage.

The Belgian coast is so low and flat that we did not see it till just before we landed; it is a sand beach heaped up into low mounds, called "Dunes," behind which spires of churches told us there are inhabitants and towns, though the sterile sand banks gave no promise of fertility beyond.

Ostend is a favourite place of resort at the seaside, from some parts of Belgium, and as we turned in from the open sea we saw the long pier thronged by crowds seeking the fresh breezes from the German Sea, while ranges of bathing machines stood along the beach on either side and clusters of lodging houses stood on the shore.

These bathing machines are objects of curiosity to those who are accustomed to the American habit of public bathing. They are covered carts (with a moveable hood which can be made to descend to the surface of the water) either lowered by a rope and windlass or drawn by a horse to the depth selected by the bather, who dresses and undresses and bathes in perfect privacy. Of course there can be no "taking the surf."

After passing these we reached an extensive sea wall terminating at the entrance of the harbour in a long wooden pier, intersected by drawbridges. It was crowded with people, men, women and children, enjoying the sea breeze, and the excitement of the Port, with its active

bustle, not only steamers but various other forms of craft arriving and departing continually.

There were the old fashioned Dutch Galliot with stem and stern equally obtuse, the mainmast rising directly from the prow, and a small sail at the stern just as one sees them represented in all the old Dutch pictures. If these carried us back to old times by association our attention was speedily absorbed, wholly, by our own necessities.

Since the dispersion at Babel the scenes at the sea-port, where various nationalities are represented by every class of social grade and individual character, all under the influence of the excitement of feeling incident to the departure from home or arrival in a strange land, have been the shadow of the confusion there and then reaching its height.

Strange tongues commingling, each individual in the struggling throng "elbowing" his neighbour, every one striving for precedence, and urging his own prior claim to attention to his demands, some pressing forward causing a reflux, by which all others are thrust backward, till the "vis inertia" combines with the "vis insita" and like a "Bore" in the Ganges or a rush of the tide in the Bay of Fundy, the living, struggling, vociferating mass, sways to and fro. Ladies are separated (by authority which can neither be resisted nor defied) from their natural and pledged protectors despite all protestations however defiantly uttered and earnestly repeated in all the languages at command. Passports are demanded—baggage carried off for examination—every one is earnestly enquiring for the proper starting point for his own destination—all combining to produce what may truly be described only as confusion worse confounded, especially when to these inevitable elements of discord are added the needless alarms of some, and the equally needless and still less profitable passion of others.

It is a condition of "concentrated energy and action" full of excitement.

We were *compelled* to surrender the ladies to other care than our own, most reluctantly, and when we at last got through the seething mass we were glad to find them quietly seated in the compartment of a car of the train for Brussels and had only time to take our seats beside them when the train was started, and we were whirled away through small antique houses with shops, whose signs were in French, which appears to hold its position as the language of the people, though it is long since the country was separated from the empire of France; and has recovered its distinct nationality as the kingdom of Belgium.

From this point I shall give the account of what we saw and felt in the letters written daily to the family at home.

BRUSSELS, August 4, 1871.

My Dear Brother (Galloway):

You will be prepared by my former letters to learn that I shall not accomplish the execution of your order at Ghent.

I had proposed to return myself to Ghent, while the other members of the party make an excursion from this place to Antwerp, and visit the establishment of Van Houtte. I find that if I do this I shall introduce some disorder into Wistar's arrangements and as I am not sufficiently familiar with the French terms of business and values of money to act independently, I should be obliged to employ an interpreter of whom I was uncertain, and I could not have confidence in my action.

Anne and I have held a conference on the subject and concluded to throw ourselves once more on your well tried affection. Such are some of the inconveniences of a large party. There can be but one leader whom all must follow, or much time will be wasted.

This is a wondrous place. The first thing which arrested our attention is its perfect cleanliness and order. Built of a soft stone of a white colour, the fronts of the houses are kept clean by frequent coats of cream-coloured paint. We have driven through the city for hours daily since our arrival, and though the varying style of architecture indicates the varying periods of erection, the fresh coats of paint give a new look to them all, except some of the grand, old, historic buildings—the Cathedral, the Hotel d' Ville, and one still older looking than either, in front of which stands the noble monument erected to the Counts Egmont and Van Horne on the spot at which they were beheaded in the days of Philip the Second, and in one of the windows of which it is said the Duke of Alve stood to witness the execution of his bloody orders. These buildings have either been built of a dark coloured stone or have been allowed to become discoloured by time.

The Cathedral is a grand structure, with the style and arrangements common to all buildings dedicated to those purposes (this was a premature expression—we had not then seen enough to justify it). The stained-glass windows are specimens of the highest order of that Art dating from a period as early as 1537. They are Memorial windows, erected in honour of Princes and Dukes and adorned with representations of incidents in history in which they bore a part; entirely unconnected with any religious associations.

Many of them are frightfully life-like scenes of strife; with figures of the actors with countenances expressive of fiend-like passion, and hands lifting gleaming daggers.

In the nave stands a pulpit of great size. It is of wood and is supported on life-sized figures of Adam and Eve; she holding the fatal apple in her hand; the attitudes and countenances of both strongly expressive of the sense of ruin.

The Angel with the flaming sword soars over them on the one side and the conventional (skeleton) figure of death protrudes itself from beneath the pulpit, on the other.

The pulpit itself is canopied by emblems of light and peace, intended thus to symbolize the Gospel to be preached from it; the canopy being supported by angels of Mercy.

The body of the pulpit is covered with foliage most elaborately and exquisitely carved; the whole design is well conceived and beautifully executed.

Many pictures of merit as works of art adorn the walls, while costly monuments of departed greatness bring to one's mind the words of Gray—

“ Can storied urn, or monumental bust,
Back to the clay recall the fleeting breath? ”

Every thing is grand and imposing and adapted to foster and flatter the pride of the natural heart; not to humble it.

The hotel at which we are staying adjoins the Royal Palace. This is a very plain structure two stories in height, but having a very extensive front facing the Maria Theresa Park; entirely destitute of ornament except a few simple columns at the central entrance. It is not a favourite residence of the present King, Leopold, who comes to it only on state occasions when his presence is indicated by a flag.

As we drove past yesterday he drove out in a very plain carriage drawn by four good horses, with two outriders, followed by a second carriage, empty I believe.

On our return we learned that the extent of the drive had been to our hotel, to make a call on the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, who are stopping here. The ladies report that the Duchess is a fine looking woman.

I am more impressed by the *perfect neatness* of every thing in Brussels and the good order which prevails, apparently spontaneously from the love of it by the people, than by any thing else, unless it be the noble Park on which this Hotel fronts, with its majestic elm trees. It lies along the crown of a hill sloping down toward the river; several grand old churches and monasteries, and an extensive hospital rising above the buildings of the older part of the city which lies between the park and the river.

The view from the higher part of the Park is very extensive and beautiful, bounded in the distance by a long range of lofty hills.

The park was established by the empress Maria Theresa, and bears her name. There are some groups of good statuary over the chief entrances, and isolated statues in several prominent positions; but beyond these there is no attempt at ornament. It is intersected by broad straight walks, leading directly from gate to gate and is a thoroughfare from one part of the city to another, and is much

frequented. We saw poor women sitting under the trees with their sewing, while their children amused themselves in the walks.

It is flanked on the one side by a somewhat extensive Botanical Garden freely open to the public, having a good conservatory containing fine specimens of Palms and Orchids and other tropical plants.

Along the upper side runs the Boulevard, which must be seen to be appreciated properly. It is several miles in length, of great width, flanked in its whole extent with elegant residences, most of them standing a little retired in pretty grounds, while the drive itself is planted with fine large healthy looking trees in four lines.

The space is distributed into foot-ways for pedestrians, bridle paths for equestrians, and a wide carriage drive. It is the favourite resort of citizens of every social grade.

I have seen nothing in any of our great cities to which to compare it.

Anne unites with me in love to Margaret, and in deep sympathy for you both, and for Mary Ellen, and in kind regard to all.

Yours affectionately,

CASPAR MORRIS.

BRUSSELS, August 4, 1871.

My Dear Children :

I feel as though now at last we have got through the hurry of preparation, and entered on our travel. Thus far all has been confusion and uncertainty; anxiety to get forward in order to reach Switzerland, struggling with a counter determination to see everything new and strange and attractive as we passed on.

The desires for gratification are as various as the members of the party, and the tastes as diverse as the number.

Brother Wistar has now taken the reins into his own hands.

Yesterday morning we left Dover, a marked spot in the history of the world as that near which Cæsar first set foot on the soil of Britain, whose white cliffs, seen from the opposite shore of Gaul (just added to the possessions of Rome by his conquering Legions) invited the ambition of the conqueror to add to the same dominion the land from which its rival, Carthage, (as the colony of Tyre) had drawn the Tin and other products of its soil, by the merchandise of which she had acquired the wealth of which Rome was jealous; and which led to the adoption of the motto "delenda est Carthago."

It owes its present celebrity chiefly to the circumstance that it is the point on the English shore nearest to France and is therefore chosen by most travellers, American as well as British, from which

to start for the tour on the continent. Steamers run daily, from Dover to Calais, only 18 miles distant, and others to Ostend, a voyage of 5 hours.

The day was most propitious, not a ripple on the water when we left the pier, and only a ripple at any time during the voyage.

On shore the temperature was warm, but at sea it soon became so cool as to require over-coats and shawls for comfort.

Happily no one on board was in the least sea-sick, as the crowd of passengers was so great that such a trouble would have been not only a distress to the individual sufferer alone, but a great inconvenience to many more.

There was only room for the majority to stand, seats being provided for but few ; and locomotion was out of the question.

If the weather had been bad, or the sea rough, the misery would have been abominable ; and if rain had fallen on the unprotected crowd it would have been distressing, as the scanty awning would have thrown the accumulated torrents on the multitude outside. We are thankful to have escaped these inconveniences.

Large flocks of ducks rose from the water as we approached the shore, which is low, and sandy. Spires of churches rising above the heaps of sand thrown up by the winds and waves, tell of towns and villages lying behind at a level lower than the ocean on which we were sailing.

The approach to Ostend is imposing from the fine masonry of the sea-wall and the long well built piers, which were thronged with people enjoying the fresh sea-breeze, and the excitement of the arrival and departure of the vessels of all style of marine construction and of many nationalities.

Such a scene of confusion as met us as we reached our landing-place can neither be described nor conceived.

Such a crowd and bustle ! such a looking up of passports by those who did not know or did not remember that they could not land till they had exhibited them ! Such a jabber of French by those who spoke that language, and loud utterances in English by those who did not ; as though the forcible expression would carry with it the interpretation of what was meant.

The ladies of our party were separated from us, notwithstanding our opposition, while our passports were being examined ; and we found them safely deposited in the rail-road car just in time for us to take our places beside them as the train started and whirled us off for Ghent.

French signs on all the shops and the universal use of that language by the crowds on the streets is the result of the long annexation of the country as a province to France. Though of but small extent the kingdom of Belgium is one of the most important powers on the continent of Europe.

As we emerged from the densely populated parts of Ostend we passed large canals and extensive ponds communicating with the sea, in which oysters (imported from England for the purpose) are fattened for the supply of the gourmands of the continent; and then were whirled away through the land of high culture, and frequent ditches, rich manufacturers, and good government. Every thing which met the eye was expressive of this state of affairs. It is the height of harvest just now, and the fields are heavily laden with the waving corn, or thick set with the gathered shocks, or covered with the scattered sheaves.

Interspersed with these are patches of beans, vetches and clover, with no dividing fences or hedges, and not co-terminous with the intersecting ditches, but all laid out in parallelograms, varying in size, but never deviating from the regulation shape, and all worked up as closely as so many pieces in a ladies old-fashioned patch-work.

There is not apparently an inch of land untilled. How this is accomplished I could not discover, though we saw the people at their work, some ploughing some reaping and some gathering into barns. All these various operations were going on simultaneously. The labourers were here much more numerous than in England, where we saw the results of toil and high culture, but rarely the process and but few labourers in the field. Here women as well (and almost if not quite as numerous) as the men were performing field work.

The banks of the ditches and also the road-sides, were all planted with lombardy Poplar trees, their trunks trimmed of every branch to near the top, where a few branches are left, just allowing foliage enough to maintain the life of the tree. They are like long straight rows of giant poles each with a green tuft surmounting it.

The country, for many miles was perfectly flat, but never tame or wearisome from sameness, as the variety of patches, changing like the beads in the kaliedoscope with every moments change of the point of observation, ever afforded us some new object or fresh combination of those with which we had become already familiar, to amuse or interest us.

The dwelling-houses were comfortable looking, in external appearance, and all the appurtenances were appropriate.

For a long distance, we saw no crops other than those I have mentioned, but as the country became more rolling as we left the immediate proximity to the sea, hops were added to the others; of much stronger growth and trained to taller poles than those we saw in Kent, in England.

Flax also was spread on the grass to rot; and we often saw persons either throwing water over it as it lay, or gathering it up in bundles and dipping it in pools provided evidently for the purpose and spreading it out again.

There were also, many bleach-yards large and small, white with the yarn in hanks or the woven product of the loom, spread out in the sun to whiten.

Industry and its fruits were manifested on every side ; and no sign presented itself to the passing visitor which would indicate poverty or want of happiness.

There were more frequent handsome residences, with moderate sized pleasure grounds, occupied by persons of moderate fortune, than we saw in England (where the land is held in large estates) ; indicating a more equal distribution of property.

We saw many large new churches, with extensive Monasteries attached to many of them ; proving that we are in a country over which the Pope holds supreme authority, while the picturesque costumes of the priests of various degrees, and Monks of different orders, give variety to dress, which otherwise would differ in no respect from that of our own country.

The features of the people are even more familiar than those one meets in Great Britain.

We arrived here about 7 P. M., having left Dover at 9.30 A. M., and come through Bruges, Ghent and Alost.

Brussels is a magnificent Metropolis, as well as a Royal residence.

We entered the city by a gate-way through the fortifications which still surround the town, and soon passed the Royal Botanical Gardens, evidently open freely to the public ; indeed so many were walking in them that there must be a thoroughfare.

The streets by which we drove to the Hotel Belle-vue, are wide, and brought us by a rapidly ascending grade to the Public Park, a large area planted with noble trees. It is open to the people but is not lighted at night. I have not yet seen its extent. One entrance to it is immediately opposite the window of the chamber in which I am now writing. The gateway is flanked by piers, which are surmounted by marble statuary. One group represents Cupid having subdued a wild boar, on the carcass of which he sits triumphant. The corresponding piece represents a similar triumph over a doe.

After tea Wistar, T. K. Longstreth and I walked out.

Passing the Royal Palace, which adjoins the Hotel at which we are stopping and fronts on the Park, the Barracks, with their admirably dressed troops (very superior in appearance to those of Great Britain), we reached the Boulevard Waterloo. It is impossible to describe the effect of the spectacle.

I do not know what is the actual width, but should think it is not less than four times that of our Broad Street.

The carriage-ways are paved with square blocks, while a part is left unpaved for equestrians, and there are flagged walks on either side for pedestrians, and a very wide space is left for four rows of noble trees, unpaved and without turf.

This grand highway extends for many miles, and is flanked on either side with costly mansions and stores—here called Magazins. We walked till we were wearied, and then returned, retired, rested well and now, having breakfasted since I commenced this sheet, the ladies are about to start for a visit to the shops.

I do not know what *our* fate will be.

We breakfasted on the "terrace" which is on the ground floor of the hotel, a series of apartments surrounding an open court-yard paved with marble and set thickly with plants in pots, amid which one may have their table placed, ordering from the card what one chooses, or they may take a table in a room opening on to the court if the weather renders the out-of-door meal undesirable. We had on our table apricots, as large as good sized peaches, and green-gage plums equally fine. They were delicious. We are all enjoying ourselves fully—gradually becoming accustomed to the habits of this way of life; the health of all without ground for complaint.

I shall note my impressions as they occur, and direct the sheets in succession to our children and hope you will make joint-stock of them by passing them from one to the other.

They will be directed indiscriminately to one or the other as the case may be, and you will consider them as belonging to the family.

Your loving father

CASPAR MORRIS.

BRUSSELS, August 5, 1871.

My Dear Little Girls :

Here are we, your Grandmother and Grandfather, in the Capital of Belgium; in a grand Hotel de Bellevue, immediately adjoining the Royal Palace. The flag now flying above it indicating that his Majesty Leopold II is at present there, though it is not his favourite place of residence.

Yesterday as we went out we met him coming out of the entrance in a plain carriage drawn by four fine horses. An outrider announced his approach by fine bugle notes, two other outriders preceded him and he was followed by another coach drawn also by four fine horses, but without any one in it!

He drove about the length of one of our Philadelphia squares to our hotel to make a formal call on the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, who have come here to visit Leopold, and who are guests at the Hotel de Bellevue.

We do not feel ourselves any the greater for this proximity to royalty with its splendors, but do enjoy the delight of our position as our chamber looks out over a park of from fifty to one hundred acres laid out for the benefit of the citizens, her subjects, by Maria Theresa,

Queen of Hungary and Austria when Belgium was an Austrian province, called the Netherlands or Low Countries; before the French Revolution and the ambition of Napoleon I. had overturned the old system of government, and introduced into Europe new ideas of the divine rights of kings, and of the people; which have produced so many and great changes in the boundaries of Empires and States.

This hotel is well named; the view from the windows of the apartments we occupy ranging across the Park and embracing in the distance a very wide extent of country, with a distant range of lofty hills skirting the horizon, is very charming.

The trees in the Park are truly majestic; wide avenues run through it, not only directly from one gate to that opposite and at right angles, but others diagonally in various directions, while many good statues stand about singly or in groups.

It is commonly open to the public freely, but to-morrow a concert is to be given there for the benefit of the Blind Asylum, and a charge for admission within the gates is made during the hours of entertainment. It is the Lord's day and is selected purposely, because being a holiday, the attendance will be larger than on any working day. Belgium is a Romish State and, after morning Mass, pleasure seeking is considered proper and I anticipate finding the shops open as on other days.

Priests with broad brimmed hats turned up at each side and behind, and long dark garments falling down to their feet, folded behind like a lady's dress, meet us frequently on the streets.

The countenances of the people one meets on the streets are contented and happy looking, and in the shops we find them patient, civil, polite in manners, and kind. They are anxious to serve us themselves, when they can do so, patient in their efforts to understand our very imperfect attempts at explaining our wants, and ready to assist us by directions to other shops where we can procure what we ask for.

This afternoon I walked through the Park, and found numbers of what I suppose to be the wives and daughters of the labouring class (*ouvriers*) sitting on the seats knitting, while their dirty little children were making themselves happy and more dirty, rolling in the dirt, gathering the loose dirt into heaps with their feet and scattering it again with their hands; no one reproved them or appeared to think it wrong. All, from the youngest to the oldest, appeared to be happy in their own pursuit of pleasure, each in his or her own way.

The same description is applicable to the Royal Botanical Gardens and the frequenters of them. The grounds occupied by them are not extensive, nor are there any fine specimens of trees, or shrubs, nor were the flower beds very attractive.

We saw poor sickly exiles, tulip trees and oaks, and mist-shrubs, and dwarf horsechestnuts, which smiled sadly at us as they reminded us of Ivy Neck, and our own children there.

There were some good specimens of the Sequoia Gigantea, the great trees of California, small yet of course, but interesting to those who had not seen those relics of ages long past, still retaining a life which began some thousands of years ago ; though but in the infancy of their existence, they afforded a type of the character of the full grown trees, sovereign of the vegetable world.

In the Palm house we found some beautiful specimens of that grand division of plants ; with gigantic ferns, and other strange tropical plants.

We went also to the Zoological Gardens, which are more attractive than those in London, though the number of animals is not so great as there. The specimens are better and the animals look more comfortable. The Gnu, or horned horse, was in very fine condition, and and we were much pleased by a pair of beautiful Yaks, from Siam, with a calf, all white, with long silky hair and a bushy tail. These tails are used in Siam to brush away the flies from the persons of Majesty, and the gods.

There were also unusually fine specimens of the animals usually found in such collections, Camels, Elands, or African Antelopes, Grizzly and Polar Bears, and wild dogs and wolves. But the most attractive part of the exhibition was the Aquarium. It is an artificial grotto containing imitation stalactites hanging in varied groups from the roof, dividing the space into compartments of various size and shape, each of which contained a pool of either salt or fresh water, with a large plate of perfectly translucent glass at the side exposed to view. These glass fronts were wide and high, and at such a level above the floor as to almost delude one into the impression that one was walking among the fishes, which were sporting in the pools as naturally as though they had never been caught but were still in their native haunts.

Water plants and seaweeds and rocky caverns and miniature bluffs added beauty to the sight, as well as furnished retiring places for the animals. Well fed and freely supplied with fresh air and pure water, one could not but think they were exceptionally happy fishes.

There were not only sea anemonies in great number and a great variety, and many curious flat fish of odd shapes floating about, and reminding us of the flying squirrels by their motions in the water, as the squirrels float on the air ; and lobsters and crabs in endless variety crawling along the sand and tumbling from the rocks ; but there were larger denizens of the rivers and the sea ; an alligator about six feet long, and a white seal which turned up its face when we spoke to it, looking almost human ; sufficiently so to furnish some justification of the superstition of ignorance which fancies *mermaids* and *mermen* (men and women of the sea) frequenting uninhabitable shores and luring incautious sailors onto the rocks, that they may be wrecked ; and then beguiling them into the waves that they may have them for companions.

Brussels is a grand city ; the streets are wide and well paved and in their whole length and breadth clean and smooth enough for those who choose to do so (and many do) to walk on the carriage-way. The foot-walks are wide enough for three to walk abreast and allow room for passing those coming in the opposite direction, and are well laid with a solid and well graded pavement of artificial stone laid off in large squares ; or nicely dressed stone flags. The fronts of the houses are built of a soft cream coloured stone found in the neighbourhood which though soft and easily, and therefore cheaply dressed, when first quarried, becomes hard on exposure to the air and is much more enduring than sandstone ; indeed it is said to be indestructible by weather or atmospheric vicissitudes.

Some houses are built of yellow brick ; but these are covered by thick coats of paint of the same shade of colour as the stone, so that the whole town has the same tint and that a soft harmonious colour ; which is kept clean and fresh looking and without a stain. There are no harsh contrasts of white marble doorways, steps and trimmings, as is so common with us ; and there are no long blocks of dingy and gloomy looking brown sandstone ; and though variety may have its charm uniform beauty is to be greatly preferred.

The largest church in Brussels is that of St. Gudule, and is as dark on the exterior as the modern structures are light. It dates from about A. D. 1450. It has very large windows filled with richly coloured glass said to be of the best period of that art. It is said by those who are well informed on the subject that the art of producing the rich colours of these older specimens has been irretrievably lost.

The pictures in these windows represent a great variety of subjects, some merely commemorative of incidents in the history of some noble family.

In one of the windows the supposed solemnities of the last judgment are represented.

The commandment "thou shalt not make to thyself any likeness of the Lord thy God" is sadly violated by the representation of the Divine Majesty under the form of a man, venerable in aspect it is true, but still only in the form of one of his creatures, with the Saviour on the one side, and the Dove (emblematic of the Holy Spirit) on the other. An innumerable company is gathered for judgment, each countenance and figure and attitude expressive of the hope or fear, the joy or despair, of the hour. In another window there is the representation of local legendary story, in life sized figures, in which the most malignant passions are expressed by the countenances of the actors in the mythical story.

This is that the Jews once stole the wafers of the church (consecrated bread, which is asserted by the church of Rome to have been transformed by virtue of that consecration by the Priest into the actual Body and Blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, every fragment of it down

to the minutest crumb containing the entire body and all the blood), and subjected it to great indignities.

In the window they are seen pouring out these wafers (shaped like our water-crackers) and stabbing them with daggers.

From each wafer thus poured out and stabbed, blood streams from the wound as it falls to the floor. The malignant expression on the countenances of the Jews is frightful.

Around the wall of the church are placed Confessionals. These are enclosed chairs, in which a priest sits (unseen) with an opening in the wooden cover which conceals him, at the inner side of which he places his ear while the penitent, kneeling on the outside, whispers his or her confession. This is known as *auricular* confession and is required of every member of the Romish church before absolution and participation in the "Sacrament of the altar" as that church calls the Eucharist or Lord's Supper. These confessions, absolution, and partaking of the "sacrament of the altar," are held by them necessary to salvation.

We believe that God alone can forgive sin, and that confession is to be made to Him only, and pardon sought from Him through our One, Great High Priest, who is forever set down at the right hand of God, ever living to make intercession for us, ready to receive the confession of the penitent, and to present them, washed in his own blood, shed as an atonement for the sins of the world, and made clean thereby.

May His grace prevent (go before) us, putting into our minds good desires, and enabling us to bring the same to full effect; prays for you as for himself,

Your loving grandfather,

CASPAR MORRIS.

BRUSSELS, August 6, 1871.

My Dear Children :

This is a beautiful and imposing looking city, called the miniature Paris.

The capital of Belgium, it lies just on the confines of the Netherlands, a flat country, reclaimed like its sister kingdom of Holland from the dominion of the sea, and inhabited by Walloons and Flemish people; and the higher rolling land of North Germany. The people are of both races, though French is the language spoken by all; and the habits and manners and customs are those of France.

Belgium is now a Romish kingdom, and its inhabitants devoted to their faith with great earnestness.

It has been the scene of some of the most fearful conflicts between the persecuting power of the Pope and Protestant endurance, and much martyr blood has been poured out on its soil in many places.

There is here an impressive monument to Counts Egmont and Van Horne, erected on the spot on which they were beheaded by order of the Duke of Alva, in front of an old building called the Bread House, at one of the windows of which it is said he stood to witness the execution.

This building was erected in 1625 and now presents a very antiquated appearance; two Latin inscriptions in large letters are on the front, the one "From plague, war, and famine, *Mary* deliver us," and the other "Elisabeth has consecrated this as a thank-offering for public peace."

Immediately across the street stands the Hotel de Ville, a mediæval structure in Gothic style. (*In the original letter I have described again the Park and its surroundings but will omit the repetition here.*)

The streets are all laid with what is known as Belgian pavement, the small blocks of granite of which it is composed being broken and dressed by prisoners in England, and imported thence. The footways are all either of artificial stone neatly divided into large square blocks, or of flag stones and are neatly curbed. The drainage is wholly underground, the entrance to the sewer being by frequent small grated openings in the gutter, and wherever a carriage way crosses the footwalk, it is laid with a slope so gentle from the wall to the gutter, and so gradual from either side to the centre, that there is no step over which to stumble, and yet the flow is sufficient to carry off all the water. The carriage ways are swept more than daily; indeed one might say *constantly*. They are indeed as clean as when with us the extra particular housekeepers have them swept daily with a broom.

Built of a soft stone (easily worked when first quarried but becoming hard on exposure), having a delicate cream colour, and those which are built of brick coated with stucco and painted to correspond, the newer part of the city occupying the higher part, has one harmonious tint and is perfectly clean; light and very attractive. The principal hotels are near the Royal Palace and the Park, which lies as I have already described, along the crest of a hill which was formerly crowned by a forest, and which still contains many noble elms of great size and without the slightest sign of decay. The foliage is dense and of a very deep green. Wide walks, bordered by shrubbery, intersect the grounds and near the centre is a pavilion in which a concert is now being given for the benefit of the Blind Asylum, on which account the gates, which are always open, are closed to-day and a franc charged for admission.

We see many poor looking women sitting under the trees with their knitting or sewing, while their children amuse themselves rolling on the grass or in the walks. The gateways are surmounted by groups of fine marble statuary; and isolated marble figures stand scattered among the trees.

There is one deep dell near this hotel, which is pointed out as having been the field of a terrible conflict in one of the many bloody struggles which marked the unsettled period when the kingdom of Belgium was wrested from France, and settled upon Leopold and his heirs, in order to arrange the balance of power in Europe to suit the interests of the greater nations. The trees still bear upon them the scars of the bullets, nor are the gaps among the boughs yet filled up, though there is no indication of vital injury to them.

Judging from what we have seen here and the appearance of the country through which we passed coming here, I should think Belgium a richer and happier country than England. The agriculture is certainly better, and the soil itself more fertile. We find here, as I mentioned in my last letter we had thought on our way here, the countenances and deportment and dress of the people speak of comfort and contentment. I am deeply impressed by their courtesy.

It is now nearly 5 P. M. and I have just returned from a second service.

While out, yesterday, I had seen a notice of an English Morning Service, at one chapel at 11 A. M. and we went to it, and had the usual English Morning Prayer, followed by a good simple discourse from the text "When I survey the heavens."

Mr. and Mrs. Moro Philips joined your Uncle and Aunt as we came out, and walked with them to the hotel and as the visit was designed for them, and not us, I turned out to seek another chapel at which it had been announced there would be service at 3 P. M., which would be through before the hour for the Table d' Hote. I found it was the chapel of the British Embassy, and though the service was intoned the sermon was most thoroughly evangelical and earnest, from the text "There is no other name under heaven by which we can be saved but the name of Jesus." The congregation was evidently of the higher rank socially, but bore the simplest and plainest teaching.

Surrounded as we are here by influences which dissipate the thoughts and deaden the feelings and spiritual affections, it is refreshing to hear such truths.

I did not find the shops open as I had expected I should; it seems to be kept as a holiday. The streets were thronged with people promenading, and the concert for the benefit of the Blind Asylum in the Park was in progress.

It was at Brussels that Charles V abdicated his crown in favour of his son Philip II, husband of Bloody Mary, and supporter if not instigator of her persecution of the Protestants of England. What a mercy that our lot is cast in these peaceful times, when, within sight of the scenes of such events as gave character to those fearful days, we may worship God according to a ritual the use of which led those who did so to the gibbet or the stake. May we have grace for grace added

to us, that we may faithfully serve Him who has blessed us so freely.

Your mother and I have stood in London on the spot wet with the blood of our own ancestor, and on the stone which covers his mangled remains. God grant we may none of us ever be called to a similar trial of our faith; or rather that whether tried by ease or by suffering we may be found faithful and endure to the end.

I did not finish what I designed to say about the kindness of the people. Asking those that I met casually, for directions to the "Église Protestante Ancienne" (the name by which the chapel I was seeking is known) though but few knew of such a building all were civil and tried their best to aid me by enquiry of others.

At last I met one who stopped, and studied out my imperfect French, asked several others for assistance, and finally jumped and ran after a man at some distance, who gave him the direction. He then turned out of his own course and walked with me, telling me that the gentleman after whom he had run was a co-religionist of mine, and he was glad to see him as he knew he could direct us. Thus you see all virtue is not confined within Protestant hearts, as my guide was not one.

Your mother keeps up wonderfully well. These letters are for your families generally, and you must pass them around.

Your loving father,

CASPAR MORRIS.

COLOGNE, August 7, 1871.

My Dear Children:

Among other objects of interest we visited while at Brussels, was a lace factory. (The relation of this place to that branch of industry is exhibited on every side as one walks through the business parts of the city, by the frequency with which the word "Dentelles" is repeated on the signs indicating that "laces" are sold there.)

We entered through a court yard into a room with a low ceiling, in which, on small low-seated chairs placed as closely together as they could be stood on the floor, sat a dozen or more women of various ages from almost childhood to apparently old age. I say "*apparently*" since they gave me rather the impression of *premature decay* than of natural decline.

Each takes her allotted seat at the beginning of the day, and hour after hour of weariness is passed, with no change of position or situation, with their eyes intently fixed on their work, till, through the long fixed habit of looking only at small points and an object close to the face, they lose the power of seeing objects at the distance of common vision, and the contracted chests, bent shoulders and attenuated

form all unite to tell the sad story of *lives* worked into the exquisite and delicate tissues so coveted for dress.

I will not accuse the sex that *wears* them of the wrong ; our own participates at least equally since we "love to have it so," and express freely our admiration of the beauty of the fabric, and delight in the idea of its costliness as it adorns the persons of those we desire to attract admiration.

My eyes were soon suffused with tears through which the box against the wall bearing an inscription asking for alms for the benefit of the work women blinded and crippled by their work, presented its mute but thrilling appeal.

Under the impression of the sad exhibition of the cost in human suffering at which the delicate and graceful articles I have so admired (and I must confess have so often coveted) are produced, I at first shrank from the thought of becoming accessory to the cruelty, even by purchasing the product of such suffering toil. Second thought brought the idea that it is *thus* only they can procure the means of supporting themselves at all. (Are second thoughts always, and necessarily best? May not they also, as well, and as probably, as first impressions, spring from and be strengthened by our inherent selfishness?)

No price ever paid can be considered extravagant when considered in relation to the time and labour bestowed in the various steps of production ; first in the growing of the flax and its preparation, then in spinning the gossamer like thread so delicate and fine, and so perfectly even as it must be ; then in designing the beautiful patterns by which it must be fashioned, each drawn on paper ; and finally in twisting these fine threads—so fine that it is difficult for an unpractised eye to perceive them—in conformity with the pattern and knotting them firmly.

We saw one woman at work on a pattern for a fan. She had more than *two hundred* bobbins, each having a thread attached to it, and the same number of pins, each to be inserted in the cushion at the point around which a loop was to be tied. She had been already *more than a month* working on this piece, and two months more of uninterrupted labour would be necessary to complete it.

Some shawls occupy two hundred women an entire year, each figure in the pattern being the work of a separate workwoman.

From the saddening spectacle of the work room we were taken to the sale room, or "Magasin" as it is here called. The ladies of our party, and others who followed, all gathered around a table on which were displayed Coiffures, Collars, Cuffs, Shawls, et cetera, of every variety of pattern, shape, quality, and price.

You all know your mother well enough to need no assurance from me that under such circumstances *she bought nothing*, and felt much exhausted. So *we* soon turned away and sat down to look at shawls,

which I in my ignorance thought beautiful, displayed on lay-figures standing around the sale-room. Some I admired for the fineness of the thread, some for the beauty of the pattern, but only to display my ignorance, as we were told by one of the sales-men they were *very coarse* and common and were worth only two hundred dollars.

Your uncle's arrangement for the next morning was that we should all go to Antwerp, see the famous cathedral and the celebrated pictures by Rubens, visit the great silk factories, and return to Brussels in the evening.

Your aunt Jane was taken sick during the night, and could not go; and your mother and I availed ourselves gladly of the opportunity for her to rest, and remained with her; and your aunt Hannah was not willing to leave her even with us.

As Jane slept, Hannah, your mother and I, left her for a short time and went shopping. Of course we knew nothing about even what course to take to find the shops, nor what to ask for if we should find them. My French is slowly and very imperfectly reviving, but it never embraced a knowledge of the terms of shopping, especially of articles of female wear.

We stumbled on, looking at the articles displayed in the windows, and by asking the name of these, I gradually got up courage enough to ask for some stockings (which I learned were called *bas*) which we purchased; and a few other articles of necessity. Courage increased as we went on, and finally I persuaded your mother to look at some lace which she and your aunt talked over, and she *determined* she would wear her *cotton* lace cap every where and to the end.

The woman in the shop was the most civil and patient thing you can imagine, and "at long last" we did impose on your mother a *coiffure* with some trifle of lace as a curtain.

The good woman (though our only medium of communication was my very imperfect French) entered cheerfully and earnestly into the consultation and shewed how the edging should be attached, so promptly, that we ventured to ask if she could not do it herself for us. This she declined doing, *very pleasantly*, however. I then enquired for your mother for thread to mend lace with. We had asked for this in vain at other shops and were told it could not be had. She at once took up a spool from which she had been working when we entered, and shewed it to your mother who said promptly that was just what she wanted. The woman left us and went up stairs by a flight which rose out of the little shop, and on coming back told us it was not to be bought in Brussels, but she lived in one of the suburbs and had more at home which she would bring us the next day.

That would be the Lord's day and we were to leave Brussels early on Monday morning, so we declined her kind offer only to give her an opportunity of being still kinder, as she at once wound off from her spool as much as she could spare and sold it to us.

Annie will understand from these details that we did not execute her commission. Your mother thinks it can be done at home as cheaply as here, and one can be had there quite as pretty as here for the same price, and the wear of the travel in our trunks be avoided; to say nothing of the risk that it might find its way to the loins of some Arab Sheik or the head of some Copt damsel. What *might* be done by ourselves *alone* is one thing; what can be done is another. There is not always wisdom in the multitude of counsellors and other heads beside my own become confused by much conference.

COLOGNE, August 8th, evening.

We have passed a day in this city of fragrant waters, seated on the bank of the muddy Rhine, which rolls its noble but turbid stream to the bosom of the German Ocean, flowing here through a perfectly flat country in which its waters are divided into numberless channels.

The town derives its name from the fact that it was in the day of the Roman possession of this country Colonia Agrippina, like the Colonia Philippi a form of government possessing special privileges. It has undergone many changes during the progress of these almost two thousand years but is still a military station, surrounded by moats, walls, ramparts, earth-works, lunettes, redoubts, and all the other known means of defense; and can be entered only over draw-bridges through gate-ways guarded by armed sentinels. Within these we find the area closely built, the narrow streets running in every direction conceivable, with no separate footways for the safety of pedestrians, but the entire breadth of the street well paved with square granite blocks, and kept perfectly clean.

Thus far on our travel *nothing* has caused me so much astonishment as the entire absence of all protection from intrusion and pillage of the grounds around houses, and especially the fruit and vegetable gardens. Even in the immediate environs as you enter or emerge from the towns, you find small fruits such as raspberries and currants, and garden vegetables, planted directly on the road-side, without any protection. No animals are allowed to run at large, but human nature is the same here as with us; but with us the planter of them would have but a small share of the produce. Not only are there no divisions to indicate proprietorship, but no outside hedges or fences of any kind. Boys fly their kites and pursue their sports in the narrow road, yet no foot of thoughtless or mischievous youngster or plundering intruder, steps aside to pluck the lettuce, beets or potatoes; while plums, apricots, and pears hang out their luscious temptation within easy reach, unplucked. The culture of the gardens is perfect; not a weed is to be seen. As we came here, to-day we saw them gathering the potatoes, and no sooner were these taken out of the ground than cabbages were set in the same place.

We met many groups of boys going to and from school, boylike, full of fun and merriment, but neither saw nor heard any boisterous play nor rude behaviour. I am afraid our democratic institutions are demoralizing in their tendencies.

I will not inflict on you the pain of an ineffectual attempt to describe the grand Cathedral; nor the church of St. Ursula, garnished with the ghastly skulls and skeletons of her eleven thousand virgin companions, said to have been slaughtered before her eyes (together with her affianced husband) by the heathen Huns, for whose conversion she was leading her followers; about A. D. 500.

A strange miracle it was that these same savage barbarians should have permitted the collection of all the skulls and the various smaller bones; and stranger still that these should have resisted the inevitable decay which would ages ago have converted them into the dust from which they were gathered.

The riches of the several shrines in gold and precious stones, gifts of the superstitious faithful, is fabulous. We saw them without violating the tenth commandment.

Frightful as is the subject, I did enjoy the art exhibited in the celebrated picture by Rubens of the crucifixion of St. Peter. It is truly a master-piece of accuracy of drawing, truth of colour; and expression. I would not have missed it for any consideration. On the representation of the crucifixion of our Lord I could not gaze. That subject is too awfully mysterious to be made the subject of any attempt at representation.

With love to Mrs. Buckley, Annie, and Effingham,

Your loving father,

CASPAR MORRIS.

COLOGNE, August 8, 1871.

My Dear Children:

Yesterday was one of unequalled beauty and interest to us. Early in the morning we took a parting look at the rich city of Brussels, and about 11 A. M. left for this place by Railway via Liège.

We were whirled through such varied scenes of grandeur or of beauty, each moment changing and each moment renewed, that the impression left on our minds and memories is much like that of a photograph somewhat blurred, suggestive, but deficient in clear definition. The first part of the route was through a rolling country, cultivated in those small patches which relieve the monotony by giving the attraction to the eye, of ever varying colour. No cattle or other domestic animals were to be seen pasturing at large; therefore there was no animation in the landscape. The crops were those with which we

have become so familiar, wheat, rye, oats, clover (scarlet and purple), and various root crops alternating.

The flax had been pulled but the delicate beauty of the light blue bell of the volunteer plant, which stood among the potatoes which followed that crop, proved how much grace and elegance the full crop must have added to the combination.

The scarlet poppy, which abounds in the wheat fields, gives richness of tone as it mingles its showy petals with the pale green of the oats or the deeper hue of the wheat, and occasionally it seems to wave its brilliant sheet as though it were in triumph over the undisputed possession of some patch from which it had crowded out the legitimate crop; to the sorrow of the farmer. After passing several hours drawn rapidly through such scenes, each mile repeating the impression made by that which had preceded it, the sameness relieved by the universal habit of planting trees beside the roads and ditches (which are very numerous) giving to the entire country a park-like appearance, we suddenly found ourselves entering a mountainous district, so closely resembling that of Pennsylvania, that we might almost have fancied ourselves transported there.

The enclosures became more marked, and the lots larger; cereal and root crops gave place to pasture fields of irregular shapes and size; and herds of cattle, and flocks of sheep grazing quietly, but at large, added a cheerful, living feature to the scene, which had been wanting hitherto.

The dwelling houses were like those of our own farmers, and every thing conspired to suggest and confirm the impression that our German early immigrants had come from some similar district. They were no longer built, as they had been, of red bricks with roofs of red tiles, but of stone with black tiles.

Gradually the ranges of hills became higher and higher, and wooded to their top; and soon the tall chimneys of steam engines and the waste of mines, shewed that we had entered a mineral region in which the Creator had hidden the treasures of the earth to stimulate the energy and enterprise of man for their development; and at the same time to give additional value to the products of the surface soil itself, by creating a market for those products to supply the needs of those whose labour does not directly yield the means of supporting life, though it does this indirectly by furnishing the improved instruments of toil which coal and iron supply, when wrought by human skill. Thus the various regions of the earth mutually react upon each other through the agency of their diverse products, and the beauty and fertility of the soil of the low lands are increased by the mineral riches of the mountain ranges which, charming as they are to the eye, yet at first sight appear less profitable.

Iron and Zinc and even Silver and Gold mines, have been; and Iron and Coal (the most profitable of them all) still are worked in this

district; and though not so fertile as the low lands the surface is also cultivated.

When we had passed through the mining region we entered that of woolen manufactures; the woolen cloths of Belgium having a world wide reputation. Thus agriculture, manufactures, and mines unite to increase the wealth of the country.

Fine modern houses are scattered freely about in all directions, the residences of affluent proprietors of mines, intelligent and industrious manufacturers, and others connected in some way with the management of the various "industries" as they are familiarly called here.

One grand and beautiful establishment attracted our notice and we found by consulting the guide book, that it is the residence of a wealthy manufacturer who has been made a noble by King Leopold, in consideration of services rendered by him to the commonwealth. This typical residence of modern society, the result of honest industry in peaceful pursuits, stands on the site of a hunting lodge of Pepin, grandfather of the founder of modern Western empire, Charlemagne.

How wondrous the changes wrought in the character of human society in the ten centuries which have passed since Pepin chased wild boars and hunted stags where now the shuttle driven by steam produced by the coal, mined from the earth which then had no value except that it furnished game for the amusement of himself and his knights, weaves woolen fabrics which furnish comfortable clothing to the inhabitants of a new world, then not dreamed of, now densely peopled by the descendants of those who followed him in his hunting expeditions or predatory raids, amalgamated with the descendants of the clans with which he carried on exterminating wars.

Still more suggestive of advance was the sight of the telegraph poles and wires, flashing intelligence from this very point to that distant world; the result of the gradual development of mind which progressing step by step, from age to age, under divine guidance, as it originated from divine inspiration in that new world as the Electric Telegraph, binds in the bonds of common interest the most distant nations of the world; so that we, here, could now in a moment communicate to you, there, our affections, our fears, our desires.

The rail road car rattles along its iron bed, and the locomotive by which it is drawn wakes with its whistle the echoes which once reverberated the sound of the horn of the hunter or the shout of the battle cry.

On the fertile plains over which we have passed on our way here from Brussels have been fought the great battles which have decided, for the time, the destinies of Europe, determined the fate of princes, and the boundaries of nations, and even exercised the most important influence on the interests of the human race to the end of time.

Such, for instance was the battle of Ramillies in the days of Queen Anne.

From one point we saw, as we rolled on over the checkered plain, the Tower and colossal bronze Lion which mark the field of Waterloo; and Louvain and Tirlemont are names which at once recall to the mind the movement of forces on which the fate of that day so critical to the interests of Europe, hung; when the "star" of Napoleon set to rise no more, except in the simulated glory of the 3rd Napoleon with his mimicry of "Mon Oncle."

The rail-road from the point at which it enters the mountainous districts to this place, is a *Chef d'œuvre* of civil engineering. There are no less than twenty tunnels of various length, the longest being more than a mile from entrance to exit.

But language fails me to express the delight created by the being rolled rapidly, yet without exertion, through valleys so extensive that the eye finds no limit to its vision but the horizon, smiling in all the beauty of a fertile soil improved by centuries of tillage, with no hedge or fence of any kind to break the distance and clothed with harvests so abundant that some of our party expressed a doubt whether they *could* be gathered, though labourers abounded.

What astonished me not a little, is the various stages of advance or the same crop. Wheat and oats were in every stage from the first shooting of the head to perfect ripeness of the full ear; green patches, the blade still concealing the ear, lying immediately contiguous to those in which the grain was fully ripe; and even in not a few instances to those in which rose the shocks of the sheaves of gathered harvest, while plough was running between them and the manure was being scattered preparatory to the seeding of another crop. *Every inch of the surface of the earth is cultivated; there is no margin left.* How they manage to sow or plant so accurately it is impossible for me to conceive. And then the beauty of the tillage! The lines on this paper are not more straight, and regular than those left by the plough and the harrow; equally so, and short as they are, the freshly upturned surface is made ornamental by diversifying the course of the marks of the plough or harrow; by running them alternately diagonally and parallel to the several sides of the parallelograms; in which form the divisions are uniformly laid out. This gives the effect of neat quilting on a lady's needle work. Horses are generally used in the ploughs, though we saw some drawn by oxen. The ploughs are heavy and peculiar looking, having two wheels to support the beam.

The wheat is cut with a short scythe by a blow so directed that the cut portion falls against that which is still standing. When the reaper has reached the end of the lot he lays aside the scythe, and gathers into bundles that which leans against the face of the next cut. It is cut very near to the surface of the ground, and as the grass grows very rank, the sheaves are much larger at the bottom than at the top, and as they lie amid the short stubble, the green butts look more like bundles of grass than sheaves of grain.

In some places we saw the women shaking the grass out of the straw. We saw no stacks nor ricks of grain and as there are extensive out-buildings attached to all the farm houses, we suppose the crops are housed in them and that the stables are under the same roof as the dwelling of the farmers.

Every thing testifies of industry and plenty, and the flower plots, about the houses give them an attractive appearance.

(Noon)

We have just returned from visiting the majestic cathedral, and the church of St. Maria Capitolini, the oldest ecclesiastical structure in Cologne, containing the mortal remains of the wife of Pepin and mother of Charlemagne, and have seen some pictures by Albert Durer, the contemporary and friend of Martin Luther. Your mother is well, but thinks, even while admitting the magnificence here, "there is no place like *home*."

Your loving father,

CASPAR MORRIS.

BONN, August 10, 1871.

My Dear Children:

The heat of the weather yesterday made the close atmosphere of Cologne (of which Coleridge says, "she furnishes sweet waters to wash other people," but asks the Rhine who shall purify it after it passes by) less endurable; and caused us to rejoice in our escape from its narrow streets.

The morning was ushered in at 5 A. M., by the simultaneous chiming of the bells of the churches to various airs. What must have been the sound when in the same area 200 churches and convents united in pouring forth their various melodies at the same hour?

All sympathy with the apparent earnestness of the worshippers, is here destroyed by the sense of the absurdity of the superstition when one is taken into the places in which are deposited the various relics, and shewn, apparently in all good faith, fragments of the robe worn by Jesus; a thorn from the crown which lacerated His holy brow; the bones of Matthew the Publican; links of the chain which bound St. Peter; and other such vain and trifling objects of the veneration of the ignorant masses.

Any such lingering sympathy is changed into disgust when you follow the guide into the church of St. Ursula, and are told the heaps of mason work around you cover the mouldering remains of 10,000 virgins, slaughtered before the eyes of the one unfortunate woman, whose affianced husband fell beside her; and that finally she was herself transfixed with arrows.

After this wearisome wholesale slaughter, these same barbarous Huns allowed the sacred remains to be gathered ; and here they are, miraculously preserved from the all-devouring tooth of time for us unbelieving souls to gaze upon the ghastly show !

Pigeon holes in the walls are filled with skulls, covered with delicate needle-work, the labour of fair hands, in ages past ; row above row are displayed ranges of gilded silver cases each containing the skull of some noble saint among the vast multitude of more humble plebeian followers, then slain ; while a hideous display of ribs and bones of the arms and legs, *artistically* arranged in figures on the walls of an edifice professedly dedicated to the worship of God, repels, and produces a sense of disgust instead of attraction.

But I forget that we are in the church, not of the living God, but of St. Ursula, who however saintly was at the best only equal to him who when the apostle would have worshipped him as the glorious messenger of God, reproved him, saying, " See thou do it not, I am one of thy fellow servants ; Worship God."

There is danger to our faith from the perpetually renewed influence of "Hallowed shrines," long drawn aisles, fretted vaults, the solemnizing power of sacred harmony reverberating from lofty domes, and echoed from long vistas of columns rising to lofty heights, and receiving many-coloured shadows through great windows glowing with the most harmonious arrangement of the various hues into which light may be dispersed.

I feel the effect very strongly, and as I gaze on the prostrate multitude, am tempted to bow myself in sympathy.

But shrines to the Queen of Heaven and Chapels of the Saints tell that it is like the superstition of those who called on Baal from morning till noonday and even "cut themselves with knives" in token of the sincerity of their worship. May we all be kept from the first steps toward departing from "*the living and true God.*"

I am still wondering *at the supremacy of law* in this land. We came here yesterday, through the same fertile and limitless and undivided cultivation, nothing to protect the fruit of the ground, the result of the labour of the owner, from the step of thoughtless intrusion or the hand of the wilful plunderer.

It is a marvellous manifestation of the influence of that unseen power, the majesty of law, which controls that most uncontrollable thing, the unruly will and affections of sinful men.

I can not see how it operates nor where it is placed. No watchful policeman mounts guard, at least none is visible ; all looks free as the air ; and yet no one appropriates to himself that which belongs to another.

The harvest fields were rich, and the ploughs standing in the furrows amid the stubble tell that the heat has dried the soil till it has interrupted the toil of the husbandman ; yet the scarlet clover, the bronzed buckwheat, the green sugar beet and potatoes, all look bright and flourishing.

Soon after leaving Cologne the outlines of the distant mountains rose above the horizon with a comforting promise of coolness, and we found here last night, the air fresh and the temperature cooler. I would advise the tourist to take *rest* where there is no especial object to demand exertion.

This is the time of vacation and one may sit under the noble groves of horse-chestnuts and summon around him the memories of the great and learned who have here received their life ; or been trained in the college or sought refreshment from their studious toils amid these pleasant shades ; hear in imagination, if not in actual melody, the symphonies of Beethoven, who was born here ; or follow Niebuhr in those deep researches into archaic history by which he has initiated a new philosophy in that most interesting field of investigation which he here cultivated so assiduously ; and, passing from these reminiscences of its past glory, may fancy how animated these now tranquil shades must become when the thousand young German nobles who now attend the lectures in these College Halls are collected on the Campus for rest or recreation.

COBLENTZ, 3 P. M.

Leaving Bonn with regret (we would gladly have lingered in its pleasant shades) at 11 A. M. we have reached this place wearied ; though the four hours have been passed seated on the deck of a fine steamboat, well protected by a good awning, and refreshed by a strong breeze, which did not permit us to realize that a *hot sun* was maturing the vintage on the *innumerable terraces* which step above step, climbed the hills on either side of the river, forming mere strips of soil on which the vines may find a foot-hold, or standing room on the slopes ; so steep that they are almost precipitous. So precipitous in some places that the narrow borders in which the vines are planted, seem absolutely inaccessible and the terrace walls so high, that stones were left projecting from the face in *zigzags* by which the vine-dresser may mount from one stage to another. In some places, where the slope is more gradual, and the soil less rocky, wattles, like baskets, are substituted for the stone walls. Every foot of the banks is utilized and an universal covering of green vines clothes their else rugged and sterile sides.

The Rhine is a noble stream, its current rapid and strong ; its course meandering ; the mountains which skirt it on either hand advancing and receding ; now apparently shutting it in, and withdrawing the opposing barrier ; so that as the boat pushes its way the mountains appear to be dancing around.

Our weariness has been due to an excess of enjoyment. New objects of interest and new sources of delight presenting themselves every moment, as the ever varying scene was perpetually changing, as we glided quietly on without other exertion than that of taking in the pleasure unceasingly thrust upon our eyes and mind.

Drachenfels stands first on its lofty precipice, like some giant warder guarding the fairy land beyond. Basaltic strata in projecting cliffs add to the illusion, while now and again the mountains receding from the river leave rich valleys surrounding antiquated towns, and modern villas standing detached on wooded eminences or crowning distant hills; while tasteful plantations of trees adorn the sloping banks of the river. Iron works, coal mines, quarries of Tufa, to be manufactured into hydraulic cement, and of a soft stone cut out in square blocks hardening as it is exposed to the air, all afford occupation and produce wealth for man.

Legend upon legend lends the glamour of imagination to the entire course of the Rhine, while a railroad on either bank notes the absolute close of the time when new legends can be woven from the incidents of history.

Wherever vineyards yield place to farm culture, the same patchwork of alternate spots of green, and yellow, and crimson, and scarlet, covers the hill-sides or clothes the more widely expanded bosom of the valleys, in which old towns raise their spires amid quaint old houses; sometimes guarded by watch towers and enclosed by walls.

There is one very wide valley supposed to have been the bed of a lake, into which the upper Rhine flowed carrying suspended in its waters pumice and other volcanic products of volcanoes now long extinct; depositing this in layers alternating with the debris of the other mountains, thus providing the various materials for building purposes which I have mentioned.

Coblentz, by which we passed, is an old Roman station. Coins, and other evidences of their residence here are still occasionally found in excavations. It has been the scene of many sieges and repeated conflicts, and is now commanded by the famous Castle of Ehrenbreitstein, or "broad stone of honour." It has been taken but twice during the past and is said to possess in its magazines military stores and provisions to enable a garrison to sustain a siege of eight years. It presents a most imposing appearance to the passers on the stream which here rushes past our windows, crossed by a bridge of boats.

At Bonn and other points on the river there were what are known as "flying bridges."

The ladies of the party are going to a promenade concert given by the Queen of Württemberg. Mother and I prefer the quiet room, and repose in the delightful fresh breezes of our parlour.

Love to all, from your mother and father, still, though widely separated in body, with you in spirit.

CASPAR MORRIS.

HEIDELBERG, Aug. 13, 1871.

My Dear Children :

You will all of you understand how even the beauty of the most attractive spot would pale in our eyes, before the sad news which reached us here.

Our dear friends have been most sorely chastened ; yet who can say anything against the dealings of that Lord who has taught us to receive all sorrowful dispensations as tokens of Fatherly love to those who have entered into covenant with him.

The dear boy was to me the most attractive of my juvenile friends. I could not have chosen for him a more favoured lot than to be one of those elect ones who are spared trials and made partaker of glory ; nor for his parents a richer portion than to know that he is " forever with the Lord." Yet my heart does lament for them, and my spirit goes out in prayer that they may not be cast down by over-much sorrow.

The pleasant letters from each of the several family circles telling of health and comfort as the portion of all, afford a gratifying contrast and call for thankful love to the Giver of every good gift. We thank you for your love and the manifestation of it ; and trust that you are each of you now enjoying some summer relaxation. The weather has been cool with us, as you note it has been with you, till the last five days. We have no thermometer by which to note for your information the degrees of heat here, but we can tell you it is hot, and lying as does this University town, at the feet of opposing mountains and intersected by very narrow streets crossing each other at all degrees of obliquity, and with the most exemplary irregularity, we have not found much refreshment for our bodies, somewhat wearied by hurried travel.

Last evening, after our journey hither by rail, your uncle and the other members of the party drove to the top of the mountain which rises directly from the bank of the Neckar which skirts its foot and meanders past the town and through the valley to loose itself in the more majestic stream of the Rhine.

They returned not only not exhausted by the exertion, but perfectly enchanted with the exquisite views obtained, not only from the top but at various points on the ascent of the Geisberg, as this mountain is called. Hot as it is in the town they report the temperature on the mountain as being most genial.

Your mother was too much fatigued to think of going with them and even if I had been disposed to leave her alone, I was not myself in a frame of feeling to find pleasure even in the wonders of natural beauty of scenery, well adapted as it is above all other influences to soothe the sorrowing heart.

There must be a chord in unison in one's own soul or that soul will find no pleasure even in the purest source of joy ; and our

sympathy with Mr. and Mrs. Cope in their bereavement is too close to be forgotten.

Heidelberg is one of the oldest towns in Europe.

The modern entrance by the Railway is through a narrow but well arranged Park, and by a wide street lined on either side with well furnished shops and through the public market place in which stands the principal church, having the stalls for merchandise and country produce standing directly against the consecrated walls and crowding around the doors of the sacred edifice. As you turn off from the high street the passages are narrow, without footways, and the houses also narrow, and many storied.

Mayence, which we left yesterday morning, is still more antiquated looking and the streets are narrower and even more intricate; and the houses smaller and more closely packed. A spider's web affords a good illustration of the ground plan. The fronts of some of the houses in Mayence are adorned with sculpture, some of it most elaborately wrought, bearing evidence of the corrosion of time during many centuries.

Mayence is fully fortified according to the modern system of defence and also still retains a portion of its mediæval wall. Military, either on or off duty, swarm in the street.

I have alluded to the spider's web as affording an illustration of the intricacies of its plan, but this resemblance is greater if one fancies some insect to have been entangled in its meshes and to have tied frequent knots in the threads by its frantic struggles to get free. Corners from which three or more ways diverge like the sticks of a fan, are constantly presenting themselves; puzzling one to decide which will lead one into the greatest error. Some are blind courts; others turn and wind until they bring you back to the point from which you had started. The cul de sac generally terminate at some monastic establishment, or church edifice. The houses are so tall and the streets so narrow, that when you turn your face upward, the sky seems like a little streak of light. It can not be seen in any other direction.

The corners are often adorned with images of the Virgin-mother holding the Infant Jesus for adoration; or some favourite Saint; while grotesque gargoyles, projecting above, empty the rain collected by the gutters from the roofs in great douches into the middle of the street-ways.

Preparations were being made for a great Fair in the open space surrounding the Cathedral, and many of the busy throng frequenting it turned for a few minutes into the Cathedral for their morning devotions; returning at once to their regular pursuits.

Following them in, I found them at their prayers and did not disturb them by walking about or even gazing around, though I saw there were many fresco paintings above the arches of the nave and much statuary on the floor; probably monuments of noble or princely families.

In one side chapel my attention was arrested by the sculpture ; a group representing the various incidents in the history of the humanity of our Lord, especially the Passion ; and life sized figures of the dead Christ ; with Joseph of Arimathea, Nicodemus and the women, preparing it for burial.

Guttenburg was born at Mayence. A bronze state to his honour, erected by contributions from all Europe adorns a large open space, and one to Schiller stands not far distant.

Large military barracks have been erected here recently and a review was in progress the morning we were there. Large bodies of men clothed in coarse unbleached linen clothing were marched about, evidently under guard, whom we supposed to be French prisoners of war. Military arrangements presented themselves to our notice at every turn.

Our voyage on the Rhine from Coblantz to Mayence was very interesting. The river is a noble stream with a strong current and very muddy ; flowing at times between lofty cliffs which press close to its borders on either bank, barely leaving room for the passage of the Railway ; sometimes not even that, the road being carried on artificial embankments supported by strong stone walls ; or by tunnels through the cliffs.

These are often crowned with ruined castles, formerly the residences of chieftains often no better than highway robbers, plundering passers along the river ; then the only channel of communication either for travel or for the transportation of merchandise from place to place.

Some of these ruins are picturesque memorials of times and habits now happily existing only in the romantic legends, and fictions with which romance has invested them.

The children will be interested to learn, for instance, that we passed the castle on an island in the river, said to have been the residence of the Bishop Hatto who was devoured by rats in just vengeance for his cruel avarice in hoarding corn in a time of famine, and beguiling the starving peasants into a barn, by the promise of a distribution of corn, and then setting fire to the building and burning them to death ; comparing them to so many rats. It is called the Mouse Tower. Southey has versified the story, and the children will find it in his works on the shelves of the library at Ivy Neck.

The sides of the hills on both banks of the river are covered with vines trained on poles about the height of Maize with us, which, at this season of the year gives the crop much the same appearance as that has. The vines are in full leaf and very green. The sides of the cliffs are so precipitous in many places that one would think it impossible to cultivate them, and the terraces are like gigantic ladders. The spaces of earth are very narrow and the retaining walls very high, and stones are left projecting from the face of the wall forming steps

by which the vinedresser climbs from one stage to the next; often to a great height above the stream. As we ascend the stream, flowing through these narrow passes by a very tortuous course, giving wondrous variety to the ever changing view, as changing as the look through a kaleidoscope, we suddenly emerge on a wide expanse of gently sloping fields extending as far as the eye can reach on either hand, cultivated in the manner and with the crops I have already described, in narrow stripes of great regularity, and dotted with frequent hamlets or larger villages and some still more populous towns, each with its church structure and castle; and often its ruined wall.

This now highly cultivated plain, has evidently been in some remote period the bed of a lake, which was drained by the river forcing its way through the opposing barrier of hills which barred its course to the ocean.

The stream below has been impetuous, and so strong that mills are anchored in the current, the strength of which as it flows past is sufficient to grind corn; and "flying bridges" afford transport, the barges propelled by the power of the stream they cross. A long chain is fastened at the one end to the shore, with a ferry boat attached to the other, and the chain is floated by boats or buoys at intervals. These are kept in the line of the stream by the force of the current, while the ferry boat is steered by a rudder so adjusted as to keep its broad side to the stream which forces it to swing across.

This voyage between Cologne and Mayence, whether made as we did it, ascending the stream, or as it is often done descending, is among the most attractive objects for the traveller in Europe.

The variety and richness of the cultivation at present contrasts strongly with the ruinous remains of feudal grandeur, and the mingling historic associations with the impressive tokens of the march of modern improvement, stimulate the minds of intelligent and thoughtful travellers. As ever,

Your affectionate grandfather

CASPAR MORRIS.

HEIDELBERG August 13, 1871.

My Dear Sister (Emily Hollingsworth):

Among the few pleasant associations with this place we will enumerate the letters which greeted us, and after those from our dear children, none was more acceptable than yours. True it is that the sting of death was in all; but then it was a sting which while it made our hearts bleed, yet was spoiled of its venom.

What greater triumph over death and the grave could be exhibited than that of a loving mother parting with an only son (and such a son) supported by the arm of strength and saying "all is well." Truly God has proved to us the truth of His promise "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." "They that trust in Him shall be as Mount Zion which can not be moved."

How it rebukes the unmanly fear which drove me away from home with all its comforts, that I might escape from the duty of ministering to the relief of the sorrows of suffering fellowmen because I felt incompetent. All power is given to Jesus and He strengthens and qualifies those who trust Him and lean upon Him, making their strength perfect in weakness. Let us magnify together the grace of our Lord.

Well here we are! Sisters and brother Wistar drove last evening on the mountain which overlooks this town—the Geisberg—which rises abruptly above us, and on their return report the beauty of the view as beyond expression; and the freshness and coolness of the air as very delightful! Sister Hannah says of the trip, "full of heaven."

She brought down with her a large collection of wild flowers, Campanula, Hare bell, Clematis, and above all, beautiful delicate heaths and ferns; all gathered freely from the road-side and the mountain top, while the setting sun cast long shadows over the valleys below and lighted up the receding ranges which were beyond.

Anne and I have as yet seen nothing but the old town.

We rested the Sabbath. Anne was too wearied and I too much saddened to feel disposed for the drive with them, beside being weary.

I turned out this morning, before the other members of the party made their appearance, to seek the location of the chapel of the Church of England, but found it was too distant for Anne to walk to it, while the mission of the Church of Scotland held its worship in one part of the Cathedral which stands directly across the market space (on which this Hotel opens) only a few minutes walk from us.

I can not get any information of the circumstances which allow the use of the Romish Cathedral to Protestants. We went to the service and were well satisfied, and design going again this evening. In giving notice of the hour for the second service the minister alluded to the use of the same apartment by some other body, thus rendering it necessary to accommodate themselves to each other and hold it at an inconvenient hour. I did not learn of what denomination that other body was; but it was not Papal as we found the building is divided by a brick wall the Protestants having undisputed possession of one part and the Romanists of the other.

To us it is yet a novel and painfully peculiar sight, to find all the stores open, the vendors of various articles setting out their wares on the stalls which fill the market place in which this Cathedral (thus

occupied by several religious bodies) stands. Tents and booths and stalls all crowded around the doors of entrance ; buying and selling at the very threshold of the place of worship. There is nothing to give the idea of sacredness being attached either to the day or place.

Many old quaint-looking houses face on the main street and those which cross it are so narrow that two vehicles can not pass each other ; but beyond these again are wider avenues rising by terraces on the side of the mountain ; the houses surrounded with neat court yards all presenting the appearance of comfort, as we understand the term.

The ruins of the castle which stand out conspicuously about half way up the mountain are very imposing, and are said to cover a large area and to be well worth a visit.

We shall probably visit them to-morrow, though the oppressive heat warns us to avoid exertion.

Anne holds out better than I had anticipated, not however without "longing lingering looks behind." I fear the effect upon her of the extreme heat. I had supposed that we should before this have reached the cooler region of the Alps.

Our course is now turned instead in another direction ; toward Munich. Its treasures of art have no attraction for either Anne or myself but we will trust that we shall be kept.

Remember us both to Isabella, Sarah, and Richard.

We shall be glad to see you all once more.

Anne desires her love to yourself, and you know you possess that of your brother.

CASPAR MORRIS.

HEIDELBERG, August 14, 1871.

My Dear Galloway :

I had, inadvertently, commenced my letter with an error, giving the English instead of the German spelling of the name of this place so deservedly celebrated as the seat of one of the most renowned Universities of modern times, and for the majestic ruins of its Schloss, or castle, the residence of the Elector Palatine and his worthy spouse (the daughter of James I. of Great Britain) who suffered her and her Protestant subjects to be deprived of their rights rather than sacrifice his hopes of advantage from an alliance with Spain, to be defeated.

The very Castle, a noble specimen of mediæval glory in its extent, its proportions, its massiveness and the architectural skill displayed in its sculpture, is (most absurdly) more famous as the receptacle of the enormous wine vat which lies in its cellar, than for its grandeur as a princely residence, and one of the strong holds of Protestantism during that struggle for the truth, known as The Thirty Years' War.

Much as that great wooden receptacle of the juice of the grapes of the thousands of acres of vineyard by which it is surrounded (having a capacity of 50,000 gallons) exceeds all common wooden vessels by whatever name known, casks, hogsheads, or butts, still more does this vast display of architectural grandeur transcend all more modern castles or palaces.

Standing on the side of a mountain, the Geisberg, which rises abruptly and to a lofty height directly from the town, the view from the terrace commands a wide plain of unrivalled luxuriance with corn fields and vineyards, through which the Rhine and the Neckar meander for miles, looking from the battlements of the Schloss like mere strips of silvered ribbon lying loosely amid the vast expanse of green vineyards and yellow corn fields.

The entrance is at the rear, by a draw-bridge, across a moat and under a portcullis into a spacious courtyard surrounded by buildings several stories in height, each story having a range of statues on the front, all which are in a good state of preservation. But before the front of the Castle there is a wide plateau, flagged with nicely dressed stone, flanked by lofty towers between which rises the highly ornamented front, and protected by a heavy stone balustrade along the precipice over which it rises immediately above the town ; from which two centuries ago knightly courtiers and courtly ladies looked over this same expanse ; on the flagstones of which trod the armed heel of knights with clanging spurs ; and where the hours of the summer evening were beguiled with song and dance, in the days of chivalry and feudal power.

We, wanderers from a far off land, seated ourselves upon the stone seats still in perfect preservation, on which, as some of our party laughingly said, the " wall flowers " of those parties had rested themselves, and we enjoyed the view without any palpitation of heart lest a mightier lord than he of this castle should interrupt the festivities by an assault on its apparently impregnable strength.

Walls of from 8 to 20 feet in thickness, covered long casemates ; with deep embrasures and magazines of enormous capacity, still perfect notwithstanding the determined efforts of the French Marshal Tilly, who expended many tons of gunpowder in vain efforts to prostrate the ponderous walls and towers which had so defiantly resisted his assaults.

There is abundant evidence of the almost superhuman efforts to overthrow these walls, in the vast masses of ruined masonry which lie at the foot of the massive and lofty towers which still stand uninjured as witnesses of the solidity of the structure. It were vain to attempt to convey any idea of the majestic grandeur of this castle by written description, but we shall provide ourselves with some fine photographs of it, by means of which we may hope to convey an intelligible idea should we be mercifully spared to sit down once again beside your dear

hearth. There are portions still in perfect preservation, though built four centuries ago and though the French, as I have said, made great efforts to destroy the whole.

One attempt at restoration was defeated by a stroke of lightning.

The facade of the royal apartments which opened on the interior court, is covered with sculptured figures still in perfect preservation and very beautiful, at least to our untutored taste.

The kitchen apartment is of vast size and terminates aloft in a great chimney like the stack of an iron furnace, beneath which there is an elevated hearth quite large enough to roast an entire ox.

15th.

Great as was our admiration of the view from the terrace of the ruined castle, it was lost in the vastly grander as well as wider stretch of outlook which we enjoyed last evening.

We drove by a road admirably planned and well constructed and kept in perfect repair at the cost of the government, to the top of the mountain.

The great plain, of apparently limitless extent, with the Rhine and Neckar meandering through it, spread itself out beneath us, looking like a vast flower bed of various hues. Towns, villages, castles and monastic establishments, were dotted here and there, looking like little Dutch toys, while the vast ranges of mountains were piled above and beyond one another, until all was lost in the blue distance.

Every thing immediately around us had been refreshed by a recent shower. The beauty of the flowers at the roadside was very great. Your Aunt Hannah counted not less than 80 varieties in bloom—heaths, hypericums, foxglove, canterbury bells, and oh, such ferns! and such noble trees! It was such a drive as one can enjoy but once in one's life on earth.

I enclose a little fern from the wall of the castle, thinking you may perhaps be able to make the spores vegetate, and also a few laburnum seeds gathered in the courtyard of the Schloss.

With much love to dear Hannah and the boys, and all our family and friends.

Your loving father,

CASPAR MORRIS.

Your mother enjoyed the drive yesterday fully, and is bright this morning.

HEIDELBERG, August 13, 1871.

My Dear Cousin (Emily Hollingsworth):

Our package of letters, including one from you, met us here yesterday. Do you remember the trepidation on the receipt of such when we were here before?

We soon were sympathizing most truly with poor Mrs. Cope ; and you will know better than I can tell you how the Doctor would feel not only for the parents, but he loved the boy.

I am glad you had been to see her that day ; it was a well-timed visit, I am sure.

We hope from your letters you are getting on well, housekeeping. I suppose about this time you have Miss Alice and the girls with you, and I hope they will not add to your care.

It is a great satisfaction to us to think of their having this little trip. We are getting on as comfortably as we possibly can. It is warm weather now and we all feel that, particularly Jane and myself ; but we are told it will not continue. *I have yet to see anything* I would cross the ocean to see. We are all favoured with health.

I look at Mary with astonishment, she is ready for every thing. I am longing for that quiet I was promised ; and will be truly glad *when* we find it.

Monday morning.

I have a few minutes before prayers and will give them to you. We went last evening to the Presbyterian service, it being held near, and heard a most excellent sermon from a Mr. Mitchell of Edinburgh ; and as we were lingering after service he joined us and after some conversation requested us to call on him when we reach Edinburgh and he would do what he could for us ; so you see the Doctor makes acquaintances wherever he goes.

We are glad to find you are making satisfactory arrangements for your Fall flit and do hope it will be beneficial all round. Take a worsted cap and wear it under your hood on deck, and the same will do for dining in, etc. No dressing can be done on shipboard. It is sad indeed to see the traffic going on all around one on the Sabbath ; stores all open, buying and selling as much as on any other day ; and oh ! these Germans are so noisy ! I see nothing attractive here.

Near this was the "Home" of the Wistar family and as such they want to tarry awhile, and those who are equal to it will visit a ruined Castle, etc., to-day and get some relics ; and to-morrow we leave for Lucerne. I shall go with sister Jane to get a shawl, but not speaking the language nor understanding it we shop to great disadvantage.

We like our Courier very much and he has to escort us, but you can imagine that is an inconvenience.

I must close abruptly.

Yours affectionately,

ANNE C. MORRIS.

Of course you will see our letters to our children ; though there is not much in them.

Heidelberg is the seat of one of the most renowned of the German Universities and is largely frequented by the youth of that nation.

Every child in the Empire is compelled to attend school, and every village has in its Gymnasium ample provision for elementary instruction. These Gymnasias furnish opportunity to prepare for admission to the classes of the universities, in which the most ample arrangements are made to enable all who desire to cultivate their mental faculties, to do so at a very moderate pecuniary cost. There are no expensive buildings, and the fees of the students and salaries of professors are very moderate. The session here, called Semester closed the very day of our arrival at Heidelberg, and the exuberant spirit of youth, so exceptionally developed among German students, manifested itself in boisterous rejoicings, degenerating into Bacchanalian orgies unmindful of the account to be rendered therefore here or hereafter. Students whose caps of many colours and various shape marked the college societies to which the wearers were attached, paraded the streets and gathered around the beer shops, prolonging their orgies far into the night, making wreck of hopes which might have led them on to lofty achievements. The weather was *hot* and our bed-room small so that windows, open of necessity, made us unwillingly only too cognizant of the perils to which those are exposed who seek to drink of the stream of knowledge where the fount of evil runs so full and strong beside its pure waters.

Heidelberg is an old town, and much of it very closely built; but the railway station is at some distance from the older part and the town is now rapidly extending itself toward it over the intervening space, which is being covered by pretty modern villas, with neat grounds around each, and a public park.

Many American and English families live here in order to avail themselves of the opportunity for education for their children. The cost of living is less than at home and the advantages of instruction are thought to be greater.

We fell in with some of our countrymen, and ladies especially (of this class), in the waiting room at the station and your mother was much interested in their reports.

In the newer part of the town the houses are built on terraces rising one above another on the lower part of the mountain, facing the Park which is handsomely laid out and judiciously planted. The love of flowers by the people is highly developed and strongly marked. Passengers by the train in which we left carried huge bouquets in their arms, composed of rare and splendid flowers; and our attention was arrested on the platform by a female dwarf who was supporting herself by the sale to passengers of smaller bunches. Her appearance was so peculiar that she attracted the notice of every one, and she enhanced the value of her flowers by adding a photograph of herself to the purchase. Your mother supplied herself with one.

The miseries inseparable from *war*, here obtruded themselves on our notice and excited our sympathy. We could not shut our eyes to the evidences that the ranks of manhood were thin, and the women looked sad, and your aunt Mary while shopping, found the people spoke freely of their grief from the loss of sons and brothers and husbands.

A trifling incident served to prove the honesty of one at least of the shop keepers ; we may hope a sample of all.

Your aunt had left her parasol in one of the shops she visited ; she had not the faintest idea which. As we drove to the railway station the next day to leave, the driver of the carriage noticed the calls of some one to stop us, and the lost article was sent out of one of the shops to her.

We were not comfortably lodged though the hotel to which we were taken was evidently the best in the place, and we suffered from the heat. One great inducement to visit it was the knowledge of the fact that it was from this immediate vicinity our German ancestor had come early in the eighteenth century.

His ancestors had long been hereditary "Foresters" of the Grand Duke, and the house they occupied in right of the office they held still stands and is known as the "Forester's house." It is near the village of Hillspach, which lies in a valley beyond the Geisberg. The position was one which commanded respect ; and the father of the Caspar who migrated to America wished to transmit it to his descendants and offered to resign in his favour if the youth, his oldest son, would remain and occupy it. The ambition to secure an independent position for himself and his posterity prevailed over the respect for ancestral honours, and the young man left his father's house almost penniless, arriving in Philadelphia with no other possession than a gun and a very small sum of money.

By God's blessing on honest industry and intelligent enterprise he rose to affluence, introducing the manufacture of glass and of brass buttons into the State of New Jersey, where the former is still an important industry ; and he left to his descendants an honourable name, and a social position equal to any in the community ; and the foundation of the wealth which many of them still possess.

We were not accurately posted in the relative position of Hillspach to Heidelberg, and were compelled to hasten our course in order to accomplish the plan adopted, and were ignorant of the language and therefore did not seek it out.

It has been visited by other more devoted descendants, who have possessed themselves of copies of the Church records, from which it appears that the father of the first Caspar in America was Hans, and that all his children followed the example of the oldest and emigrated.

Their descendants are still to be traced among the Hiesters, Keppes, and Zantzingers, as well as in the numerous Wistars and Wisters.

The first day we were in Heidelberg your mother was very wearied, and unfit to drive ; and the saddening influence of the account we there received of the death of the only son of our valued and dear friends the Copes, led us both to prefer the quiet of our own rooms at the hotel to the drive taken by the other members of the party.

They were so enthusiastic in their report on their return, of the grandeur of the views and the perfection of the roads, that we were induced to accept your aunt Mary's invitation to partake of a trout supper which she had ordered for the next afternoon at a resort on the Geisberg, called Wolfsbrunnen, about half way up the mountain.

We drove first to the Konigstuhl, at the highest point of the mountain, where a tower of some fifty or sixty feet high affords a very extensive view over the valley through which flow the Rhine and Neckar. The panorama is most magnificent.

The plains below are cultivated in long strips each of which has its own peculiar hue derived from the nature of the crop it produces, varying also with the stage of advancement.

Rape, in bloom, gave a clear bright yellow to some ; clover, scarlet and crimson, or purple were strongly contrasted with that ; while the paler yellow of the wheat and the delicate green of the vines gave a softened and subdued tone as they lay side by side with the brighter hues.

Hillsides and valleys lay like a vast patch-work of various colours running in different directions, some at right angles to others, some diagonally, but all marked clearly by straight lines of division each from its neighbour.

Towns and villages with their church spires were dotted down at short intervals, though there were no isolated strictly rural dwellings, as with us scattered among the fields, giving a quiet, secure, peaceful expression to the whole scene.

The sides of the mountain as we were driven up by an admirably well engineered and thoroughly well constructed road, were clothed with a grand forest of noble trees, of many varieties ; firs, oaks, and beeches predominating, while the frequent open spaces intervening were carpeted with wild flowers of great variety, and of exquisite beauty, and superb Ferns of gigantic size grew luxuriantly by the roadside.

On reaching the top, which is crowned by an observatory called the Konig's Stuhl, raised some fifty feet in order to widen the horizon, we wandered around while the horses took rest in the shade of the trees, and were not a little amused by seeing the drivers take from the boxes of their several carriages long dark coloured loaves of bread which looked more like sticks of firewood than food for beast (much less for man) and cutting off slice after slice alternately for their horses and themselves, take their common meal. On enquiry we found that this is customary here, the horse and its owner partaking always of

the same loaf. I had the curiosity to taste a slice and found that dark and unattractive as was its appearance, the bread was sweet and pleasant to my taste, and undoubtedly highly nutritious.

We all enjoyed the delight of the stroll amidst such rural surroundings, under so serene a sky, with so wide an expanse of landscape of such varied beauty spread out at our feet, and breathing an air so pure and invigorating; but the hour came at which we were obliged to descend to keep our engagement with our host at the Wolffsbrunnen.

When we arrived there, we found it was a very copious spring of the purest water, perfectly limpid, to which some mysterious legend attaches an unknown virtue. The spring is of large volume though much less than that at Bellefonte and many others with which we are familiar in our own country, and from it the water is conveyed into numerous *dark* receptacles, in which are fed large numbers of mountain trout of great size, for the supply of the numerous parties who daily frequent the place to enjoy the beauties of the landscape, the purity of the air, the pleasure of social intercourse and, though last mentioned not least esteemed, the gratification of the palate with the sweetness of the most delightful of fish.

We walked around, enjoying the beauty of the views, and admiring the graceful movements of the speckled trout floating peacefully in the crystal pools, happily unconscious of the object for which they were thus pampered, until we were summoned to the table, whose neat appointments of snow white napkins and shining silver gave promise of a luscious feast.

But how can I describe the look of utter disappointment and blank amazement of your Aunt Mary and Miss Eliza, who had dwelt on fond recollections of trout suppers and associated pleasures in their own their native land and amid the genial hospitality of Bellefonte. We took our places at the neatly arranged tables each provided with a roll of the whitest and lightest bread, and a glass of amber coloured and foaming beer, full of expectation; but when the chief attraction, the trout appeared, they were *boiled* not fried. Beautiful in size and shape and very sweet to the taste, but lacking the *piquante* taste of the pan and the fire. Your aunt was the most disappointed one of the party; we enjoyed our meal, your uncle settled the bill, and in the cool of the evening we were driven to our close quarters at the Hotel in the old town and prepared for our start afresh in the morning in quest of further experience of the mingling of hope and disappointment, and the gratification of our several tastes in the pursuit of pleasure, in the delights of natural scenery, and the investigation of the products of art.

On our way we visited the castle, one of the most imposing remains of mediæval ages on the continent of Europe; associated with its most eventful histories, and the scene of some of the most stirring conflicts in the war which followed the reaction and political

arrangements at the time of the great Reformation. It stands on a plateau on the mountain side overlooking the town, which lies at the foot as though seeking the protection of its massive walls. These walls are of the most perfect mason work and of a thickness which must be seen to be properly estimated, varying from 8 feet to at least *twenty*, and the area thus enclosed must be many acres.

Entering at the rear by a gateway through an arch, we found ourselves in a grand courtyard enclosed on all four sides by walls covered with sculpture, and adorned with admirable statues of life-size standing in niches between the windows, all of which open upon this interior court.

No part of the Castle is habitable at present, nor yet is any part in absolute ruin. Indeed it would seem to defy the destructive influence of Time, as it had that of man vainly exerted in the effort to level its lofty towers with the dust.

We walked around the spacious kitchen, with its raised hearth of size amply sufficient to receive the entire carcass of the largest ox, and looked up to the tower-like chimney, lofty and with a throat like that of a modern iron furnace; passed through many other apartments, now deserted, though still entire; climbed walls, shattered and rent, but not overthrown by the explosion of the magazine, well stored with powder, by the French marshal whose efforts to reduce it had been so long resisted by its strength and the courage of its defenders, during the Thirty years' War, and discussed imperfectly, these historic associations; gathered ferns from amid the fallen stones, and seeds from a laburnum tree flourishing among the ruins; and had very pleasant interchange of the courtesies of travel with an intelligent English family, like ourselves in quest of pleasure, and willing to *take* it in every incident as it passed with a simple enthusiasm which ensures success; and then just as the sun was setting, throwing his nearly horizontal rays and lengthening shadows toward us, took our seats on the paved terrace with its stone seats and balustrade still affording protection against the danger of the precipice below, and enjoyed to the full the extensive panorama which lay outstretched before our eyes, as it had done in the ages of feudal times to those of spurred and belted knights, and ladies of high degree.

The view was charming indeed to us. The setting sun gave the richest hues of golden splendour to the clouds and sky, and the mountains were clothed in that soft purple haze which at such an hour is thrown over their ruggedness like a delicate veil; and silvery streams flowing through the sinuous valleys added the beauty of their sheen to the varied shades of green with which the luxuriant crops gave promise to the labourer of an ample recompense for his toil.

Ferns in great variety and of exquisite beauty, and Laburnums loaded with golden bloom, springing from interstices between the fallen stones and from the debris of the mouldering walls, lent the

fascination of their gentler charms in contrast with the stately grandeur and massive solidity of the grand facade which lifted its proud front, defiant still, a noble specimen of the style of architecture of the feudal ages and a state of society which can never again be produced, unless human progress is checked, and the now advancing tide is rolled backward, and the masses of the people who now possess the power and wield it for their own improvement, resign or sell their birthright and consent to become once more the heritage of the few, who possessing wealth are, by that possession, enabled to control affairs for their own personal advantage, and consider the mass of their fellow beings as the mere agents for their aggrandisement.

Better far the fields cultivated in security and the fruits of the soil accruing to the personal benefit of the labourer and small proprietor, and cultivator: better the *humble home* occupied by intelligent industry, and sending forth its sons and daughters in annual migrations to form colonies of other such homes of intelligence in foreign lands and under alien skies, than the concentration of wealth and power in the coffers and under the control of the few owners of the soil, in reality, though perhaps not in name, owners of those by whose labour that soil is tilled.

It is only under circumstances thus adverse to the progress of the human family, that Castles such as this can be erected.

Rather let us be content to see the *ruins* which mark the passing away of such times and manners, than welcome the accumulation of vast riches in the hands of the few in what manner so-ever such accumulations may be invested.

Better many *humble happy homes* than an increase in the reproduction of stately castles and palatial mansions.

In one of the vaults of the Castle we saw the famous Tun celebrated as the monarch of vats, having the largest capacity for holding wine of any vessel ever constructed. We climbed over its huge bulk by flights of stairs, and marvelled at its capacity. On our way back we passed the Cathedral, a very unpretending structure, standing in the midst of the great square which is used as a market place and occupied by the venders of the products of the gardens of the vicinity, fruits of various kinds according to the season of the year. The plums were very luscious looking. Stalls of more permanent dealers in goods and wares of every variety, were attached to the very walls of the sacred building and around the doors.

A wall is built across the middle of the nave of the cathedral; the space on the one side being used by the Romanists for their worship, while the other is similarly dedicated to the service of the Lutheran ritual. We attended the Presbyterian service, at an hour which did not interfere with the Lutheran, conducted by a Scotch Presbyterian minister who gave us a very good sermon.

The population of the kingdom is about equally divided, and the Royal family is Protestant.

LAKE OF CONSTANCE, Aug. 19, 1871.

My Dear Son Cheston :

We have just passed under the paw of the Bavarian Lion which sits in the attitude of being aroused from repose (on the summit of a column) to guard the entrance from the Lake into the dominions of his Bavarian Majesty under whose government we have been protected during several days at Munich, and in travelling there from Stuttgart and since we left Munich to Landau ; the entire distance by rail.

The ride from Munich was a varied one, at first across extensive deposits of peat ; then over a very flat district cultivated in much the same way and with much the same crops with which we have been made familiar in our journey through Belgium and the Rhine districts ; excepting the vine.

In the last few hours we have been in a region of enchantment. Swiss chalets have taken the place of long low German farm houses, with barns and other farm buildings attached and under the one roof, and grassy meadows covering the slopes of the irregular hills, which have taken the place of the peat bogs, and flat levels and extending into the ravines of the mountains, often dotted with beautifully rounded clumps of firs with pendant boughs, and the lower branches lying on the ground.

Herd of cattle, with their attendant herdsmen, grazed on these fertile pastures. The houses were scattered singly or in small groups over the face of the country ; and gradually the mountains assumed a character almost Alpine in the imagination of those who like myself have had no opportunity to form a true conception of the full meaning of that term. Snow-clad peaks rose into view over the already grand outlines of the nearer mountains.

We were wearied with the ever renewed pleasure ; and are now resting amid still and unexciting beauties of lake and mountain, on the deck of the Stadt Constantz, a little steamer having in tow two freight boats, by which we are likely to have our voyage prolonged and to be detained until a late hour before we reach our destination at Constance, where we have planned to stay over to-morrow—the Lord's Day—and where we hope to meet letters from some of the loved ones we have left at home, over whom our hearts yearn most fondly.

I enjoyed yesterday and the day before at Munich very greatly and should have enjoyed them still more if you had been with me, not only to interpret for me, but still more that I might have participated with you in the pleasures you would yourself have found in the treasures of science and of art which are collected there.

Your mother did not wish to go either to the Pinacothek or the Glyptothek, so that I felt at liberty to elect for myself from the various objects of interest to me, knowing that I could not visit them all with any satisfaction, and much as you and many (nay most of my friends) may be disposed to condemn my choice as exhibiting great

want of taste in the Fine Arts so lavishly represented here, I took a *valet de place* and went to the Hospitals, which I found admirably well administered. I never saw any private dwelling more free from offence or more exquisitely neat and clean; nor had I conceived it possible to make patients so comfortable as I found them there.

You know how strong is my judgment on the subject of Mariolatry, and how repugnant to my feelings to give to a creature, even her who is pronounced by the word of God itself "Blessed among women," the honour due to the Creator. It was never more deeply rooted or of stronger growth than now, yet I am a convert to faith in Sisters of Charity.

None but those thus bound together by a common impulse of love to the Lord could have accomplished what I saw here in the Hospital and House for the reception of the Poor.

The Hospital was erected in the year 1813 and is well planned and well built, calculated to receive about 300 patients. Each Ward contains about one dozen beds and opens out of a corridor, one side of which is unglazed and opens on or looks over pretty gardens. The mattresses were all of curled hair, thick and elastic, and the bedding as fine and good as that we get here at first class hotels.

Figures of the Virgin with the infant Jesus in her arms, and Crucifixes more or less adorned with votive flowers, hang around the walls; and on many of the tables at the head of the beds there were also fresh flowers.

The bath tubs were of metal and polished as mirrors, and all the adjunct arrangements equally commendable.

One arrangement impressed my judgment as especially worthy of imitation. This is a detached ward built of wooden plank in which were placed the subjects of amputation, thus separating them effectually from the injurious influences of *Hospitalism*. At the time of our visit it was entirely open like a tent, and was placed in the midst of the garden. It was in fact only a neatly constructed shed, elevated a few feet from the ground. There are many private rooms as neatly furnished as those we occupied at the hotel, at which for a florin and a half per diem the occupants receive medical attendance, board, and nursing.

There are a few more eligible and more elaborately furnished apartments for which a higher rate is demanded.

All the nursing is done by Sisters, whose happy loving benevolent and open countenances, speak of hearts at peace with God; cheerfully devoted to the loved task of relieving the sorrows and comforting the grieving hearts of their fellow creatures.

Their very presence is curative in itself, there is an atmosphere of peace about them, like the nimbus with which the *religious* older masters were wont to environ the representation of their Saints.

Protestant Christians must provide some substitute or our hospitals will fail to equal these.

A like neatness and good order and comfort pervaded the arrangements of the Poor House; and the cheerful, contented, even happy faces of the beneficiaries (most of whom were in advanced years, and of whom many in the time of health and strength had supported themselves in comfort by their own labour) preached to me a sermon in the most eloquent words, which went directly to my heart, though I should not have understood one word of their tongue even if they had ventured to address me.

I could not repress the feeling which their silent eloquence excited and requested the *valet de place* who spoke good English, to tell some of them how greatly I was gratified. To this they replied that all their wants were well supplied, "why should they not be happy"?

They were all busily occupied; every woman in Germany like Penelope, knits all day, though not condemned like her to the disgusting task of ravelling at night the work of the preceding day—and the men were busy with tailoring or shoemaking, or some other light labour, for their own profit.

No house-keeping I have ever known, not even that at Pontreading, or 16 Dock street (so celebrated in the home circle of the past generation) could rival the exquisite neatness of every part of these houses of the Poor.

I went into the kitchen departments—busy scenes they presented—and into the store rooms where I saw the materials for the supply of food, all in ample abundance. Unexpected as was my visit it was not regarded as intrusive, and I was gladly welcomed to every part and was equally pleased with all.

Another Institution to which I went from these was as poor and as badly conducted as these were well. It is a Lying-in-Hospital, the only thing about it commendable is a Training School for Nurses, who are thoroughly instructed in every thing connected with their art. I saw a class of about 60 women of all ages emerge from the lecture room.

The contrast between the expression of the countenances of these and that of the Sisters of Charity was as great as that between the neatness and good order of those under the care of the Sisters and the untidiness and repulsiveness of the latter.

These visits occupied the morning while the other members of our party were enjoying the rich stores of Art, and in the afternoon your uncle Wistar went with me to the Museum of Geology and Mineralogy.

It is well to travel and thus learn to compare ourselves not with ourselves, but with others.

We who have staid at home, and confined our observation to what is to be found there alone, have been wont to pride ourselves on our truly meritorious Academy of Natural Sciences.

Here we found hall after hall each as large as the whole Academy, devoted to the most perfect specimens of minerals from every part of

the world, all arranged in scientific order and each hall quite filled ; and others equally spacious and equally well filled with Fossils.

These are arranged in separate halls as Palaeozoic, Devonian, or Triassic; and in each the several specimens are distributed according to their classification in systems of Natural History, This arrangement affords great advantage to the *student*, and wonderfully increases the gratification of the mere *dilettante* visitor.

I saw the celebrated human skull, about the age of which there has been so much discussion. The label attached to it has that crooked little thing which asks a question, or expresses a doubt, attached to the adjective " Fossil."

I do not doubt its being a *human* skull, nor that it is merely covered by some adventitious calcareous deposit.

The teeth, which are exposed, are as white and clean as though they had been recently subjected to the manipulations of a skillful modern dentist.

But the Ichthyosauri, and Plesiosauri, and other great antediluvian monsters whose names have already escaped my memory, though the impression made upon my mind never can be obliterated, were more numerously represented than I had thought there were specimens extant in all the museums of the civilized world. There were the fossil hind legs of an Elk which were, as they stood in a natural position, so high that I could stand beneath the bones of the pelvis. What must have been the size of the body with its clothing of muscle and fat.

From these monsters of the antediluvian world the gradation in size was uninterrupted down to the perfect fly, which has left the perfect impression of its expanded wings with all its nerves (so called) and markings, accurately stamped on the stone.

There is a very large collection of fossil fishes, from the Quarry of the "Lithographstien" which is somewhere in the neighbourhood of Munich, I believe. The perfection of these specimens is such, that one can only describe it by saying that the fish itself is there, caught as it was swimming, and turned instantaneously into stone.

All the varieties of "Crustaceans"; lobsters, crabs, shrimps, and prawns, each with fins and claws and long feelers, are represented there.

We could have spent days in examining them if we had understood the language of the labels attached to each or had the time at our command. Very many of the finest specimens were from Würtemberg and Saxony and many also from "bei Athens." None that I recognized as from our own Continent.

It is time we were exerting ourselves more strenuously to make such collections and lay the foundation of such a museum.

I gave the next morning to the examination of the Anatomical collection which I found was under the management of Bischoff, who

lives at Munich, but was absent at this time. When I mention the name of this great master of Physiology you may think I have said enough, but it is not. If I had the opportunity I would gladly give a year to study under such a master. Such specimens as are there exhibited I never dreamed of the possibility of preparing. There were many tanks made of glass, so that every part of the preparation contained was distinctly visible from every side, containing dissections of the nervous system, *floating in a perfectly clear transparent fluid*, from the study of which one would learn more than from the dissection by one's own hands of a dozen cadavers. What is the anti-septic fluid?

Your loving father,

CASPAR MORRIS.

CONSTANCE, August 20, 1871.

My Dear Son :

The letters from Annie and yourself, dated the 1st of the present month, which reached us here were heartily welcomed. We were thankful for the account they give of the condition of cousin Hannah, to whom and also to Mrs. Ellis, give our dear love. We are favoured with good health ; and though we rose at 4 A. M. yesterday and were in the railroad cars and on board a steamer, slowly crossing the Lake Constance, from 6 A. M. till 8 P. M. we rose again this morning refreshed by a good night's rest, thankful it is true that it is a day of rest (and to God for having ordained such) and bright and cheerful.

We passed two entire days at Munich, the capital of the kingdom of Bavaria, a noble city, full of splendid structures erected under the direction and at the cost of the present monarch, who has spared no expense in making his capital one of the most attractive places we have yet visited.

Your mother had been satiated with Palaces, and residences of nobility during our former visit to England, and has not yet gotten rid of the impression ; and now adheres to her determination not to weary herself by visits to picture galleries or disgust herself with nude statuary, so that I was at liberty to follow the bent of my own inclination and did not go with your uncle and aunts to the Pinacothek and Glyptothek, though I knew they contained some works of the greatest Masters in their respective schools of Fine Arts, well deserving a visit.

My letter of this date to your brother Cheston will inform you all how I passed most of the time usually given to the great collections of Fine Arts, and how much pleasure I derived from the objects I saw ; yet when in the evening I heard the expression of the delight the other members of our party had found in the four great pictures of Murillo, and remembered the pleasure I had so often found in copies of them in colours and engravings, and how I had been entranced by his

picture of The Assumption of the Virgin (which I had seen in the British Institute in London in 1836) I almost wished that our clothing, which had been sent to the laundress, might not be returned in time for us to leave in the morning, that we might be detained long enough for me to visit them.

I was even willing to be left behind to wait for the clothes, that I might add that pleasure to the already large store I had accumulated at Munich.

But Cervetto (our Italian Courier) sat up all night with the laundress drying them before the fire, and was ready for the start. I have put down on a list of places to be revisited, Munich. We all went to the celebrated Bronze Foundry from which they have just now despatched the Statue of Lincoln by Rogers, which is to be placed in Fairmount Park, and we saw the parts of the splendid Fountain presented to the City of Cincinnati by one of her citizens, Mr. Probasco.

The design is very beautiful and appropriate, intended to illustrate the blessings conferred by water.

They were at work on the Eagles which are to stand on the corners of the pedestal of the statue of Lincoln.

In a large detached building are exhibited the models from which all the castings have been made.

Many have been sent to America, and they are now at work on a colossal statue of the late Chief Justice Taney for the State of Maryland, to be placed in front of the Capitol at Annapolis.

They have executed busts of Washington, Marshal, Henry, Jefferson, Clay, Everett, Benton and other of our statesmen.

Homely enough are the features of Taney as they are represented in bronze, but Aunt Fanny always spoke of him as the ugliest man she had ever seen. The statue is one of the many illustrations of the incongruity of human actions. While his daughters are earning the most meager support by the drudgery of copyists in the Public Offices at Washington, his admirers are expending thousands of dollars on an ugly statue to transmit those features to posterity. What will be the verdict of that posterity on the Dred Scott decision on which these admirers would base his claim to honour?

These castings are composed of many separate pieces as they come from the moulds, and are all much indebted to the dressing by tools.

A grand colossal statue emblematic of Bavaria stands on a slight elevation in a park, just out of Munich. The city is adorned by many statues of Germans distinguished in various ways, such for instance as those of Goethe, Schiller, Schelling, Gluck, and Fraunhofer the distinguished Optician, which are found on the principal highway.

We saw also one to a native of Boston, an American by birth, but who forfeited his citizenship of the United States by his adhesion to the mother country at the period of the Revolt of the Colonies.

He was born in humble life, a poor boy but devoted himself to the prosecution of plans for the amelioration of the condition of those of his own class, on which account one of the German Princes bestowed on him a patent of nobility, and he is best known now as Count Rumford. There are many massive structures in Munich erected at the personal cost of King Louis, but all designed for some popular use.

I did not enter any of the churches. Over the entrance to one of the principal ones is placed a very impressive bronze representation of the Archangel Michael in conflict with the Devil. It is more than 300 years since it was cast and I do not know by what great Master it was designed, but it appeared to my uneducated eyes an admirable work of art.

The Angel stands with calm dignity and composure without any manifestation of effort, his countenance expressive of perfect purity, and simple confidence of power sufficient for the emergency, with his foot resting on the back of the Fiend, whom he has transfixed with his spear.

In the face of the Fiend every malignant passion finds expression, while the attitude of his prostrate body shews reluctant submission to irresistible force.

Nothing I have ever yet seen, or imagined, has ever given me such an impression of the power of the sculptors art.

For some distance after we left Munich for this place our road passed across a dreary extent of peat bog. The surface is cultivated it is true, except at the points at which the peat has been recently dug out, but it yields but a scant return for the labour.

After leaving this tract we entered on a more rolling district of country and passed through Augsburg; where I would have stopped gladly, as it possesses not only the Historic celebrity which attaches to it as the seat of the council of the German Empire to which was submitted the famous Lutheran Confession of Faith (which derives its name from this place) in the time of Charles the Fifth, but is itself interesting from the quaint appearance of the numerous antiquated houses which are still to be found there. But the stopping there now would have deranged your uncle's arrangements for his tour, and we shall return to Germany at some future stage of our travel and take it more leisurely.

After passing Augsburg the country became more rugged, and cultivation of cereal and root crops gave way to grasslands and pasturage; and hamlets to isolated and scattered houses, and these became gradually more picturesque in their forms and substantial in their structure until at length they assumed the character of regular Swiss chalets, with walls covered with tiles, and roofs projecting and outside stairs. Stones laid on the roofs, indicated the liability to tempests of wind; little lakes lay like silver points in the beautifully

green meadows ; herds of cattle with attendant herdsmen, gave a new feature of animation to the landscape ; and as we rolled rapidly onward by the rail, the mountain ranges became loftier and grander, until finally we caught distant glimpses of lofty snow-crowned peaks.

It was a day's journey of great interest, and when at length we launched on the Lake, with its pea-green water embosomed amid towering hills, their sides varied with grassy slopes and forests of noble firs, and the margin dotted with old towns, the effect of the whole was surpassingly impressive. No one can form a correct idea of the colours who had not seen them. In a painting we should condemn them as exaggerated and unnatural.

This Lake of Constance, forms the boundary of five nations : Würtemberg, Bavaria, Austria, Baden, and the Swiss Confederacy.

The Town of Constance though old, has few external attractions. Its historic interest is derived from its having been the place at which the Council sat which condemned the doctrines of John Huss, and Jerome of Prague. This evening we walked quietly, and unattended by any obtrusive guide, in the meadow which skirts the town, in which John Huss was burned.

The spot is appropriately marked by an immense undressed boulder of granite, having simply inscribed on the one side "Johannes Huss" and the date of his martyrdom, July, 1415 ; and on the other "Hieronymus Prag, 1416."

To-morrow we propose to leave for Zurich, where we hope to find more comfortable accommodations than we have had here ; and propose to stay until Saturday making an excursion from there to the Falls of the Rhine at Staubbach.

It is your uncle's intention to reach Ragatz on Saturday and spend this day week at that place and from thence to commence a tour in carriages through the Austrian Tyrol, and by various passes through the mountains of Switzerland, backward and forward, until they reach Geneva.

Your mother and I do not enter into any of the conferences about plans and routes, which we leave entirely to the direction of your uncle and the Courier, who has given us entire satisfaction.

When the time comes for excursions on horses or mules, or by "Chaises-a-porteurs," we will quietly stay behind wherever it may be, and join them again when we can do so by carriage or railway.

We are enjoying ourselves more than we can tell you ; and I think your uncle Wistar is getting what he so needed and your aunt Mary gaining strength.

May our Heavenly Father keep you at home, and us in our travel, and unite us in His love and fear, on earth and in heaven.

Your ever loving father

CASPAR MORRIS.

CONSTANCE, August 21, 1871.

My Dear Brother (Israel):

Thy kind attention in writing to us wayfarers, is highly appreciated by us all ; and I am sure I am not trespassing on the bounds of propriety in thus making a common acknowledgment for the entire party. The anxiety felt by all that we should not fail to reach our destination, on the day and at the place on and at which we have appointed that our mail should meet us, is sufficient evidence that we may adopt the lines of Goldsmith's experience to which thou makest allusion,

“ Whe'er we roam, whatever lands we see
Our heart, untravell'd, still returns to thee.”

We have now skirted the “ Fatherland ” and I have been much delighted with what we have seen of it.

Law reigns supreme ; and order, the child of law, presents its beautiful expression at every turn. The garden needs no fence, and flowers and fruits bloom and ripen by the very roadside, even up to the well worn foot-path in which child-hood pursues its sports, and the owner is secure of his property. Plenty fills her horn with grain and crowns it with flowers. The whole country is cultivated in small patches and with a nicety and skill which would do credit to a gardener. Sometimes these are rectangular, either square or very much elongated parallelograms, at others they are concentric, with the radius of various length, but in all cases equally the lines are true, so that there are no vacant corners or spaces.

We are at a loss which to admire most, the antiquated appearance, so novel to us, of those buildings which, solid and castellated, tell of days when the light of knowledge was shut up in monasteries, and protective power was seated in castles around which the feeble common people clustered for defense ; or the stately and substantial magnificence of the more modern structures, which tell of the care of princes of the present day for the welfare of their people, and their provision not only of palatial residences for themselves, but of Galleries of Art and other Institutions, whose object is to disseminate knowledge and provide amusement for the great masses of those on whose intelligence and industry depend the wealth and prosperity of their kingdoms.

That there are many separate kingdoms with divers interests, we are constantly reminded by the extensive military works we so often pass, the barracks, like small towns, and the great number of fine looking men, in the first beauty of opening manhood, wearing the military garb who throng the streets of all the larger towns ; while the hardest work of the fields is of necessity performed by the women, who are found also in the workshops and at the railway stations, where they load and unload the freight cars and perform the services about

the engines which at home we think demand the strength and endurance of the hardier sex. They are more numerous in the harvest fields than the men, and sometimes we have passed them working as labourers on the embankments or excavations of the railway, or carrying building materials to the masons, and even laying the bricks and stones ; and very commonly sweeping the streets.

All, of both sexes, are *busy*. We see no loafing crowds of the *sovereign people* standing or sitting idly about the drinking saloons, as is too common with us. In the evening, it is true, the greater part of the population of the large towns collects in beer-gardens, or at musical resorts in the open air, drinking sparingly of light wines or beer, neither of them intoxicating. We in our loved land are certainly in advance of them here in the road to ruin ; and I am more than ever desponding about our progress.

I think most of our party are satiated, for the present, with Cathedrals and Palaces and shows in general, and thankful that we have at last reached a stage in our tour in which we shall be refreshed by the beauties and glories of Nature in Creation. The grand mountains loomed upon our vision as we drew near to Switzerland and launched on the green waters of Lake Constance. I have not been disappointed by this distant glimpse, though I have always thought them so wondrous and grandly and gloriously beautiful, that the only thing the earth could offer to induce me to encounter the perils and fatigue of travel is the combination to be found here of green grassy meadows in direct association with snow-crowned mountains.

The sight is quite as grand and impressive as I had anticipated, and yet we have had but a passing glimpse through the partially opened door of the vestibule, merely ; the grand temple is still before us and we are preparing to enter in with awe.

The plan now is to spend the ensuing five weeks amid the sacred precincts and thence emerge into the warmth of sunny Italy ! Freizier, who was at Zurich—yesterday came over here to meet us. I saw him but for a moment ; a very pleasing gentlemanly person in his deportment. Our present Courier, Cervetto, has been acting as his deputy and has been all that we could desire, but turns us over to Freizier, who had been engaged by Wistar, in about a month from this time.

With love to Caroline, Elizabeth, Naomi and all, in which Anne unites, thy loving brother,

CASPAR MORRIS.

ZURICH August 22, 1871.

My Dear Israel :

First to business ; that done, to pleasure. I have this day, signed my third draft, for forty pounds sterling, for which I have received Francs, 1001.

This matter thus summarily disposed of I may go on to describe our present state and condition.

Your mother is now, 3.30 P. M., resting—I hope sleeping—your uncle and aunts have gone to the Falls of the Rhine, distant from hence one hour by railroad, designing to spend three hours there and return here to a late dinner or early tea.

We—your mother and I—thought the delight of sitting in this comfortable apartment, looking down the length of this beautiful lake, its shores dotted with many villages and charming villas, to the glorious mountains crowned with snow, at the other end, was pleasure enough for us, and to leave it and seek another which could not exceed it in attraction, and might disappoint the expectation, required some effort, we decided to enjoy that which we possessed, and not seek that of which we could form no very brilliant hope. We therefore decided not to go with them.

We arrived here from Constance yesterday, about an hour later than this, and mailed our letters for home written at Constance; where we had rested the Lord's day. Had we known how much better the accommodations are here and how much more attractive in every way, we should have selected this for our Sabbath. But in that case we should have missed Constance, which has attractions of its own, in its sacred associations with the witness for Jesus by the early martyrs of the great Reformation, Huss and Jerome of Prague. It strengthened our faith and quickened our love, to stand on the consecrated spot.

This lake is about five miles in length, and two in breadth; the shores almost lined by pretty clustering villages, the inhabitants of which derive their support from silk manufacturing in its various details.

The cocoons are brought here from Italy and Southern France and are unwound, reeled, spun, and woven, here.

There are also very extensive cotton factories, and large machine shops, so that it combines the interest of present active industry and consequent wealth with its resulting modern elegance; and the historical renown, derived not only from its having been an important Roman station in the palmy days of its imperial greatness, but as the city of refuge of the English exiles in the days of persecution for the truth's sake, during the reign of Mary.

Zwingli, the great Swiss Reformer possessed sufficient influence with his fellow citizens to secure protection for the noble band of refugees, until the death of Mary and the accession of Elizabeth permitted their return, carrying back with them the influence they had here imbibed, which gave origin to the spirit of Puritanism in England and which is still so powerful there and in our own land, for the prevalence of which we have so great reason to give thanks continually to the great Head of The Church, who orders all things after the counsel of

His own will, and in this, as in so many other cases, has caused the wrath of man to praise Him, spreading through its agency the principles, the prevalence of which shall ultimately spread the truth from pole to pole.

To the principles thus engrafted on the English Church we owe what is known as the Evangelical Party in the Church of England and the entire body of Dissenters in that country, and to it also we are indebted for the great principles of Civil Liberty which culminated in the establishment of our National Union.

The immediate environs of the town are very beautiful, the distant views sublime. From the window of our chamber, which opens directly over the Limmat flowing out of the Lake, whose perfectly clear translucent waters lave the wall in which it opens, we see Rapperswyl which lies at the head of the Lake, and beyond it a grand panorama of dark mountains with many peaks, some of them attaining an altitude of at least 6000 to 7000 feet, clad with everlasting snow ; now reflecting the glory of the setting sun.

There are, it is said, no less than twenty-three varieties of fish in the Lake, and a crust of bread dropped from our window into the crystal water, which flows with a swift current at the base of the wall, draws them in shoals sporting around it.

On the other side of the house lies a very beautiful lawn, planted with Firs and other trees and shrubbery, and adorned with beds and borders of many coloured flowers, through which we approach the hotel and from which it derives its name of Bauer au Lac.

The weather is very warm, we should at home say intensely hot ; too warm for out door enjoyment during the midday hours.

I left your mother alone this morning, she wisely preferring to avoid exposure to the great heat, and went out to visit the Asylum for the Blind ; and on my return I find that the hundreds of guests have all been following the example.

They are now just going out to be rowed on the Lake, in beautiful gondolas with many coloured awnings, and adorned with various flags. Last evening the bosom of the lake was perfectly alive with them ; and the air tortured with the frequent reports of firearms discharged for the purpose of awaking the echoes. The weather is said never to be cold here. Many winters pass without any snow falling, though its presence now in this very hot term, on the mountain peaks which terminate the view up the Lake, proves that the refreshing sight is never absent.

It is now the period of vacation, but the extensive and appropriate-looking buildings occupied by the University and Polytechnic school, give evidence that these Institutions are well sustained.

Evening.

We were particularly happy in having arrived here yesterday, when the mountains were lighted up by the sun and glowed in all the

rich colouring given by his parting rays; this morning they were enveloped in fog which rolled up in heavy clouds permitting only a partial display of their forms, and now this evening they are entirely shrouded in dense masses of black vapour.

Last evening the surface of the Lake was lively with the gondolas; this evening none venture away from the shore.

23d.

Soon after I had written the last line the lighting began to glare over the surface of the water, and illuminate the dark heads of the distant clouds, and the servant of the house went to every one of the numerous windows in it to secure the shutters, thus proving that these sudden storms are often violent, and sufficiently frequent to render such a habit necessary.

It would be unsafe to depend on the chance attention of guests. The lightning was very brilliant in its corruscations, but the reverberation of the thunder less than we often have with us at home. The storm did not last long, nor did the gust of wind which we had looked for. This morning the atmosphere is fresh and the sky is clear, and we start on another day refreshed by the rest of a good night. May God keep us through its passing hours and fill our hearts with thanksgiving and our lips with praise.

The plans for the next five or six weeks were discussed last evening, but your mother and I being mere attachés to the party do not attempt to influence them, nor enter into the discussion of them. Cervetto, the Courier, advises a detour to the eastward among the Tyrolean Alps, by way of avoiding the inconvenience of the great crowd of tourists now gathered in Switzerland. Dozens have been turned away from this house since our arrival, and it is the same condition in every place on the more frequented routes. "A Tourist" writes to the *Times* (London) advising no one to leave England as "ladies are compelled to sleep on the floor."

The railroad buildings here are, if possible, on a grander scale even than those at Munich and Stuttgart to which I have already referred. The front of the station is of a beautiful light coloured close grained sandstone, and has great architectural merit. Within, the entire extent of the space occupied by the platforms and rails and saloons for the reception of passengers, is lighted at night by chandeliers with shades protecting the gas-lights, which would be pronounced "elegant" and tasteful in any place of public resort, and of a size commensurate with that of the building. Here, as at the places I have mentioned, the waiting rooms are divided into apartments, each appropriated to one of the many principal points on the route to which one may desire to go. Even those for the reception of the travellers by "second class" trains are furnished with handsome sofas, chairs, and tables of mahogany; the seats covered with maroon coloured plush or morocco, moveable at the will of the occupant, and

not as with us fixed immoveably at the wall ; while parquetted floors are kept as free from all pollution, as nice and clean indeed as those of the best kept private dwelling.

To the credit of the moving crowd of travellers it must be said that no defilement from the use of tobacco offends us as we move about, and signs requesting that there may be no smoking, surprise us in this land of smokers, while on some of the cars we see inscribed "smoking permitted." Flowers, flowers, every where. They adorn the window of the poorest in the narrow streets of the smallest hamlet, and abound in the courtyards of the rich and the conservatories of their palatial residences ; are planted with care along the footways and even between the tracks of the Chemin-du fer about the stations.

Every town of any pretention to public spirit has its Botanical Garden open to the resort of the people, with its Palm house and collection of Orchids. That here is not extensive, but has in it an elevated spot planted with ornamental shrubbery, and provided with seats beside its shaded paths from which there are many beautiful views over the Lake to the distant mountains. Parents and children with their nurses, gather each morning on this shady plateau and while the first enjoy the views the little ones play merrily around with at least an equal pleasure, but without destroying or even injuring the plants and flowers.

The trees and permanent shrubs are all labelled with their botanical names. I shared the enjoyment yesterday morning ; and at breakfast table this morning T. K. L. reported having met there a large school of young ladies.

We find that there are very large Machine Shops and extensive factories of Cotton and other textile fabrics in this place, and the usual evidences of the wealth which in these days results from such pursuits, are displayed in the shape of commodious dwellings and handsome grounds. The High School has a wide-spread reputation and is largely patronized.

There is also a Medical School which attracts students from distant places, even Russia being represented in its classes ; and among the students are many females. This being the season of vacation all these institutions are closed at present and I did not think it worth while to encounter the exhaustion of the heat by visiting the deserted halls.

Every male inhabitant has the privilege of a vote ; but happily for them the elections occur only once in six years and the number of offices is small, so that they are saved from the demoralizing influences of our system of frequent, almost quarterly excitements ; aggravated by the pernicious habit of rotation in office, and the still more injurious doctrine that official emoluments are the spoils of political struggle and belong to the victor.

The climate of Zurich is very delightful for though the sun of summer is hot, the oppressive heat is of short duration and, great as it may have been during the daytime, the influence of the lake and the snowclad mountains, tempers the air and calls for blankets at night even now.

The fruits are very fine and very abundant. Plum, Pear and Apricot trees, as well as Apple are loaded with fruit ; the Apricots are as large as good sized peaches are with us, and instead of being dry and almost tasteless, are mellow, juicy and luscious.

In our journey on Monday we passed through almost ever variety of culture, under the influence of change of climate due to the varying elevation ; varying from the heaviest Wheat crops to simple grassy pasturage at elevations too high to permit the ripening of cereals. Where ploughing was done it was performed by women, and often the plough was drawn by cows, the men and horses being absorbed by the armies of their respective sovereigns. This is rendered necessary by the divided nationalities ; may God mercifully avert from our continent this curse of the older civilization of Asia and Europe and while He preserves from the calamity of this waste of power in *being ready* for war with neighbouring powers, make us duly sensible of the blessing of one united government from sea to sea. Its blessedness is worth the sacrifice of some minor interests, even (which I greatly doubt) if that be the price of the boon. It is very saddening to see the fine forms and noble countenances of so large a proportion of the young and active men all clothed in military uniform.

Your loving father,

CASPAR MORRIS.

RAGATZ, August 24, 1871, 7 P. M.

My Dear Children,

The sun has set to us in this deep hole in the everlasting rocks, blasted by some Titanic explosion as of all the gunpowder and gun-cotton and dynamite combined, which have been made by man since the day of Cain ; and its golden light is slowly retreating foot after foot from the gigantic precipices which frown in awful grandeur round us, till, while I have written this sentence, it has been withdrawn from all but the highest peaks which here and there project above the edge of the crater like excavation, as if so many watch-towers.

The eye is delighted with the soft blue haze which, as with a veil, covers all below, and with the golden glory which clothes every thing above ; and the ear drinks in with almost intoxicating pleasure the sound of the unceasing rush of the mountain torrent which sweeps over its rocky bed just beneath our window.

The day has been one of the most perfect enchantment.

He who made the everlasting hills inspired them with a voice which impresses me with the feelings of the whole being one great psalm, with a melody like that of the spheres.

“All thy works praise Thee” says *the* Psalmist, and adds, Thy saints give thanks to Thee,

O may my harp in tune be found
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

25th.

This morning has opened up a day which promises as much delight as that which has just passed. As I lay, unwilling to disturb the repose of your mother, the soft light of the coming sun tinged one peak after another of the many which lift their heads into sight from our window, even before we rise; and then crept slowly down the scarred grey faces of the opposing hills and soft velvety delicately green coloured slopes of others. No sound disturbed the deep base monotone of the rushing Tamina, pouring its torrent through and over the bed of huge boulders which during the long ages of the past its irresistible power has forced from their firm adhesion to their natural connection with the seemingly indistructible strata of the everlasting hills, and strewn along its headlong course; while in its unceasing roar it celebrates with a song of triumph the achievements of its might, until the deep soft tones of the church bell sounding its summons to Matins, added to the equally unconscious utterance of the water, the call for man to add his intelligent song of praise.

One after another the numerous chapels pealed forth their harmony; and finally the tread of human feet and the hum of human voices, told that man goeth forth to his labour after his night of rest. Yesterday afternoon your uncle W. and your aunts H. and J. wandered off for a stroll on the mountains, and on their return late in the evening, laden with beautiful flowers, and seed-vessels from which your uncle hopes to be able to propogate plants at Green-Hill, report that wild and inhospitable as are the cliffs of this fearful chasm on this side, the other sides are clothed with grass, and enriched by orchards and dotted about with villages and scattered habitations, and consecrated by churches. Many of the plants they brought with them are quite familiar acquaintances, being mere varieties of those already cultivated with us or those indigenous to our own land.

We are now in the Swiss Grisons, and among a hardy people jealous of the liberty they once wrung forcibly, and after much suffering, from the robber-lords, the ruins of whose castles are still seen crowning many of the rocks, whose almost inaccessible sides made them long secure from the vengeance for oppression, which ultimately overtook and overwhelmed them.

These ruins stand not only as memorials of the bravery of the generations which are past, but as incentives to present jealous care to preserve that which was attained at such a cost. The hotel in which

we are staying was formerly the summer resort of the Abbots of a great monastery a few miles distant.

They certainly subjected themselves to no privation or mortification of taste by dwelling here in such comfortable, and for the times, elegant apartments. We find all that we can desire, though our Courier was greatly provoked as well as disappointed that we were not received in a much more extensive and more modern building, the Hotel Quellen-hof, of which establishment this is what is here known as a *succursale* or receptacle for the overflow of guests at the season of greatest resort to these baths.

Cervetto had engaged rooms for us some days before by telegraph, but just as we took the boat at Zurich to come here, he received a telegram that the rooms were occupied and that we could not have them. We had given up those at Zurich and could neither reoccupy them nor procure others there, so that we had no alternative but to come on.

His indignation at the personal insult he thought offered to himself as well as ourselves, led him to pursue a course which terminated in his inglorious defeat and made us *ignorantly* actors in a rather discreditable scene.

He insisted that the apartments were ours by the usage of travel, and that we had only to demand possession and it would be surrendered to us. In order to effect this he divided the party and leaving your uncle and aunts with the luggage took your poor mother and myself with him to the Quellen-hof and left us on the portico while he went to assert his superior claim to the manager of the establishment, with directions not to allow ourselves to be "*cajoled*" into going to the other house.

A very gentlemanly official of the hotel assured us we should be quite as well accommodated at the *succursale*, which belonged to the same proprietors, and was under the same management, but acting under orders I remained *obstinately* firm, until Cervetto, after a long parley, came to our relief from a very embarrassing exposure, and informed us that our rooms were occupied by the Duchess of Genoa, sister of the King of Italy, and we could not have them.

Even an Italian Courier could not assert the precedence or prior claim of *American Sovereignty*, and we were content to take what were offered and now that we are in them we are quite satisfied, indeed suspect that, in some respects, we are better off than we would have been in the royal apartments to which Cervetto aspired, as the manager himself occupies rooms in this house, and seems especially desirous to promote our comfort in every way.

Plated ware it is true is substituted for solid silver in our table service, but the provision supplied is of the best quality, and the manager himself stands by and begs we will eat freely and if need be ask for more and what we please.

Thus you see we are not unmindful of creature comfort even in the midst of the sublimity around us, in which your mother finds as much delight as does any other member of the party; and coming to her, as it does as the unsought fruit of her self-denial in abandoning her cherished, but well known, simple home-comforts, and the satisfaction of the presence with her of all she so dearly loves, for the sake of my gratification, she enjoys it all the more.

Here she and I saunter around in the grounds of the Quellen-hof while your aunt Mary and Holly ride off on donkeys; Miss Harris and Mr. Longstreth climb precipices; and your aunts and uncle W. take lofty mountain walks.

Such was the occupation of each yesterday after our arrival here from Zurich by steamboat up the lake, and rail from Rapperswyl. As your uncle was busy over his plans for further progress, after tea, your aunt M. challenged him to take her and Miss Harris to a Concert at the Quellen-hof, to which he assented with some reluctance, leaving your aunts H. and J. with your mother and myself. They did not return before 10.30 P. M. having had Prestidigitation instead of music. I mention this as an illustration of the *forces* of the several members of the party, and of the manner in which each expends their own.

I feel as though we had only to enjoy; all around is so grand in nature, so beautiful in art, and so full of blessing for us, that life is a perpetual song. I never raise my eye from the paper on which I am thus inscribing my pleasure to transmit it to you, hoping to make you in some degree participant thereof, that it is not greeted by some new light on an attraction I had before thought perfect, or some new object challenges equal admiration.

We have met with some very pleasant people in the cars. If they understand our language they enter into conversation; if they do not they endeavor by signs to draw our attention to objects of interest. We have found some English people with whom we have fallen in, quite disposed to be cordial. A very intelligent family at the castle of Heidelberg for instance, and another, named Bright, yesterday on board the steamboat on the Lake as we came here from Zurich. The trip was altogether a most delightful one. From Rapperswyl to this place it was by rail. The road lay, a part of the distance, directly along one shore of a little lake, (the Walen-see) while the crags on the other side of the rails rose so perpendicularly at our side that in looking up they appeared to overhang us; while on the opposite shore of the lake were what looked in the distance so like *toy houses* that your mother drew my attention to them and asked for what they could possibly be designed, and would scarcely credit me when I assured her they were veritable human habitations thus diminished to our eye only by the distance. The lake appeared so narrow that she could scarce believe it was three miles wide, and that the distance in a horizontal

line had the same effect as the same in height, there being no intervening object to diminish the effect.

We could discover no means of approach to them except by water, and they thus seemed shut off from intercourse with the world except by that channel. Doubtless there was a road along the shore, and others leading by passes through the mountains to the world beyond that barrier.

We are all struck by the love of the beautiful exhibited by even the humblest of the peasantry in the culture of flowers about their houses, and in the villages in window pots.

It is in strong contrast with the want of such taste among our labouring classes, who are at best content with a staring Sunflower, or a bright Scarlet-Bean vine trained about the door or window frame. Here the poorest class have Petunias, Fuschias, and such Reine Marguerites as I have never before seen, so large and so rich and varied in colour. They are planted in nicely planned borders, and neatly kept.

We have not only not seen any beggary but have met with no indications of the existence of poverty. The people are well clothed, except the heads of the children which are uniformly uncovered; and the faces of all we meet wear an expression of contentment.

On our mountain rides we meet women and children such as we are so familiar with in pictures, coming from the forest with loads of faggots on their heads under which one would suppose they must stagger, yet always bright and happy-faced.

The roads by which they pass to and from the forest lie through noble orchards loaded with tempting fruits, pear, apple, plum, and apricots, yet they do not appear to think of plucking them; and the bundles of sticks with which they are loaded are all evidently made up of dead wood gathered from the ground.

12 M.

We have just returned from Pfeffers. What shall I say? I will not attempt any verbal description, in which every one who has ventured has failed. Nor will I presume to give vent in words to the feelings which the scene must give rise to in the soul of the least susceptible to deep emotions. When I have heard the attempts at description of its horrors by those who had visited it, I have again and again said "nothing could lure me into the frightful chasm!" Yet I have done it, and I am happy to be able to say that I have enjoyed it.

Your mother, on the contrary, says "she now has some idea of the pains of martyrdom, from the terrors she has encountered; and that it is the last time she will be beguiled into a mountain pass in search of pleasure. She may go through worse *because it is the only way home*, but never again for any less inducement."

The Tamina, a mountain torrent of great force and volume, which, as I have said, roars past our window, has in the long ages past worn

its way through the heart of a mountain of not less than 1000 feet in height, composed of stratum upon stratum of solid rock of varying density and power of resistance and colour, from each of which it has rent off huge fragments and rolling them in its narrow channel has wrought them into boulders of varying size, but each rendered round by attrition with each other and against the sides of the cliffs of perpendicular rock by which it is restrained, and in which it has, as though in its vain efforts to escape it had thus inscribed in the everlasting rock the record of its ineffectual struggle to overcome the barrier, left great rounded openings, into which the waters as they rush headlong by are poured, or rather drawn as though engulfed by some voracious monster watching for its prey. To heighten the illusion the roar is deafening, and reverberated from side to side of the perpendicular walls, which rise on either hand till the eye almost fails to find the verge above.

We entered the chasm by the road which lies at the door of the house in which we are quartered. Through this vent the stream rushes with a rapid descent, approaching a cataract, while the road gradually ascends and on the one side one looks down on the foaming water, white with the struggle it is making over and among the rocks in its bed, which have been worn round and smooth by the current, whose violence has worn the great caverns in the rocks which form gulph-like whirlpools at very short intervals, while on the other hand the road lies against the solid and perpendicular wall of rock, along which it is often carried for considerable distances, on brackets let into the rock.

In many places the road lies at least 100 feet above the roaring stream, into which you cannot but shudder lest you should be precipitated, while the narrowness of the chasm is such that the sun never finds its way below, not even at the moment when it reaches its meridian height.

The cleft at the surface looks to one from below like the merest *chink* while the scarcely discerned trees which fringe the margins appear like the lashes of half closed eye-lids.

Through this narrow chasm you go on, on, on, rapidly ascending, but finding as you raise your eyes that the mountain is becoming loftier and loftier also, while the stream is still deeper in the abyss below you, till after a drive of about two and a half miles, you reach the termination of the carriage road and alighting, pass through a house erected here in the twilight gloom (never cheered by the light of day) designed for the accommodation of invalids, many of them from the immediate vicinity, who seek for relief from various forms of disease in the hot baths which are supplied with water from the springs which here gush out of the rock at a temperature of 100 F.

We here entered into a cavern through which the stream forces its way. Through this cavern we pass 700 feet along a narrow board walk,

supported on brackets let into wall of rock, while far, far below, the hot stream erodes its tortuous way, sending up suffocating columns of vapour which rising above us find exit through a scarcely perceptible opening at the summit of the mountain. It is a most marvellous, stupendous, awe-inspiring, wonderful place!

While I have been writing we have received Cousin Emily's very welcome letter of the 10th, for which we are profoundly thankful. She will please consider herself as one of the partners in this.

Your ever loving father,

CASPAR MORRIS.

RAGATZ, August 26, 1871.

My Dear Children:

We are still here, amidst the "everlasting hills," their height and grandeur and sublimity becoming more and more impressive day by day. I laid down after dinner and fell asleep; not a cloud in sight and the temperature such that even I wished for a thermometer that I might report its figures instead of saying "it is intensely hot."

The lofty grey-stone precipices which frown around us seemed so many walls of a furnace reflecting the heat in due proportion to their height and size. When I waked I found your mother had gone out with the others without my being conscious of it.

The distant peaks are shrouded in the deepest gloom, and the valley of the Rhine, in which the town of Ragatz is situate, is filled with vapour. White clouds roll like the drapery of curtains over the scarred faces of the impending cliffs, while as you look into the deep openings in their sides you find them filled with impenetrable darkness.

The temperature has fallen many degrees. Whether the gust will expend itself before it reaches us is a problem I cannot solve; difficult at home, still more so here amid surroundings so different from those to which we have been accustomed.

There has been as yet no lightning and thunder and the roar of the Tamina is the only sound that falls upon my ear.

Some of the peaks are seen towering above the clouds.

After tea.

I was here interrupted by the return of your mother and now resume my writing without taking up the broken thread of thought or description.

While the others are talking over the varied events of the day and discussing the hopes and fears for to-morrow, and the relative merits or demerits of their several purchases of wood carvings, embroideries, etc., and your uncle W. and the Courier are arranging about the bestowal of trunks and bags on the carriages in which we shall start

to-morrow, the rain is falling gently, and occasional flashes of lightning disclose the gaunt forms of our mountain guards, each of which takes up the thunder note and rolls it round and round again till it dies away in the distance. It is solemnly grand; filling the soul with an awful sense of devotion, not of dread.

It was very interesting this afternoon to watch the changes. Just in front of us rise two towering peaks, between which opens a valley shut in by other distant mountain ranges. This valley was filled with black clouds. The tip of one peak was lighted by the sun's rays falling upon it from beyond; while upon the face of it turned toward us we could watch the formation of clouds from the atmosphere, in soft feathery volumes gradually condensing into heavier clouds; while along the side of one range the light poured in between two clouds, and brought out various shades of green from the deep dark hue of the Fir forests to the light yellowish tint of the newly mown grass-fields, irregularly disposed in patches of diverse shape, till the whole resembled a huge table of Malachite, worthy of Him who made it.

We took a long drive this morning. Our road led us by zig-zag ascents to the mountain top which rises with a sharp ascent from the chasm in which we are. From various points we looked down on Ragatz as it lay almost beneath our feet, and felt as though a slying or a baulking horse or broken trace, would precipitate us on the roofs of the houses lying some thousand feet below us. Away up at this height and even there perched on a precipitous rock, stood the skeleton-like ruin of an old castle frowning on all around it. Passing by it our road led us into a warm sunny nook of some hundreds of acres spreading its open bosom to the south and east, while it was sheltered from the north and west by a still higher range than that we had climbed. Here orchards and wheat fields and gardens all told of rural wealth; passing through which and rising still higher, we came upon a village perched against the mountain side.

The Swiss cottages of which it was composed were each surrounded by beds of beautiful flowers; and cactus, fuschias, and geraniums in hanging baskets and pots, spoke more plainly and strongly than words of the taste of the inhabitants of a region with which we are wont to associate nothing but sterile rocks, and boorish inhabitants, inured to the storms to which they are lifted by the sterile mountains; from the influence of which they derive the ruggedness of character which gives them the courage and endurance for which they are celebrated by the muse of history as well as her sister of song.

Soon after we had passed through the village we reached the old Monastery, an immense quadrangular structure, approaching in extent and somewhat in appearance the Almshouse at Blockley.

It is appropriated by the government as an Asylum for Lunatics, and in its exterior at least, presents as little that is forbidding as any institution of the kind I ever saw.

Still higher on the mountain we were startled by the sudden stopping of our carriage, and were told to look down and there at our feet was an opening through which we could see the Baths of Pfeffers directly beneath us at the depth of one thousand feet, with its hot springs sending up the vapour, as we had visited them yesterday. *One look was more than enough.*

Soon after, we reached the terminus of the carriage road and stopped at a Swiss Chalet. Pigs, goats, cows and human beings, all gathered under the one roof, and all looking perfectly contented with their several shares of the common protection.

We had been passed on the road as we came up the mountain, by a woman with a basket on her head, whose smiling face as she toiled under her burden excited the remark that we had not often met with a happier-looking, or more beautiful woman.

We found her the mother of this household, and at a fountain spouting out of the hillside, stood, busily washing, a child of some twelve years old, in all respects the most beautiful descendant of Eve I have ever beheld. If I were an artist I would stay here for months and perpetuate her figure and face as the perfect incarnation of female purity and loveliness. Such must have been our first mother as she came from the hand of the Creator.

From this point, at which we tarried as long as the fleeting day would permit, and from which we tore ourselves away literally with great reluctance, we gazed on the one hand on the everlasting snow, capping a range of mountains *apparently* close by, though in reality having a wide valley between ourselves and it; while on the other side there rose before us a slope covered with the "most beautiful of green," dotted with chalets, some of the lower ones with chimneys indicating that they are permanent residences, others without these, being mere temporary resorts of the herdsmen during the summer months when they resort to the higher Alps (so these pastures are called) with their flocks of goats and cattle to feed on the fresh and tender pastures.

They also sometimes gather the hay from these lofty slopes. One such lies on the summit of the almost perpendicular cliff which bounds the chasm in which Ragatz lies.

From our window I had observed that in certain parts it presented a striped or ribbed appearance for which I could not account, and the mystery of which I had vainly attempted to solve by the aid of the field glass so kindly given me by dear Mrs. Caldwell Biddle, when we left home. The elevation was too great to permit us to suppose it was the result of cultivation, and yet it was evidently not natural. At sunrise this morning, Mr. Longstreth started on a pedestrian excursion in the course of which he climbed to the spot, often obliged to crawl on hands and feet, and even in this attitude was obliged to resort for support to his Alpenstock. He did not get back until dinner-time.

He reported that he found the peasants gathering hay, and that the stripes were caused by alternation of places in which the grass was still growing and others in which it had been cut. The slopes are so steep that it is necessary to cut steps in the sod that the labourers may find secure foothold.

28th.

We had a very pleasant *rest* yesterday at Ragatz. We went in the morning to the English service at the Chapel. Before service the clergyman, a fine countenanced, attractive looking old gentleman came to me and asked if I would be willing to carry the collection plate. I excused myself unless there should be no one else. We had a very pleasing service and he gave us a very excellent sermon after which I went to him and apologized for having declined to comply with his request, on the ground of being a stranger and an American. This led to an interesting conversation in which he informed me that these services are maintained under the auspices of the Colonial and Foreign Church Society, at the various points most frequented by travellers, British and American. This led to an interesting conversation in the course of which I learned that he was a Curate for Rev. Francis Cunningham at Lowestoft, with whom he (Mr. Hogarth) had been intimate for years and also with J. J. Gurney for whom he expressed the highest veneration.

In the afternoon your mother and I attended service again.

Your uncle W. was not well and did not go out either morning or evening, and your aunts had a worship of their own on the mountain side. This morning we breakfasted at 7 A. M. and at 8 found ourselves all seated in two most comfortable travelling carriages each drawn by four horses, ready for our start for a tour among the Austrian Tyrolean Alps. We have put those articles of clothing necessary for daily service in our hand-bags, and the trunks are all packed in places attached to the carriages for that purpose and are not to be touched until Saturday night.

The morning is clear, bright and cool. But we start with some serious misgivings as your mother is not well, and she wishes very much that the others would go on without us. But your uncle and aunts are not willing, and as she will not consent to detain the whole party on her account we determined to make the venture.

Your loving father,

CASPAR MORRIS.

POST-HOUSE IN THE AUSTRIAN TYROL, August 28, 1871.

My Dear Children :

This has been the pleasantest day's travel we have yet enjoyed. We entered on it with no little anxiety. Your mother is not well and had passed a very restless night, and we feared the fatigue of the untried mode of travel, and were doubtful about the scenes through which it might carry us, especially as your mother's *terror* had been excited by the excursion to the Baths of Pfeffers. We have been most agreeably disappointed. Every thing has conduced to promote our comfort; easy commodious carriages; good, surefooted and perfectly trained horses; trustworthy drivers; roads literally as smooth as the paper on which I am writing, and so well graded and admirably constructed and guarded with stone pillars and parapet walls at precipitous points, that the apprehensions of the most timid are tranquilized; weather just the most propitious possible for travel, and scenery the most impressive; combining all that is beautiful with all that is grand; all combined to make the day one long to be remembered.

The road lay through valleys in which the hay-makers and reapers were busy at their hopeful toil, and wound along and around the base of mountains which towered high above our heads, lifting their peaks above the clouds; and followed the course of rivers or streams which sometimes rushed and roared over their rocky beds as only mountain streams can do, and then spread themselves out in wide lake-like pools.

Glaciers lay in the bosom of the distant mountain ranges; while the towering cliffs of those near-by frequently receded, leaving green slopes of tender grass, or ravines filled with forests of noble firs.

We had occasion to feel thankful we had not been travelling on this road on Saturday during the tempest we saw pass by us at Ragatz, as the heavy rains had swollen the torrents which ran down the sides of the mountain, bringing down *a flood of stones* and even what might well deserve the name of rocks, depositing them in many places to the depth of several feet, burying under the debris of the hills, gardens, cultivated fields, meadows, and in one or two instances that we saw, the dwellings of the peasants. At several points they had been obliged to dig out the road.

August 29th, Landeck Tyrol.

I was tempted to sit down and write "no one has lived who has not seen what we have enjoyed during the last two days"; I will not write it. A man's life consists not in seeing, any more than in the abundance of other possessions, and he who lives in Christ to God, in the faithful discharge of the duties of the station to which he has been allotted, lives truly wherever and however his days may be passed.

But there is so much that is adapted to strengthen the understanding, expand the intellect, and improve the heart, in these awfully sublime and beautiful scenes that I have again and again exclaimed to your mother "I never before in all my life had an idea of such enjoyment!" To make roads at all through such gorges, and across such heights would appear at first sight an almost superhuman undertaking; that *such roads as those over which we have travelled* could have been made by human power seems incredible.

We have been above the snow so that Mr. Longstreth, standing upon it, threw balls of it at the carriages as they rolled by above his head, while the crags rising in bold and naked defiance of the storms still above the road, held the snow and ice in their crevasses, from which they poured forth cascades of foam whiter than the driven snow, leaping from point to point, and then flowing in peaceful rivulets through meadows still at a higher level than the road, clothed with soft green grass, in which men and women, reduced by the distance at which they were above us to the apparent size of mere puppets, were busily occupied in gathering hay, often on slopes so steep as to appear almost perpendicular, so that we could not but wonder how they could maintain their foothold or stand erect, much more how they could swing their scythes, or handle their rakes.

At the same instant, turning the eye to the other side of the road we looked over the tops of great fir trees growing below us, and through continuous forests of the same, down! down!! down!!! to streams rushing below, chafing among the rocks with a rapidity of current and roaring sound which proved how great was the descent to the distant valleys they were seeking with precipitate haste. Yet through passes such as these the bed of the road was sufficiently wide to permit three carriages at least to drive abreast; as smooth and firm as asphalt pavement in our most improving towns, perfectly graded, with a very gentle scarcely perceptible rise in the middle, and wide gutters on both sides emptying at short distances into culverts which carried off the water without ever crossing the bed of the road.

All through these desolate mountains we saw labourers engaged in clearing these gutters and trimming the sods along the margins of the road with as much attention to the maintenance of the straightness of the lines as would be taken by skilled gardeners in the neatest and best kept grounds of a gentleman's residence. Not a stone as big as a hickory nut is allowed to lie on the road, and while on the ascending grade there is no jolt or even jar, when the shoe is applied to check the impetus on the descending grade, the sense of motion is precisely that of *good sleighing*, and the illusion is assisted by the sound of the bells with which each horse is caparisoned and the mere motion is like that of our favorite amusement, exhilarating.

All this fascination is assisted by the delightful, invigorating temperature, the spotless purity of the cloudless sky, with a depth of

blue no artist's brush can represent and which permits a range of vision which is astonishing.

We left Dalaas, at the foot of the Adler Pass, at 8 A. M., this morning, with six horses to each carriage and ascended before 1 P. M., to a height of more than 2000 feet above that place, yet so easy was the grade that we were scarcely aware of the rise as we passed up. But when, reaching the summit, we began to descend we were well aware of the change. The perfection of the engineering was manifested in the fact that having put the shoe under the wheel the driver was able to keep his team on a trot all the way. On the upper side of the road it is protected from land slips, by strong walls of fine mason work, and on the lower side well-dressed monolithic stone pillars are set at intervals of not more than eight or ten feet, continuously, except where it is precipitous and there a strong parapet wall precludes the possibility of accident. This wall is often of considerable extent and has a well-dressed stone coping. The most timid is rendered fearless.

We have descended this afternoon as much as we had ascended this morning, and to-morrow we are to start at 6 A. M., and rise still higher and then descend again to Mals, or Sondrio.

In many parts of to-day's journey we have passed hours in narrow valleys with only a few Swiss Chalets, sometimes quite solitary; at others scattered at considerable intervals along the road side, or more rarely gathered into small hamlets in little sunny, grassy nooks.

Each dwelling had its little patch of oats or barley—not one of them would yield more than one, or at most two bushels of grain—and its few handfuls of hemp just pulled and laid out to rot, not enough to make a single garment for an adult man or woman; yet at every window there was the pot of beautiful flowers, at every hamlet a neat pretty church; at frequent points on the roadside well-carved figures of our Lord on the Cross, or as the Good Shepherd bringing back his sheep from their wandering in the wilderness, and very often on the front of the houses there were well-executed pictures of the Virgin, or representations of the most evangelical of all the Romish Legends, St. Christopher, bearing the child Jesus on his shoulder through the swelling torrent; and many of them bore also texts from Holy Scripture or other devotional inscriptions.

At one of the villages we passed yesterday we saw the inhabitants busily engaged in making wreaths of boughs of fir trees and other evergreens, and just beyond a new church elaborately adorned with them, and soon after found the roadside thronged with people in holy-day garb, the women having wreaths on their heads, and soon after we passed the Priest in the full canonical dress of his office surrounded by well-dressed people evidently waiting with him for the expected approach of some one.

We felt confident that some important event was impending, and about a mile further on we met a carriage driven by a servant in scarlet

livery. In the carriage sat the Bishop, a venerable noble looking man. He was on the way to consecrate the new chapel we had passed.

The Tyrolese are proverbially a devout people and I cannot but express my admiration of their character as I have seen them. If they are superstitious they at least worship in ignorance the semblance of the truth. During the long winter their chalets are almost buried in the snow; and our Courier says of them "they are a very happy people; they then spin and weave and say their prayers, and are good."

The old town of Feldkirch, through which we passed, leaves Chester far behind in the solidity and quaintness of its Rows of shops under arches and colonades. Many of the other villages are strikingly picturesque and this old place, though but small, is wonderfully quaint, with its Castle frowning defiance at all intruders perched on a rock many hundred feet above the houses, and the Iser (made poetically immortal by Campbell in his verses on the battle fought on its banks) "rushing rapidly" right under our windows here and now, as he makes it do when the "Sun was low" and "bloodless was the untrodden snow" on the field of Linden. Your mother was very unwell last night but has been improving through the day and now seems as well as usual.

Your loving father,

CASPAR MORRIS.

While speaking of the attractions of this region I should not omit the exquisite wild flower shrubs with blue, purple, and yellow blossoms, and scarlet berries—a variety of Elder your uncle W. says. Every meadow is enlivened with Crocuses, Meadow Saffron, and every slope hangs out its wreaths of Gentian, Aconite, Colts-foot and Barberry.

The following letter from your dear mother is without date but was evidently written at this time. It tells its own tale of patient endurance of suffering borne for my gratification.

My Dear Margaret:

'Tis late at night, but I have just finished packing. We are to make an early start in the morning, but I do want to say a few words to you both in this letter of the doctor's.

I tell him he does give such glowing descriptions of every thing that it is only right I should give a little of the other side. I won't tax you with scenery which I think it is all folly for any one to attempt, but I will tell you these mountain rides are *awful, dreadful*; no words can express it, in my opinion; and as to taking pleasure in them I do not see how any one can, nor do I believe they do. I certainly never will; so when you think of me it may be as suffering martyrdom for

the next four weeks, for we are to do nothing else but pass from one gorge to another all that time. I wish there was any tire in the other members of the party ; but there is not and they will not listen to our lying by yet, which I often long for.

I have gained strength, notwithstanding ; but the time is very long since we bade you all farewell, and I often query ; can I stand this a year ?

“Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof” and I will try to endure one day at a time, but I take no pleasure in it.

I never was intended for anything but a sempstress, and I would far rather be at home sewing. I do (not) want to see sights ; and they say the days we lie by are as fully occupied by the other members of the party as though we were actually travelling. We get off (from sight seeing) when we can.

I do hope that Mary Yarnall is with you ; remind her that she promised to write to me ; and I do want to hear from Wallbrook.

I hear from our children by every mail and when they know anything of you they tell me. We are glad that Israel and Annie have taken C. and M. a little trip. It was our wish that they should do so. Tell Mary Yarnall that C * * * * * is seeking a situation as governess. Perhaps she may know of something for her. Poor girl ! we feel much interested for them. But I must say Good Night. With a great deal of love for you both. Yours most truly and affectionately.

ANNE C. MORRIS.

Anne has just handed me this sheet with the comfortable assertion that even my leaden, heavy attempts at description will not add to the postage, and that it is a shame to send blank paper, etc. The moonlight does “sleep” as sweetly on the giant crags on which our windows look out here, as ever it did on the “bank” of the poet of poets ; and they stand like grim warders of the vale in which Ragatz shelters us for a few more hours. At 7 A. M. to-morrow we breakfast, and then start immediately, in two carriages each drawn by four horses to pass a week in driving to Chiavenna, where we hope to meet letters from home.

Anne does express herself strongly on the terrors of Swiss scenery, *and feels all she says* and yet I do believe it is doing her good. I did not suppose I could ever have brought myself to the point of endurance. I have attained, though very often I do not dare to utter a word, or look up or down, to the right or the left.

The beauty of the Heaths, and Gentians, and Hare-bells, and Digitalis, and the Honeysuckles, and Mountain Ash and Ivy, and the Ferns and Mosses which grow in wild profusion at the roadside is beyond description ; and so are the Reine Marguerites (such as you never dreamed of), Fuschias, etc., which adorn the gardens and the

windows of the houses of the peasantry at the highest altitude we have yet attained. They are certainly lovers of the beautiful.

You have often heard me say that I could not see anything so specially attractive in the beauty of the sweet looking girls to whose faces you have drawn my attention. I yesterday saw one washing clothes at a spring on the highest ridge of the mountain near here, so lovely that if I were an artist, I should spend months in copying her form and features as the highest expression of female loveliness and purity and beauty. I never saw or dreamed of any thing so near what I suppose our mother Eve was when first she came pure from the hand of the Creator.

Yours truly,

CASPAR MORRIS.

RAGATZ, August 27, 1871.

My Dear Galloway :

We are here at one of the most frequented bathing places of the old world, in Switzerland at the foot of the Alps, just south of the Austrian frontier which is in sight from our window, marked by the presence there of a military post to prove the right of possession and collect customs.

You and Margaret are not often forgotten by us and we would gladly know that none of you and yours are suffering even more than when we left you.

Just now we talk as well as think about you, as we see invalid ladies and gentlemen pushed or drawn about in nice easy little vehicles through the walks in the grounds which surround the hotel and think how much such an one would contribute to the comfort of dear Margaret. They are merely small, light, gig bodies, mounted on elliptic springs, slight, adjusted to the weight they are designed to carry, having a movable top which can be thrown back to facilitate the getting of the invalid into the seat and then left down or raised at option of the occupant. Joshua, or even one of the female servants, could in such an one push or draw dear Margaret round the circle, or even along one of the avenues when she would not think it worth while to have the horses and carriage got out for so short a time. In the cool of the evening it would refresh her greatly.

We have consulted about it, and decided that if we were at a place from which we could ship one to you we would get one and send it at once.

We have always felt how impotent we are but never more so than just now, when we realize that though it is only eight short weeks since we parted, the distance is so great that nothing can bring us together. We can only seek for the blessing to descend on you both which cometh from above, and which waits upon you alway.

Thus far our journey has been as free from inconvenience and discomfort as could have been reasonably asked ; and our gratification—mine at least—all that could have been desired. Each day has brought with it new sources of gratification to my taste and new scenes of pleasure, and new subjects of thought and opportunities for improvement ; and *I do revel in the feeling of exemption from professional responsibility.*

My only abatement from the sense of pleasure in this respect is found in the feeling that such is not the proper state of mind ; that it were more honourable to be steadfast, immovable in seeking knowledge, and in applying that which I have acquired in the service of my fellow creatures ; and the question put to the prophet as he lay despondent under the Juniper tree in the wilderness to which he had fled in his feeling of being alone as the witness for the truth of God, “ what doest thou here ” ? will sometimes intrude itself on my conscience.

I can only meet it by diligent effort to be found faithful to duty as it presents itself here.

Anne and I have been enjoying greatly here to-day, a book which I bought in London, but which I presume has been reprinted in America and which I am sure dear Margaret would find very pleasant reading. It is on the 23rd Psalm by Rev. John Stevenson. Get it for me if you please and give it in our name to Margaret.

Since I last wrote to you we have come up the Rhine, and passed out of Germany into Switzerland : and however much I may have said in praise of *Royal* Railroads and their Princely Stations, and accommodations, I am prepared to say yet more for those of the Swiss Confederation.

The splendour and comfort of the depots at Stuttgart and Munich are dimmed by that at Zurich. I have a photograph of it and will not attempt to describe it lest you should discredit my statement. I will only say that while waiting for the arrival of the train by which we were to leave, we sat in a room furnished with highly finished mahogany tables, and chairs and sofas covered with maroon coloured plush. The floors were parquettèd with hard woods in patterns, nicely oiled, and the windows glazed with stained glass. There were no rooms of which the chairs and movable seats were not covered at least with morocco leather, and well stuffed and having spring seats. The arrangements for refreshments were also on the most liberal scale and most comfortable plan.

The front of the building was of soft coloured and well dressed Sandstone and was 700 feet in extent. Frescoed walls and carved gambrils to support the roof, and chandeliers with glass globes to protect the gas-lights by which the whole building is brilliantly illuminated, gave it the elegance of a chamber in the palace of Aladdin. But you must see it or you will not believe.

We are now fairly ushered into Alpine regions, and the grandeur of the scenery surpasses my imagination.

Lakes, and Mountains, inaccessible peaks covered with snow, waterfalls leaping from the heights, and meadows skirting the streams with green slopes interspersed among black forests of firs, repeated at every stage of the journey and always with some variety, furnish a basis of beauty, on which chalets of the most picturesque forms, castles, and ruined fortresses, are dotted about in profusion.

We are now in a district once held by robber chiefs who fortified every crag and made descents from their fastnesses on luckless travellers and more luckless peasantry, in search of plunder. The peasantry at last found the day of vengeance for their wrongs and spoiled their oppressors, leaving no trace of their existence, but the skeleton-like walls of their castles, which stand like so many gibbets to tell the story of the doom of injustice and wrong.

From Zurich to this place we came first by the Lake of that name, the shores of which are studded with villages inhabited by industrious manufacturers of silk, cotton, and woollen goods.

The Alps lift into sight their distant snow-crowned peaks.

After leaving Lake Zurich the railroad passes through a well peopled valley until it strikes the head of the Wallen-see, along which it is carried at some height above the margin of the water, with barely room for its bed, beneath precipices of many hundred feet in height, towering in perpendicular cliffs almost overhead.

The views are so sublime and varied that it was a positive relief to be plunged occasionally into the darkness of a tunnel that the eye as well as the imagination might have some rest even from enjoyment.

It was as though lakes and mountains, and precipices, and green slopes, and ruined castles crowning lofty crags, and picturesque Swiss chalets nestling on green mountain sides and in sheltered sunny nooks, and snow-wreathed mountains, with peaks towering still higher, too drecipitous to retain the snow, were all thrown at random into a gigantic kaleidoscope, which was turned and turned again before one could take in the symmetry and beauty of each succeeding figure.

We are now in a great irregularly shaped basin surrounded by scarred grey cliffs, and these surmounted by loftier peaks which have ascribed to them heights varying from five to seven thousand feet. Above the nearest line of precipice rise slopes so nearly perpendicular to our view from here that it is only the absolutely perpendicularity of those below which convinces us they do not overhang. Our young fellow-traveller, Mr. Longstreth, occupied an entire morning, starting before breakfast, in climbing to the summit. It was only with the aid of an alpenstock that he was able to accomplish it, and was several times brought to all fours. In certain lights the upper slope

has a peculiar striped appearance, over which we have puzzled ourselves to account for it and even with the assistance of field glasses have not been able to solve the mystery. He reports that it is caused by the cutting of the grass and gathering hay.

Half way up we see little chalets which are occupied during the summer by these haymakers and goat-herds, who come down during the long winter months to lower slopes.

We have made two excursions in the carriages which Wistar has hired to travel in through Switzerland.

Anne says she can endure such torture as she experienced in these drives into the mountains, only on the presumption that they are on the way *home*. Where the *pleasure* is to be found, she says, and she is truthful, she is at a loss to understand, and is slow to believe in its existence.

Just beside our hotel a torrent rushes out through a great gap in the mountain side and roars impetuously on toward the Rhine, which it falls into a short distance below.

The gate through which it emerges from the very bowels of the mountain is formed of two perpendicular rocks. As you enter into the defile it becomes a narrow chasm and the cliffs on either hand are higher and higher as you advance into the interior shades, till the light of the sun is wholly excluded even at high noon. At many places the rocks close over your head at the height of several hundred feet, as though some great arch had been rent by an earthquake and one buttress only was left to support it.

The carriage way lies on a road partly dug out of the side of the cliff and in other parts supported on brackets let into the rocks, or on wooden piers and stages, and runs at the height of an hundred feet above the level of the roaring torrent of the Tamina, which plunges from one leap to another over and around great masses of rock which it has wrenched from their attachments to the strata of which the enduring mountain is composed, vainly opposing its mad career, and whirled around them, and hurled them on with them in its rush, till it has worn deep holes in the solid walls, and rounded and polished them by its unceasing friction. White streaks of quartz run irregularly through the black limestone, and its zigzag lines break the monotony of the dismal scene. For three miles we followed the course of the stream or rather faced its fury, as we passed up the gorge. We reached at that point the place beyond which only pedestrians can penetrate and on foot, enter into a cleft in the rock so narrow that it is dark, and when one can venture to look up a mere fissure in the rocks, far above, shews that there is still light in the world outside, does not admit it within, to the gloom below, while trees fringing the margin of the opening look like lashes on eye-lids nearly closed.

Every thing around is awful. The roar of the water, scarce seen in the darkness beneath, and reverberated by the walls within which

it is confined, fills the soul with a sense of solemnity too impressive to admit a thought of dread.

Penetrating about 700 yards further we reach a fissure in the side of the chasm from which issues a stream of water at the temperature of 100° F. the vapour of which rises and escapes from the opening at the top of the mountain.

In our drive the next day the carriage stopped just below the line of snow, at this opening, and those who could looked down into the dark abyss.

Formerly invalids were lowered by ropes, through this opening to the baths below, which are now reached by the road we had followed yesterday.

I am sorry to find my sheet is filled as I would gladly describe to you our mountain drive. But I suppose we shall have others which will furnish equally interesting materials.

Love to dear Margaret and all around you, not forgetting poor Mary Ellen, in which Anne unites heartily.

Yours truly,

CASPAR MORRIS.

SPONDINIG, AUSTRIAN, TYROL, August 30.

My Dear Children :

Another day amid these wondrous scenes, and though those of this have differed greatly from any previous day's experience, it has not abated in the least my enthusiasm.

Ask Mr. and Mrs. Joshua H. Morris, or Dillwyn Wistar, or Mr. and Mrs. Clapp, all of whose names we found inscribed on the register at Finstermuntz (the last only a few days ago) and they will tell you that the grandeur of the scenery can not be surpassed.

I have, I know, expressed myself in similar terms at other times and of other places ; but this exceeds them all.

I wrote you yesterday that we had been above the snow, and had *seen snow*. To-day we have seen *mountains* of snow ; not patches here and there, but long ranges white as the untrodden field of Hohenlinden ; and when "the sun was low," and all the uncovered mountain side was thrown into shade, the snow-clad peaks looked lustrous in the lingering sunlight, still crowning them with its parting glory ; and now, as the full moon sheds on them its paler, but not less beautiful rays, it reflects the whiteness of the splendour of her "radiant orb" as we have so often seen it together on the fields and meadows covered with its mantle of dazzling whiteness, at home.

We have been wrapped all day, while sitting in the open carriages, in blanket shawls and carriage rugs, though the direct rays of the sun felt warm to those who were exposed to them while walking.

In the valleys through which we have passed the reapers were very busy gathering their scant harvest of golden grain, golden not only in its hue but equally in its inestimable value to these dwellers on the high places of the earth.

During the earlier part of the day the mountains were sterile and repulsive in their nakedness ; and the people were poor and beggars, and the houses very dirty. The descent to this place has led us through a more fertile section and a more attractive region. As we emerged from a defile near the top of the mountain a lovely little lake lay spread out at our feet, while beyond it the snowy range I have mentioned lifted its brow to the heavens.

Near Finstermuntz the Inn runs through a narrow defile between two ranges of terrific cliffs, along the face of one of which the road has been constructed partly by blasting through the side *for miles*, partly supported on terraces retained by thick strong walls of beautiful masonry, and partly carried through tunnels bored through the solid rock.

The Inn pours its rushing torrent hundreds of feet directly below the road at the one side, and the rocks tower as many hundreds of feet above, yet so wondrously well constructed is the road and so perfectly guarded by parapet walls of solid masonry at the most exposed points, and by well dressed monolithic posts at those where the descent is less precipitous, that there can be no reasonable grounds for fear of danger even to the most timid. Nervously apprehensive as I must plead guilty to being, I had no sensation of terror to mar the pleasure I enjoyed.

At Finstermuntz the hotel is perched on the very verge of the precipice which closes a ravine of great depth opening directly in front, and stretching away, away, far, far into the distance ; the lofty and precipitous sides of which are clothed with grand forests of Fir. We lunched and rested an hour or more there.

Soon after leaving it we reached the boundary between Austria and the German Empire, at which there was a terrible engagement between the Austrian and Bavarian troops. The spot is now marked by a very strong fortress which commands the pass.

We lodged last night at Landeck and were amused early in the morning by the sight of the flocks of goats descending from the Alp, on which they had been feeding, under the guidance of a boy.

On each goat there was a little bell, the tinkling of which as they trotted by made pleasant music by association in keeping with the surroundings. Three of the goats straggled off and leaped a stone wall into a cabbage garden. So soon as the boy saw their escapade *he whistled* and in a moment two of the marauders, like truant school-boys, jumped back again. The third was more tardy and at it he threw a stick which did not reach the pilferer, but made it jump out quickly.

We have since then seen large flocks of them and also herds of cattle, and though these have not been as fine specimens as many we had seen before, I will take the present opportunity to say to Cheston that if I were a breeder of fancy stock I certainly would import a pair of genuine Tyrolean cattle. It is evidently the source from which has been derived the Jersey stock, but these are much more beautiful and graceful than the purest specimens of the Jersey or Alderney breed I have ever seen. Some are nearly black, but more of a dun colour shading into black, with pretty little black horns which, as well as the ears, also small, are well set. The eyes are bright and have a gentle, almost a loving expression, and in the animals which have the dun colour are surrounded by a margin of black, gradually fading into the dun, like the fabled houris of the Mahomedan paradise. They have clean black muzzles, straight backs, and round bodies mounted on delicately shaped legs and clean feet. There are none of them mottled or of mixed colours. They are perfectly beautiful and as gentle and docile as beautiful. The milk we get is also very good.

In the villages through which we have driven to-day the stables occupy the ground floors of the houses so that the families not only share the same roof with the animals but can enter their own apartments only through those of the cattle; yet the front of these houses are often adorned with tolerably well executed pictures painted on the wall. All represent some sacred subject. At short distances at the roadside are niches—called “tabernacles”—elevated on posts, containing representations of the Propitiatory Sacrifice of our Lord on the cross; thus ever reminding the passing traveller of the debt we owe Him for our redemption. It is a solemn and impressive lesson, and I would fain hope has not been without its influence upon my own heart. For figures of the Virgin I have no toleration (the *worship* of the crucifix is also *idolatrous*) but the constant repetition of the story of *my sin and my Saviour* should humble me.

Your mother, though better than she was a day or so past, is still far from well and feels the fatigue of a drive in the carriage of forty-five miles per day, though we both think it more pleasant than the same number of hours passed on the railway.

We are to start again to-morrow at 6 A. M., so we must now retire. She has just folded up her knitting and is now fixing our travelling bags, ready for the early movement; she *will not* resign any of these cares to me.

BORMIO, ITALY, August 31st.

It is accomplished! You must never be astonished at anything you hear of our doing! A balloon ascension; climbing the royal mast of “some tall admiral”; nothing earthly can be more improbable than that your mother and I have traversed the “Stelvio Pass.” Nothing short of the power of *tyranny* determined to hold in subjection an unwill-

ing people, and sparing no expenditure of money or application of its force, could have conceived the construction of a road over such obstacles. They call it "a Pass!" It is rather an *impossible scramble over an impassable mountain*. It was made by Austria to facilitate the transfer of troops and military stores into the Venetian Provinces, conquered by her arms and held by that force alone.

At Trafoi, where we had stopped at midday to bait our horses—a mere roadside inn—I looked back and *down below* at what we had already done, (at the cost of much suffering to myself, and *indescribable misery* to your mother), and thought it was a wonderful feat! I looked *above* and saw the snow-clad peaks almost overhead; and, beguiled by that word "Pass," so deceptive to the innocent inexperienced traveller, (I understand its meaning now) said to your mother, "high as we are, and higher as we must yet go *these* will still tower above us." And so we started forward *in hope*, for she was suffering less than she had done during the morning, and I had given a half franc for a cup of milk to the woman at Trafoi, as we supposed the highest point at which fresh milk could be had, and putting some brandy from the flask which she has so long carried always in her bag without using it, she drank it while the horses were fed.

When the woman saw me add the brandy for the lady, I used up my little stock of German words in the phrase, "Madam sehr krank ist," she rolled out a volume of blessings or prayers, the spirit of which alone could be appreciated. So forward we fared; on, on, on, up, up, up, by dint of slow and toilsome effort of the six horses, past the region of trees first, and then leaving behind that of stunted shrubs. Happily your aunts, Hannah and Jane, who share the second carriage with us, were mounted on the seat outside, so that we were left to ourselves, and could try to comfort each other as best we might. Every now and then I would say to your mother, "there are cows and goats still higher than we, clinging to the mountain side like flies on a window pane."

At length we reached Franzenshöhe, a solitary house in ruins, but being rebuilt, having been burned by Garibaldi in one of his incursions into the Austrian territory, in his efforts to liberate Italy from the thralldom, so hateful to that people, and establish her national independence.

There we again rested our horses; your mother and I had feared they would give out. We went into the house which was built like a fortress and was designed to be one, and found several other parties there taking lunch. They were coming from the other way. I said loud enough for all to hear, "If ever a word expressive of ambition escapes my lips, whisper Stelvio; that will subdue me."

We waited an hour *now* in fearful apprehension, anticipating the resumption of the ascent by zigzag road over a part of which we had already passed in actual suffering of mind and body as the heavily laden carriages fairly groaned and seemed as though they would give

way under us. We looked down and back upon a panorama of cloud-girdled and snow-capped mountains through which we had already passed, and up and forward to a series of zigzags, gradually diminishing the distance between the turns as they got higher and higher, which we now saw we must encounter and with that feeling of determination which comes to one only in extremities, and which has in its composition, if any hope, only the faintest degree, took our seats in the carriage.

The length of each grade of the road diminished; the height of the almost perpendicular cliff at the upper side of the road and that of the wall which supported the next grade increased, till I can compare it to nothing but the steps around the outside of a square tower or campanile, and we heard from the slope above us the voice of little Holly, calling to sister Jane, "Aunty there are only *thirteen stories* more!" The comparison was a just one.

The distance between us and the ridge of mountain which rose on the opposite side of a valley filled with ice and snow, seemed reduced to almost nothing, and the gorge rose toward us, so that when we had our faces toward the summit, the height seemed lost; but when our course laid in the other direction and we approached the wall which guarded the turn, it was another sight. Down, down, down, and out into boundless space.

When the direct rays of the sun fell on us the heat was so scorching that the fable of Icarus might have had its origin in some such approach to the lord of day; and when a turn of the direction of the road removed us from that influence the chilled state of the atmosphere, caused by the vast accumulation of snow, afforded an apology for the rigor which shook our frames, though reason strove to banish fear.

There was indeed no rational cause for apprehension; the road was perfectly guarded against the remotest peril, was as safe as if it had lain along a level stretch, but every nerve was unstrung, and each groan of the loaded vehicle which twisted and *quirmed* under us, found a vibrating chord in our own frames; and when at some slight jolt it would yield more than usual, the sensation was as though the solid mountain itself were yielding beneath us.

At last we reached *the Summit!* a plateau on which were collected several carriages, with the tourists to whom they belonged, who had ascended from the Italian side.

An obelisk stood in the midst having inscribed on it the word "Confine" shewing us that we stood on the line which divides the Kingdom of Italy from the Empire of Austria.

Some of the party amused themselves with *snowballing*, at the highest point crossed by any road on the continent of Europe; while others, more ambitious, climbed the rocks to reach a yet higher elevation and enjoy a still wider range of view.

I was quite content with the height to which I had been *carried* with no aspirations after greater, and yielding to the impulse of the circumstances and the foolish thought that we had reached the end of our trial of nerve-force, raised my hat and saluted regenerated Italy with the cry "Long live Victor Emmanuel!"

Appearances are deceitful, especially to those who are ready to welcome hope. The Italian slope looked beautiful. No corkscrew stairs grinned at us, and our eyes, so long wearied by their endless gyrations as we ascended flight after flight, rested with delight on easy slopes, like meadows, carpeted with short and coarse grass, instead of the stunted mosses through which we had toiled up till even they had disappeared, and left no relief from the frowning rocks which skirted the latter part of the way. What vegetable life there was seemed not only stunted *but paled* by the altitude; the thistles, so long as there had been any, had *white leaves* except those nearest the surface; that hardy weed, the ox-eyed Daisy, which with us bears every thing and is so difficult to eradicate, dwarfed itself to the smallest proportions; and the Dandelion whose flower has been more golden than with us in the meads of the lower valleys, became so pale that it might be almost said to be white.

Well! without casting one last, one lingering, reluctant, look behind, we turned our aching backs on it all and with joyful hearts returned the cheerful smile with which Ausonia welcomed us to her border, which only less rugged as yet than that of her sterner neighbour, but enclosing a territory smiling, to our imagination, with myrtle trees and olive orchards and orange groves. Beguiled by such fancies, and the smoothness of the road, which was as perfect as it had been in the Austrian territory, having been made during the domination of that power, we went merrily down a gentle slope till we saw before us the grim jaws of an opening defile between towering cliffs of stratified limestone and then realized how baseless had been the vision of our hope; and that there were terrors before us which must be encountered in our descent, quite as appalling as any through which we had climbed hither. Our triumph had been as short-lived as it was premature.

Into the seeming abyss we plunged, and round curve after curve we were whirled till the steepness of the precipitous, cavernous, rocky, cliffs forbade this; and we were carried through gallery after gallery, built against the side of the defile, covered some times with stone arches, and at others with roofs of timber, to protect the passengers from the rocks falling from the heights above. Some of these were a quarter of a mile in length and each spanned a gulf into which the strongest headed and firmest hearted might shrink from looking down without incurring justly the charge of pusillanimity.

Beside, beneath, and before us, roared a torrent, whose foam to our terrified imagination might well represent that of some gaunt

beast whose jaws were stretched to devour all who should madly venture into his domain. It was down, down, without any pause, while as we turned our eyes upward for relief it looked as I suppose may do the lofty cliffs of the valley of the Yosemite, and domes and arches in the rocks lent their aid to the illusion. Not a tree or shrub not even the humblest manifestation of life presented itself to our relief.

About half way down the narrowest part of the defile, an endless chain started from a point over our heads in the rock near the summit, on the side along which the road was thus constructed, and swung across to the other side where it was also fastened to the rock. We were told it had been used in time of the arrangements for construction of the road, to convey the materials used from that side of the chasm to this.

At length we reached the bottom (as we then thought) and there found our place of rest for the night, Bormio, now a favourite watering place, on the site of old Roman baths.

Everything conspired to render it beautiful in our eyes, and comfortable for our bodies, wearied, and exhausted by the fatigues and anxieties of the last three days; particularly to your mother and myself, not only because we can find no pleasure in such experiences to balance the toil, but from thankfulness that she was better than when we started in the morning from Sondrio, when she was suffering from an attack of acute disease which rendered travelling especially inconvenient, so much so that we had begged to be left there, destitute as was the Hotel of any attraction for those in health, and of conveniences for the sick. In the evening I had ascertained that there was a woman in the vicinity who had passed some years in the United States, and spoke English, whom I could get to wait on your mother. Cervetto said she was "no good," and we were compelled to make the best of the case and travel on.

September 1st.

We started early this morning, thinking we had only to go a short distance before entering on those Ausonian plains which give so musical a rhythm to the idea we entertain of Italian scenery. *We had passed over the highest road in Europe*, the summit of the "Pass" being nearly 10,000 feet above the sea level and had ascended more than 6000 feet—that is a mile and nearly a furlong in perpendicular height—during the morning.

I am now writing at noon while the horses are baiting at an hostelry on the banks of the Adda.

The temperature is that of the hottest August day with us (or more properly with you at home) and we have just eaten some of the most luscious grapes I ever tasted, freshly plucked from the vineyards in the neighbourhood.

Bormio, where we slept last night, lies in a deep valley among the rugged hills which cluster around the base of the mountain we had crossed, and is celebrated for its hot springs, known to and frequented by the bath-loving Romans.

There are old buildings, but they cannot date further back than mediæval times though there have been undoubtedly from the time of the Emperors some accommodations for the invalids and pleasure seekers, who came here from Gaul if not from the Imperial city itself. The modern accommodations for them and for travellers over the Stelvio are good. The softness and purity of the water is delightful, and I revelled in a large deep bath lined with white tiles, the clearness of the water and the whiteness of the receptacle making one's body appear lustrous as it floated in it. As I looked out of my window in the early morning I saw great flocks of sheep driven successively into a pool beneath it, in which they were washed. I was told the animals enjoy it and that it is repeated daily in the pool, through which the water flows after having supplied the baths of the establishment. The first part of our course this morning lay through high mountain valleys, the soil of which is extremely poor and the inhabitants of course poor also. They cluster in small collections of wretched looking houses, each a fortress, but resembling rather a prison, having narrow loopholes in the walls, and even these protected by iron gratings through which to shoot at an approaching enemy.

The inhabitants of the vicinity of Bormio are evidently descended from some Legion of Britons or Saxons stationed here in the days when these outposts of her empire were thus guarded by Imperial Rome. In the midst of the dark complexion of the other inhabitants of the valleys around them, and subject to the same climatic influences, they still retain the fair complexion and light hair and eyes which belong to those northern races. All the surroundings of Bormio were beautiful and attractive. As we have come down the valley the nature of the products, and the character of the cultivation have changed perpetually and steadily improved. On the hillsides of the upper valleys the extensive Chestnut orchards furnished an abundant supply of that favorite food of the Italian peasantry, supplemented by many noble (English) Walnut trees. Maize of stunted size, and buckwheat, which on the contrary has been very heavy, were the prevailing crops of tillage in the upper valleys; and here the Maize is ripe and yields a very fair return.

The number of Mulberry trees shews that silk culture is one of the principal industries; and extensive vineyards of both white and purple grapes prove that we have entered the wine districts.

Your mother is much better to-day but your aunt Hannah has either taken cold or drunk water which has disagreed with her or is suffering from the repression of her feelings on the Stelvio, and has been lying down all the time we have been resting here.

The Adda, with which I first formed an acquaintance on the map which adorned the wall of our school-room at Green-hill farm, in my child-hood, and of which the name somehow caught my childish fancy and fixed it in my memory, here flows with rapid current beneath the window of the room in which I am writing. Its appearance is that of *dirty soapsuds*, and its sound deafening. Little did I then anticipate so near an acquaintance with its flood. But we are about to start for Sondrio and I must lay aside my pen.

COLICO, LAKE COMO, September 2nd; noon.

Since the last date we have passed through the most unattractive district we have yet seen. I may be justified in going further and saying the most *disgusting*.

The heat has been as intense as that of the hot spell of September in Maryland, and the country as manifestly *malarious*.

The people stunted in stature, sallow in complexion, *goitrous*, and looking old at the age of thirty years. The animals looking as badly as the human beings and the dwellings, which are shared by them, such as we would not appropriate to beasts for which we had any regard on account of their value or from our affection. They are it is true built of stone and therefore have an air of durability, having massive walls, pierced by small narrow windows in the lower stories, and larger in the second, in both guarded by gratings of strong iron bars, while the upper story is an open loft in which is stored the twigs of trees as provender for the cattle during the winter; and small faggots of sticks for fire wood for the family.

Every thing one sees indicates the oppression under which the people have so long groaned, and the bondage of the superstition in which they are held spiritually by the Church of Rome.

As we passed, we saw near Morbegno a large shrine or chapel by the road-side *adorned* with a collection of human bones (skulls and other bones) and the guide-book informs us that in this place there is a church most elaborately ornamented with such emblems of mortality. The place itself looks *mortal* enough, without any such "memento mori."

I do not retract any thing I have written about the pass over the Stelvio; either in praise of the grandeur and sublimity, or in describing its terrors for your dear mother and myself; and I had deliberately proposed to your uncle Wistar that we should make arrangements for your mother and me to rest at Bellagio on this side of the Alps, to which they will of necessity return after their tour through Switzerland, and had authorized Cervetto (our admirable courier) to carry out this plan. The wretchedness and squalor through which we have traveled to-day has robbed the Splügen of its terrors even for your mother. It is simply indescribably distressing and in some of its features disgusting.

Of this however, I have already said more than enough.

It would seem impossible that the great cargoes of bales of rags which we see so frequently landed on the wharves of the Schuylkill from Italian vessels, can come from that kingdom ; there could not in that case be so many still left here on the backs of the people.

I have heard of persons who did not know whether they had ever had a grandfather. *These do.* They have more quarterings than the proudest noble who boasts of heraldic eminence if they fail to *shew as many coats of arms*, such as would be recognized by the College. They bear about with and upon them, daily, the rags of at least seven generations patched together into garments to be worn by the present, if not transmitted to the next.

Cervetto, by the way, says that he bought for Mr. Jessup, with whom he was then travelling as courier, two hundred thousand dollars worth of rags ; and when they were examined the bales were found to be marked with the initials of the firm, having already made one voyage across the Atlantic and back on account of some change in their value in the market. But I shall have further opportunities to take up the subject of Italy. We hope to receive our letters this evening. I made them all laugh heartily just now, by calling them to look at the *Blue (?)* colour of the water of Como, and pointing to some houses on the opposite shore (this is the head of the lake and it is very narrow, and dirty looking with the mud brought down by the mountain stream), called them *Isola Bella*. Tell Mr. Bohlen I shall estimate still more highly that beautiful picture of his I have so much admired, now that I have seen Como for myself. The *imagination* of the artist was of the highest degree.

Your mother and aunt are both better, but neither of them well.

Your loving father

CASPAR MORRIS.

CHIAVENNA, September 2, 1871.

My Dear Children :

We lodged last night at that miserable Colico at the head of Lake Como from which my last was dated, leaving there early this morning for this place which is at the foot of the Splügen Pass on the Italian side.

We have had the most fatiguing day we have yet endured, though the distance has not been so great as some others and the road nearly level.

The heat has been intense, the dust oppressive, the people wretched looking, and the houses, whether standing isolated or collected in small groups, indescribably miserable.

As I mentioned in my last the people here appear lower in the grade of human beings than I had ever conceived of; lower than the most degraded dweller in the bogs of Ireland.

As we drove through the town of Morbegno, the streets of which are so narrow that it seemed impossible to pass without the wheels passing over the feet of the people at their doors, we found almost the entire population of the adjacent country collected, exchanging the products of the sterile country, as it was market day. We had passed the poor creatures on the road; some leading a single goat or sheep or carrying a pair of fowls; some nothing more than a small bunch of willow wands for the basket maker.

We saw women staggering under great baskets of faggots, and what was still worse bending under conical baskets rising above their heads and strapped on their shoulders and supported below by their hands, filled with manure; regular beasts of burden. One lazy fellow was lying fast asleep on a sort of cart drawn by two oxen, while his wife walked beside the beasts.

The only animals we saw were a few pigs, and sheep and goats and cows, all as stunted and poor as the people themselves.

The houses are built of stone it is true, but very roughly, with little or no mortar, and less skill of the mason than is shewn in the construction of our commonest stone fences.

Woodwork there is little; certainly none which could claim the name of carpenter's work. They were destitute of paint, and the slates, or more frequently flat stones, of which the roof was formed were kept in place by large stones laid upon them.

As I mentioned yesterday, the lower story is given to the cattle and all access is through these; the second is occupied by the family and the third left open to receive the provender of the animals.

Some of the sides of the hills were so sterile that nothing would grow upon them, while some had little patches of vineyard, the supporting walls of the terraces occupying, apparently, as much space as the patch of soil in which the vine was planted; with a building propped on the wall here and there looking like a pigsty. It was the lodge of the watchman, and I could not but think it was from such husbandmen our Lord drew the lesson of the parable of those who not only refused to render the fruit in the season, but conspired together, and said "this is the heir, come let us kill him and the inheritance shall be ours."

It was the act of just such stolid ignorance as must exist here. Wickedness enough to rebel against his authority and to refuse to render him what is due may be found associated with the noblest endowments and the highest culture, and such poor ignorant creatures dwelling on a sterile soil and oppressed by a grinding tyranny and held in the thralldom of a benighting superstition, will have less to be responsible for than we whose souls are lighted with wisdom from on high.

CHIAVENNA, Tuesday, September 5th.

We arrived here on Saturday, and when the evening of the Lord's day came, finding even after the rest of the day that she was not in a condition to start in the morning to encounter the fatigue of body, and exhausting influence of the mental strain which was inevitable, if we continued with the party, your mother decided that it would be better for them, as well as ourselves, that we should not venture on the Splügen Pass with the "Via Mala," and the necessary return over the Simplon some weeks hence, and we determined to remain on this side of the Alps now that we are here, and allow those who anticipate finding great delight among the awful scenes of grandeur in Switzerland, to pursue their pleasure untrammelled by our fears.

They left us, according to our wishes, with great reluctance on their part, and we spent yesterday very busily occupied in unpacking our trunks and reversing the arrangements of our clothing, the warm garments having been put at top in readiness for the cold of the mountains and the lighter raiment at the bottom out of the way.

When they left us it was with the expectation we would remain here for some time at least, as, being on the highway of travel into Italy over the Splügen, it is much frequented by English and American tourists, and we should not feel so much like exiles as at places less frequented by them; and one of the chief waiters speaks good English.

We find, however, that it is a very hot place, a contracted valley surrounded by mountains which shut out the breezes, and your mother has not recovered the strength she had gained before, and lost from the depressing effects of the alarms of the last week.

We shall probably go to the shores of Lago Maggiore and wait there at the Italian terminus of the road over the Simplon, for the return to this side of the Alps of your uncle and aunts, unless we find as we go thither that the air of Cadenabbia or Bellagio, or some other point on Lake Como, is sufficiently refreshing. Here there is nothing to interest us in the views, which are bounded by *sterile* mountains, and neither drives nor walks to diversify the monotony of existence, and divert our feelings from the thought of those we so love and from whom we are separated so needlessly, if we are to continue here.

We now regret very much that we allowed our sympathy for your aunts Hannah and Jane and your uncle W. to overcome our judgment that it would be best, and our consequent desire to be left at Ragatz, from which we could have gone by rail to Interlachen, or Geneva, and there have joined them.

We *urged* it, but found it would defeat all the plans of your uncle, adopted after much and laborious investigation and consultation with the courier, and reference to the guide books and maps, and they had engaged carriages to meet us there and convey us by this route. *We* had not the most remote idea that it would carry us over the Stelvio or

bring us to the Italian side of the mountains. I have sedulously refrained from entering into the consultations because I can add nothing to the stock of knowledge of localities; and an ignorant member of a conference only gives trouble without adding any weight. If we had known what we now do we should have, perhaps, been more positive. As it now is we shall miss entirely all the glories of Swiss scenery and what is more important, the bracing influence of cool mountain air which was very desirable for both of us and shall not get to Geneva nor Chamouni, nor gaze even in the distance on the majesty of Mont Blanc.

But we may well rest content and be thankful for all that we have enjoyed and hope for more yet to come.

There is the ruin of an old castle in view from our window just across a small open unadorned "Place" upon which opens, through an arch-way, the court of the Hotel. On another side of this there is a large monastery, a quadrangular building presenting only dead blank walls to the outer world, but enclosing a considerable space as an interior court on which open the doors and windows of the cells of the monks; and a mortuary Chapel.

There are four entrances, one at each corner of the Quadrangle. The tedium of our stay was broken yesterday, one can not say relieved, by a spectacle novel to our eyes.

Our attention was excited by the sound of what appeared to us to be a solemn dirge; and going to our window we saw a procession emerge from one of the doors in the enclosure of the monastery. First came a man in white robes with a scarlet cape, bearing a crucifix, followed by a large number of women with black veils thrown over their heads, but no other peculiarity of costume, chanting a Latin hymn. They were followed by a company of Priests, clad in white robes and scarlet capes like the leader, and boys bearing banners, and then another company of Priests with blue capes; then a host of begging Friars, with brown cassocks, each girded with a rope, and bare head and feet, the most squalid, filthy, forlorn looking objects one can conceive of in human form. These were followed by another detachment of men and boys. It was a wretched spectacle of ignorant superstition.

In the cool of the evening we walked in the enclosure. It contains cloisters and a Campanile or bell-tower from which the sound of "the passing bell" has been tolling often during the day, telling of the parting of the soul of some one of our brothers in Adam. To add to the depressing influence of this mournful sound we found in one of the corridors, two rooms about fourteen feet square each having an elaborately wrought iron door of open work so as best to display the ghastly contents, which consisted of human skulls and other bones arranged in symmetrical figures against the walls. Some of the skulls had labels attached to them bearing the name of a Saint, and on others there were caps which indicated their social rank.

In the walls of the cloisters were many tablets of black marble bearing inscriptions of the names of those who were interred near by. Crossing the court, we went out by a door in the corner opposite to that by which we had entered, and found near it a shrine to the Virgin in a niche in the wall, in which a lamp is kept constantly burning before her effigy, which was surrounded with wreaths of artificial flowers, while bouquets of fresh Queen Marguerites in vases standing before it, proved that recent worshippers had left their tribute.

Near by a black stone, having an appropriate hole in it, bore an inscription soliciting alms for the poor.

In front of the cabinets of human bones, boxes were placed having inscriptions begging for contributions for masses for the benefit of the souls in Purgatory.

The people here are less repulsive looking than those in the valley through which we had passed on our road from Sondrio, but they are still a stunted race looking like dwarfs, and many, both men and women, are goitrous. The children are rickety. Altogether our feelings of thankfulness that your lot has not fallen in this land are strong.

We hope to find more that is agreeable to our feelings at Cadenabbia which the Guide books praise as a most attractive spot. If we do not we shall try to make our way to Lago Maggiore, and so to some cooler spot near the end of the Simplon, and there await the arrival of our party on their way to Milan.

We fear we shall be a long time without any letters from home, as they must all first go to your uncle before they are forwarded to us, and we find this apprehension a great trial to us. I feel as deeply as your mother the distress of the Stelvio. We had not designed to cross the Alps more than the once which we knew was necessary to effect our purpose of getting to Rome and Italy; and for that purpose to select for ourselves the least appalling Pass. Our intention, as you all know, was to rest on the northern side at Geneva or Lausanne or in the neighbourhood.

Our Moon's daily text book has for to-day the question, "What is thy reward?" and for answer "Fear not. I am thy shield and exceeding great reward. Love ye your enemies, and do good and lend, hoping for nothing again, and your reward shall be great, and ye shall be called the children of the Highest, for He is kind to the unthankful and to the evil."

May He increase our faith, and make us partakers with them who inherit the promises. I sometimes fear lest in the excitement of pleasure I may have written something which would lead you to think I am less firmly settled in the *simplicity* of the gospel of Christ. There is none other name given under heaven among men whereby we may be saved.

"Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

Your loving father

CASPAR MORRIS.

CHIAVENNA, Italy, September 3, 1871.

My Dear Mrs. Cope :

Another Lord's day finds us cut off from the privilege of public worship and Common Prayer, but not, I trust, excluded from the "true sanctuary which the Lord hath pitched, and not man," nor beyond the advocacy of the Great High Priest who ever liveth to make intercession *for us*, though those by whom we are here surrounded, and whose bells summoning her faithful children to their worship are now sounding *sweetly* in our ears, have excommunicated us—cast us out—because we will not render to her whom yet we delight with all generations to called blessed *among*, not *above* women, that homage which is due *only* to the Triune God, nor recognize the blasphemous assumption of power to renew perpetually that sacrifice which was made "*once* for all" when Jesus made himself a sacrifice for our sins.

Since I last wrote you we have seen much, enjoyed much, and suffered greatly.

Our course of travel has led us through the Austrian Tyrol into Italy, and we are now once more on the borders of Switzerland, which (D. V.) we hope to enter to-morrow.

Anne has been quite sick but has recovered. One night I felt very anxious about her, and in the morning told Cervetto he must make arrangements for us to remain where we were till she was relieved. This was at Spondinig, a frontier village in the midst of the mountains. He replied that it was simply impossible. That we could not divide the party; all must go on together or all stop! and that there were no suitable accommodations for our stay, or for the nursing of the sick, and that that day's journey would carry us to a much more appropriate place, if it should be necessary to rest.

So with many misgivings and in utter ignorance of what was before us, we took our places in the carriages, which happily are very easy ones, Anne unable to sit erect and under the depressing influence of opium and blue mass and camphor, which she had been taking at intervals through the previous day and night, and unable to take any nourishment except a very little milk and brandy.

If you have ever read or heard any description of the Stelvio Pass, which lies over the highest point above the level of the sea of any road in Europe, you may form some conception of what *we* endured who had positively determined before starting that nothing should induce us to cross any mountain but the one which must of necessity be crossed on our way from the north to the south of the continent, and if possible to go around that.

God was very gracious to us. I make no boast of freedom from fear. It was an *awful* day, but the sense of gratitude for Anne's hourly improvement notwithstanding the unpropitious circumstances, served to balance our souls and strengthen our hearts, and a good night's rest at Bormio which we reached early in the evening, made us quite happy again.

Bormio is a celebrated bathing resort, and has been since the times of Roman conquest. There is a very abundant stream of pure water which springs from the mountain side at the temperature of 120 F. From there we came to this place by a journey of two days stopping at Sondrio.

While at Bormio I proposed to my brother that Anne and I should remain on this side of the Alps, as we have crossed them, and allow them to take their full satisfaction of the mountains unchecked by our unmanly fears, and meet them at Milan or Florence.

But our experience during the last two days of the heat of the Italian summer, and the wretchedness and *squalor* of the people, have stripped of their terror even the Splugen and Via Mala. I have encountered misery in our own abodes of poverty and vice, and saw it in its most repulsive forms thirty-five years ago in the wretched purlieus of the large manufacturing towns of England, when I found the contrast between the luxurious display of affluence on the one hand, and of beggarly want on the other was so painful that I decided that no degree of comfort attainable by myself could reconcile me to living there, but never did I conceive of such universal miserable poverty as we encounter here without any alleviating concomitant. Men, women and beasts are all equally stunted in their physical development and are all sheltered under the same roof.

While in the Tyrol there was much to sadden us in the superstition which places the Virgin and saints between themselves and Him who teaches that Noah, Job, and Daniel can save but their *own* souls, there was a predominance, in the shrines at the roadside, of the representation of the one sacrifice for sin, which encouraged the hope that the trust of the simple ignorant people is in the one Mediator between God and man. Thus far we have seen nothing here in Italy which has a tendency to elevate or purify.

Pictures of the Virgin and Child and of saints, and shrines at the roadside filled with human skulls and bones, tell of a superstition almost as dark and debasing as Fetich worship. Goitrous necks, shrivelled countenances, ragged clothing, and miserable dwellings shared with the cattle and affording but imperfect shelter to man or beast; iron bars and gratings to every window proclaiming the prevalence of violence and plunder, the apprehension of which must paralyze every effort to improve their condition, and develop every evil passion, form in combination a picture which once seen can never be forgotten, and which I wish I had never seen.

Great cause have we to be thankful that our lot was cast for us amid better auspices, and having food and raiment we may therewith be content, when we think of such scenes as we have been passing through these last two days, nay more than content.

As we yesterday rode down the bank of the Adda toward the head of Lake Como into which it flows, and saw the mountain sides terraced

for vineyards, the terraces formed by stone walls of the rudest construction, enclosing and supporting spaces of earth whose area was apparently not much larger than that occupied by the retaining wall, very many of them having small stone hovels perched on the wall, my mind reverted to the parable of our Lord, of the husbandmen who refused the fruit of the vineyard to its owner and killed the heir, that the inheritance might be theirs.

Such brutality is what might be looked for from the ignorance of such as these husbandmen. The prophets have other parables drawn from the same line of observation, of well enclosed vineyards in fruitful soil, figures of God's love for his people and watchful care over them, and of their unprofitable returns at the best, and ungrateful disregard of his right to the first fruits.

We may thus find lessons suited to every condition at the roadside of life, if we are but ready to take the instruction; may God's good Spirit give us wisdom and understanding to profit by them.

We are here on the great high road from England to Milan by the Splügen Pass, and Diligences and Voitures filled with English people, are coming and going hourly. We are resting the Sabbath-day, and I hope may find comfort to both body and soul.

I did not observe how much of the soil of travel attached itself to this sheet, so fair when you first gave it to me, till I turned it over after having written on the first page.

Our trunks have been out of reach and we have been carrying everything we required for daily use, writing paper of course included, in our hand-bags and the dust has permeated everything. The heat has been intense, the drought extreme, and of course the roads very dusty. I remarked yesterday, that we were living statues; we were covered thickly on the outside with finely pulverized limestone, and of course as thickly coated with it within. When we opened our trunks, which had been protected by heavy canvas covers, it had sifted into them.

The transfer to the southern side of the mountains has given us the opportunity to taste the Figs and Grapes of Italy, and Tomatoes, which has been a very pleasant change.

The rooms we occupy here open on a very pretty garden in which we recognize, among other plants of hot climates, the beautiful Mimosa with which we have been so long familiar at Ivy Neck, the most northern point at which it can survive the cold of winter—the Pampas-grass of our own lawns, the Magnolia Grandiflora, next to the Live Oak the pride of our Southern States, Rhododendrons, Persian Lilacs, and other familiar plants, mingled with others equally beautiful and new to us.

The Peaches on the table remind us the same fruit at home, which we suppose you are now enjoying, but as we learn by our letters from Ivy Neck at a price which yields no compensation to the producer for the toil and outlay.

BELLAGIO, on Lake Como, Sept. 7, 1871.

My Dear Gallo-way :

No proverb of human wisdom bought by human experience has in it more truth than "L'homme propose : Dieu dispose," and no doctrine of inspiration is more comforting than the corresponding declaration of the Word of God, "It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps," taken together with the assurance that "A good man's ways are ordered of the Lord."

Certainly when we are taught by the same authority, that "there is none that doeth good, no not one," it is not designed to mock us by proving that no one can claim the fulfilment of the promise or enjoy its comfort. There must be a sense in which some may plead its fulfilment; and the whole tenor of the gospel teaching is to lead us to seek for such living faith in Jesus that we being found in him, not having our own righteousness which is of the law, but "that which is of God by faith" may have hope. This is no mere unmeaning dissertation, but has intimate relations with our present position, and is the only foundation of our present comfort.

You know Anne and I were determined not to subject ourselves to all the fatigue of travel and exertion which would give pleasure to the younger and more adventurous members of our party. It was our design to stop at Lucerne, or Interlaken, or Geneva (one or all), while they made excursions over passes of Switzerland or into the mountainous regions, in the hope of which they found great delight, while the chief pleasure we anticipated for the summer was to be found in those places.

We have been hurried on through Germany, as you will have learned from our previous letters, with perpetually changing plans for daily movements, though keeping ever before us the general purpose of being in Switzerland during the present month and crossing over the Simplon into Italy in October.

This frequent change of daily route was inevitable; arising from the unexpected incidents of travel, and especially from the information received of the crowded condition of the more frequented routes, to which I have already alluded.

Anne and I felt that we had come for Wistar's benefit, and that he had enough to contend with, without increasing his difficulties by any interference on our part with his plans further than by frequently reminding him of the condition on which we came, that we should not be obliged to accompany them over mountain passes.

We were therefore taken wholly by surprise when we found ourselves on the heights of the Stelvio with no alternative but to surmount them and descend to this side, while it was his intention to return over the Splügen into the heart of the Alps, traverse the passes through Switzerland and then come back into Italy over the Simplon.

These passes are all, it is true, made by good and safe roads in carriages ; and with no discomfort to most, and it is said by many with great pleasure, and by some even with delight.

It could not be without actual distress to Anne and myself. We had endured the Stelvio, supposing that was all ; but when we found to continue with them involved two more, we decided rather to abandon the pleasure we had anticipated at Geneva and Chamouni, and remain on this side.

I have thought it due to you and to ourselves thus to explain to you the circumstances which have led to our being here, separated from brother Wistar and Sisters.

I do not remember when I last wrote to you and cannot therefore take up the thread of my narrative where I laid it down. Anne has been quite sick with diarrhœa caused probably in the first instance by the agitation and terror in the mountain drives about Ragatz. She was then so unwell that we *desired* to be left behind there, as from that place we could have joined them at Lucerne by Rail. Wistar had however made his arrangements, and had hired two carriages and four horses for each for a month. We begged them to leave us, but while Anne spoke of her suffering from the mountain passes in very strong terms, she concealed her bodily disease as much as possible, and they none of them realized how unfit she was to travel, and did not give full credit to the extent or degree of her mental distress. They were also unwilling to leave her, sick ; so Anne made a great effort and we accompanied them, rather than detain them, as each day was important for accomplishing the objects in view before the time we must be in Egypt to enable us to start at the proper stage of the Nile overflow to ascend the river.

So we came on with them. The night before we entered on the ascent to the Stelvio Pass, Anne was frequently disturbed and obliged to have recourse to blue mass and opium, and brandy, and milk, repeatedly ; and though the place at which we had stopped was very uncomfortable for even those in health—we had slept between sheets of hempen stuff almost as coarse as good salt sacks—I had told the courier when I first saw him in the morning that it would be impossible for us to move that day, and as we had heard there was a woman in the vicinity who had passed some years in some part of the United States, I proposed that we should employ her to act for us as interpreter and that the rest of them should go on and leave us till the violence of the attack should subside. There were objections apparently insuperable to either their going on and leaving us, or remaining with us.

The courier did not tell us what we should encounter in the course of the day's journey, but assured us that it would bring us to a much better place at which we could rest comfortably, if we could only hold out another day.

I can never be thankful enough for the mercies of that day, the incidents of which I can better exhibit to you when we meet, if we are permitted to do so.

(Note.—As now (August, 1882) I look back at the incidents of that morning, I am filled with admiration of the surprising calmness and self-possession of your mother, and with adoring thankfulness for the Divine support which strengthened her in the severe trial to which she was subjected; more severe to her than can be conceived by any but those who knew, as I know, her extreme sensitiveness.

What the courier told us was true. The place at which we were had no suitable accommodations, and that at the end of the day's journey was a much frequented bathing place where every thing was at our command. But he did not (very happily for us) describe the terrors through which we must pass to arrive there. It was in Italy on the other side of the Alps from us, and the heights must be scaled, and the descent effected before we could reach the desired haven.)

I believe I have alluded to the wonderful engineering skill displayed in the construction of the road by which we have travelled. It could never have been projected or made by any power less than the despotism of Austria, determined to hold at any and every cost her conquered Italian Provinces.

On our way here we have passed through one corner of those Provinces. Nothing can exceed the squalor and misery we have seen since leaving Bormio and descending the Adda to the head of Lake Como. You have "The Innocents Abroad." Read that part which has reference to Italy; it is not any too strong in its description of Italian wretchedness as we have seen it on our way to this place. Here everything is changed and we find ourselves in the midst of elegance, and partaking of every comfort which can be desired or even conceived.

The beauty of this Lake and its surroundings is almost proverbial. Poor David Scull charged us not to omit to visit it, and named Monte Generoso as especially an attractive point.

We are so delighted with our experience here as confirming his taste and judgment that we shall go there, as it is accessible from this place—indeed I believe we see its towering height in sight. But then it must be *clomb*.

The lake lies embosomed in mountains of varying height, but all pressing as though to see their reflected images in the mirror of its incomparable clear water, with its dark blue reflection of the wondrous empyrean arch which rises above. Between these mountains are narrow and more or less rugged ravines descending to the margin at short intervals, in each of which may be found invariably a picturesque village as seen from the lake, with their church towers, and campaniles, and often we hear the sweet bells. At some points the cliffs rise precipitously from the shore, and are crowned by a monastery or a church;

while beautiful villas surrounded by elegant grounds and gardens skirt the margin. There are also more imposing structures, the resort of Royalty and the higher nobles during the winter months, when it is quite common for Russian and German princes to avoid the rigors of their more inhospitable climes by a temporary sojourn here. Even in the times of the Romans it was a favourite resort of the wealthy and pleasure-seeking citizens of the "Mistress of the World," as well as those of highest culture and taste, and purest character. We are shown an island, the site of Pliny's villa, beautifully situated in the midst of the Lake, and commanding fine views on every side. I do not wonder at their taste.

I wish you could see the Oleander trees, not shrubs or bushes as they are with us, under the best culture, but trees with good round heads of rich green foliage, crowned with such masses of crimson flowers, each in itself an object of admiration and each division of a bunch as large as one of the finest clusters I ever saw before, and each bunch as large as my head.

Just beside the hotel on our way to the town there is a wall about eight or ten feet in height, behind which is a hedge of oleanders, the flowers of which hang over the top in clusters as numerous as those of the roses in your hedge at the season of its greatest profusion.

We are lodged at the Hotel Grande Bretagne, which is a very extensive one, standing on the margin of the Lake having only a neatly planted shrubbery, quite narrow, intervening between its front and the water. Our chamber is a large one on the second floor—here they call it the first—with the windows opening to the floor on a balcony, which overlooks the Lake and has a most gloriously beautiful view of the opposite shore, with its shelving mountain barriers, clothed with the most varied hues of rocks and mosses and herbage, while Cadenablia, one of the most favourite resorts of tourists, spreads along the shore its hotels and villas and gardens.

Our chamber is furnished in the most luxurious style, not only with every convenience, but with fine oil paintings and immense mirrors. The reading room is at the end of a corridor on the same floor, and is palatial in size and furniture, and well supplied not only with the daily English newspapers and magazines, but liberally furnished with good standard works in French and English.

We never weary of admiring, nor of expressing to each other our admiration of the views from the windows over the lake. The colour of the water—an indescribable blue—the various and ever varying hues of the opposite mountains, the unceasing mutation of light and shade are all entirely new and indescribably beautiful. If we had seen them first on canvas, we should have said at least that they were exaggerated if not unnatural and impossible; and yet they are perfectly harmonious.

The *table d'hôte* is the best I ever sat to in quality of food, abundance of supply and character of dressing; and the charges much less than with us at home: Our dinners of five or six courses are charged at only Five Francs each, but little more than one would be compelled to pay for one of the unsavoury and illy-served meals on board the steamboat to West River, which nothing but the craving of hunger or sense of exhaustion could induce you to swallow.

By way of occupying my time I have engaged a teacher of Italian; and we design daily excursions to points of interest or beauty on this Lake, or Lago Maggiore.

You will excuse this narrative, so purely personal in its detail, and accept the assurance of our unabated love and interest in the welfare of dear Margaret and yourself. We fear we are cut off from our letters for some weeks, but endeavour to commit ourselves and all dear to us into the hands of our Heavenly Father. May we have better ground for feeling Him such than they who once said, "One is our Father, even God," though they crucified His Son.

Yours truly,

CASPAR MORRIS.

BELLAGIO, Lake Como, September 7, 1871.

My Dear Children:

We are here amid every thing that is beautiful and grand, and I was about to add comfortable, but my heart refused to endorse the word. There is more *comfort in home* and the companionship of those we love and who love us as you do, than in grand apartments, attentive servants, good *table d'hôte*, and the numberless other conveniences which we have here, and which money buys; which are essential to *mere bodily* comfort, but do not touch the inner shrine of the affections, in which the true and holy comfort dwells.

We reached here yesterday P. M. having left Chiavenna by "extra Post" at 11 A. M. for Colico at the head of Lake Como, where we embarked on a steamer which leaves that place daily to carry passengers to the town of the same name as the lake, which lies at the other end, and is connected with Milan and Venice by a railroad.

We had passed through Colico, some days previously while still with your uncle on our way from Bormio on the Stelvio pass, by which we had come into Italy, to Chiavenna at the Italian terminus of the Splugen, over which they returned into Switzerland; very reluctant to leave us behind. They were anticipating great delight from the mountain drives and had no shrinking from the passes, which to your mother and myself were only terrors.

Our experience on the Stelvio had only served to confirm our apprehension that we could not endure the distress they would give

us, even though confidently assured by our own reason that with such roads there could be no more danger than in common travel. The overpowering heat, the wretchedness of the people, the manifestations of the degrading influence of superstition which presented themselves at every turn with most forbidding obtrusiveness, the fatigue of two days' travel in the dust and heat, and the miserable accommodation at Colico, which appeared to be the appropriate chief town of the wretched district, all combined to make us anxious to avoid if possible the separation from our family, and despite the remembrance of our recent sufferings on the Stelvio, when we reached Chiavenna we determined to persevere.

It had been our intention to separate from them on the northern side of the Alps in some cool place, as Geneva or Lucerne, and to remain there quietly recruiting strength and *resting*, of which we felt the need (your mother especially) while the others made the tour of Switzerland. But we had crossed the Stelvio into Italy and warm weather, without knowing we were doing so.

I have always shrunk from asking about your uncle's plans for two reasons. First, because he has so many wishes to gratify that I could not bring myself to add to his cares by any expression of wishes, or suggestion of plans on our account.

And secondly, because he changes them frequently, so that when we have been told on separating at night what was designed for the next day, there was no certainty that it might not be changed before the hour for starting arrived. I merely stipulated that we should not be carried unadvisedly into any position which would cut us off from our rest and oblige us to encounter mountain passes.

If I had studied out our course on the maps, as I might and should have done, I might *perhaps* have been wiser and have done better. But I acted as I did from the simple and single-hearted desire to avoid every thing which could embarrass the freedom of his movements, more than they were already by other influences than our wishes; which he was ever only too ready to gratify. The result has been to cut us off from that part of our European tour from which I had hoped for the most benefit to your mother and the highest gratification for myself. We shall return home without having visited Switzerland, and must be content with the Alpine grandeur of the Tyrol, which has given us so much delight (as you will judge from some of my previous letters), that we ought to be not merely content but very grateful for the opportunity your uncle has given us of seeing and enjoying so much beauty.

Without knowing any thing of what was before us we desired to be left behind at Ragatz. Your mother was then too much wearied and was too sick to travel; but your uncle had some ten days before engaged private carriages and drivers, with their four horses to each, to meet us at that place and start from there on Monday morning. I

knew your mother was very unwell; too much so to travel; but when we proposed to stop the whole party remonstrated and decided that they could not leave us there and she sick, and we could not think for a moment of such a disappointment of their plans and such an addition to your uncle's expense on our account, and therefore we started with them, reluctantly and not without apprehension. From there we could have gone by railroad to Lucerne, Basle, etc., and so to Geneva, and I supposed we should still have the same opportunity at Chiavenna, as it had been your uncle's plan before we got there to ascend the Splügen from there and return to that place again, making both the ascent and descent again to that place, where we should wait for them; but when they had left us we found there were so many inconveniences to be encountered and so few objects of interest to attract us that we determined to make an effort and try how far we could move independently, and accordingly made our first movement to this charming spot.

I have thought it right to enter into these details, in order that you may understand how we are situated and why we are here at this season instead of being among Alpine snows as we had designed and desired to be.

If you have any doubt about our comfort, ask John Hockley, or the McKeans, or Hugh Davids, if any of them shall have returned; they have all been here this season. Mr. Davids stayed a month or more and left on the Register the strongest expression of his satisfaction.

I wish I possessed any power as an artist. I know of no landscape picture I should more covet than a well-executed sketch of the view across the Lake from the window of the apartment we occupy and in which your mother and I have been passing the morning, she embroidering, while I read to her from the *London Illustrated News*, the *London Times*, and *Galigani's Messenger*. We are sorry to see under date Philadelphia, September 3d, that the troubles in South Carolina are such, that the Cabinet at a meeting at which Gen. Grant was present, determined to interpose the power of the General Government. We *will pray* for peace and quiet in our own land though our sojourn is so far away.

The colours on these mountains are such as I have never before seen in nature; and I should have ridiculed any picture in which an artist had introduced such, as absolutely unnatural and exaggerated. You may sit and gaze on them hour after hour without weariness, changing with the varying light and shade. The colour of the water of the Lake is also very peculiar and, Mark Twain to the contrary notwithstanding, it is perfectly pellucid. By the way, the Italian portion of his "Innocent's Abroad" is generally truthful, so far as we have yet had opportunity to judge. Our blood has boiled at seeing great lazy men lying flat on the back, in wagons, while their wives drove the beasts which drew them, or even shoveling sand or heaping

stones into baskets strapped on the backs and shoulders of women who stood like mere animals, beasts of burden, till they were loaded. Indeed on our way to Chiavenna we saw them thus loaded with manure, which they carried to the place of deposit and there dumped it by merely bending forward and discharging it over their heads.

Here the inhabitants are of a very different race. They are of taller stature, straight limbed, and larger person generally, and we do not see either deformed, stunted, or goitrous persons. The cultivation is neat and apparently judicious and successful; while the grounds around the villas and palaces which lie on the margin of the lake are very plentiful, afford beautiful specimens of landscape gardening and floriculture.

The boats on the lake are very numerous, each protected by a gay awning of many colours and provided with comfortable cushioned seats. They are also ornamented with the flags of many nations and not a few of them are conspicuous with the Stars and Stripes of our own, our native land. They are busily plying about in every direction and give great animation to the scene. Your mother and I had one this morning and were rowed across the lake which is here about two miles in width.

To-morrow morning we propose to leave here on the steamer which starts from here for Como at 7 A. M. and reaches this place on her return trip at 2 P. M. The next day we shall be quiet, of course. There will be English service both morning and evening which I hope we shall enjoy as much as we have done heretofore. The temperature of this place is very equable; it is said never to reach the freezing point nor to rise higher than 70° F. at which it now is. Morning and evening the breezes just ruffle the bosom of the lake, and during the mid-day hours we keep in the shade. There are *Oleander trees* as large as good sized cherry trees—not the giant black heart trees which are now so fast disappearing, but modern garden trees—full of great bunches of crimson or scarlet flowers. Figs, pomegranates, grapes, and peaches abound, and all of the finest varieties, luscious and rich, and of many flavours. Excellent as have been our accommodations—everywhere we have yet been, we have not before enjoyed as good a chamber, nor set down to as well-furnished a table anywhere in Europe as here in this Hotel Grande Bretagne.

The mountains rise abruptly from the margin of the Lake on every side, so that tunnels must be driven through the projecting points to allow the road to run along the shore. Their outline is grand, and the effects of the changing light and shade as the day advances and declines, developing and changing their own colours, is wonderful indeed. These colours are indescribably various, beautiful, and rich; due sometimes to the natural hue of the rock, and sometimes to the plants which cover them, not always with verdure, though this has an almost infinite variety of shade, but often a soft brown, or dark

purple, each changing as the light of the morning or the shade of the evening lends its grace. Little nooks in these mountains are occupied by villages looking picturesque and pretty in the distance, while grand palaces and modern villas skirt the shore, surrounded with extensive highly cultivated grounds, adorned with very splendid beds of showy flowers, while huge aloe plants aspire from the rocks, with their lofty spikes of white flowers.

I shall write again to some of you while we linger here.

Tell Effingham and Caspar that we are near the place at which the Plinys passed their holidays, and where the younger was born. Those old Roman gentleman showed good taste in the selection of their retreats. In one of the newspapers I saw this morning, a story of the opening recently of a tomb. One learned gentleman present expressed his surprise that they did not find the coin usually placed in the hand of the dead and buried with him to pay the fare across the Styx. A labourer said "To be sure you could not : Charon has it !"

Your affectionate father

CASPAR MORRIS.

BELLAGIO, Italy, Sept. 8, 1871.

My Dear Children :

Your mother and I have just returned from a trip by steamboat to Como, which lies at the south end of this lake and is an old town with a fine cathedral. We went not for the pleasure of the excursion only, but to leave our address at the Post Office also, and to request that any letters received there for us might be forwarded to us here. I mailed there two letters, one for your Uncle Galloway, and one for Mrs. Cope.

On our return we found one here from your uncle Wistar, mailed at Richisau, which reported them all well.

On the steamboat we saw baggage marked New York ; and at one of the many stopping places on the lake, a lady who sat beside your mother turned to her suddenly and said : "See ! there is an American flag ; I know you are an American ; are you not glad to see it ?" Your mother, of course, expressed her gratification ; for it does one good to see it floating from many of the beautiful barges which ply about the lake, for hire. It proves that our nation is recognized even here as a power ; and that her citizens are cheerfully welcome.

This is some great holiday—either National for Italy, or a festival of the Romish Church and almost all of the population is afloat, and the places of business of all kinds are closed. Boat loads of people are going merrily before our window, singing ; and now (3.30 P. M.) the music of a full band breaks on my ear. The heat is very great ; and your mother is lying down to seek some rest after the fatigue of

the morning. We had returned just in time for the *table d'hote* at 2.30 P. M., at which we found seated near us a young man from New York talking very intelligently with an English acquaintance who had travelled in the United States; and on the steamboat we had beguiled the way with conversation with an agreeable English gentleman and his wife and daughter. He had been a Director of the Atlantic Telegraph Co. You thus see we have resources with which to occupy the time, and I am now expecting the Italian teacher, from whom I design to take lessons. We are more than ever impressed by the beauty of the lake and its shores. The excursion this morning occupied two hours each way, between this place and Como.

The water of the lake retained its wondrous blue colour all the distance, though the polished surface was slightly ruffled by a gentle breeze which relieved, somewhat, the heat.

The mountain ranges were most magnificently grand in their outline and varied in their grouping of the different peaks, and in their colour; and at distances of a mile or two the shore of the Lake was made attractive by splendid villas surrounded by beautiful gardens and pleasure grounds, adorned with *good* statuary on the terraces; while picturesque villages sheltered themselves in the recesses of the valleys which ran among the hills. The mountains generally press directly to the shore as though to lave their feet in the placid waters of the lovely Lake, in which their giant forms are so clearly reflected.

Wherever they retire sufficiently to permit it, the margin of the lake is beautified by plantations of Olive-trees with their soft greyish-green foliage half hiding, half revealing their gnarled trunks. *Trees* of Oleander, covered with blushing bunches of glorious bloom, Crêpe Myrtle *trees*, rivalling them in size as well as in beauty of flower, Aloe-plants sending their aspiring spikes of white bells out of great masses of solid verdure; Pampas-grass waving its feathery tufts; towering Oriental Cypress trees; Orchards of Fig and Mulberry trees; and Vineyards, all combine their several distinct beauties in one harmonious picture which excites us by its newness.

As we approached Como and looked back toward the northern end of the Lake, the panorama of mountains became very grand; Monte Generoso towering like a dignified monarch on his throne while the subject hills crowded to his feet with their silent homage. It is not in itself so lofty, but stands isolated far in the distance, though with the aid of my field-glass we could discover the hotel which has been built at its summit.

David Scull charged us not to omit its ascent and was very earnest in his praise of the commanding view it affords. He ascended it from Baveno on Lake Lugano, the other side, and his descriptions were so impressive that we noted it as one of the things to be seen. But you may tell him that we have in the meantime *been higher and now are satisfied*. The views about its feet are so beautiful that we give him

full credit for that from the summit. We look at the details with ever-increasing admiration.

Each Villa has charms of its own and some of them are grand, the residences of Royalty and nobility. The statuary in the grounds is very fine, and the Guide books inform us that some of the masterpieces of Canova and Thorwaldsen are to be seen here.

Being a holiday the whole population of Como was on the streets in holiday attire. We drove first to the Post Office to give directions about our letters, and then to the Cathedral. Over the door of this hung a banner bearing the inscription "Plena Indulgenzia" in large letters. We asked no questions but walked in. Around the walls are many Chapels and altars, in addition to that known as "The High Altar" in the chancel.

The altars in these chapels are very costly structures, richly adorned with precious stones and carvings and paintings by celebrated artists representing sacred incidents, or actions of Saints; some of them allegorical. The ceiling is most richly and elaborately embossed in gold and blue and so lofty that I was obliged to resort to the assistance of my field-glass to decide what were the subjects of the paintings, though the figures were colossal. About the nave of the Cathedral there were elaborate and costly tombs of Bishops, Archbishops and Cardinals, with inscriptions commemorating their worth. There was a life-size statue of St. Isidore with two bulls, of which the guide book gave no explanation.

Como is the emporium of traffic between Italy and Switzerland, though the railroad does not pass directly through, but at a short distance. Silk is one of the principal staples of production of this part of Italy; and we never pass the shops in the windows of which are displayed the hanks of this beautiful material, without pausing to admire the various shades of colour and the exquisite softness of the glossy skeins.

It is wonderful how so much that is beautiful can be drawn from so disgusting a source as the foul worms; nor is there any redeeming attractiveness in the surroundings in which they are raised and bred. The appearance of many of the people who feed them is scarcely less repulsive than that of the silk-worms themselves. These, while feeding and winding themselves in the cocoons, require constant care as well as a supply of food, and are attended by a most disgusting and peculiar odour. The peasants give up their houses to the worms and live out of doors. The Mulberry trees are planted not only in extensive orchards but in rows by the road-side, and are all cut off at the height of eight and ten feet from the ground, at which point they shoot out branches which are frequently trimmed in, in order to promote the growth of succulent leaves for the food of the worms.

Just now they are covered with a luxuriant growth, the first crop having been fed to the worms, and this is about to be gathered and

dried, and stored away for provender for the cattle in winter. This treatment of the trees, of course, forbids their ever attaining any size, and renders the frequent replanting of them necessary. The cocoons are sold to the manufacturers, by whom the thread is reeled off into the beautiful skeins I have mentioned.

For this purpose the cocoons are assorted according to their colour, and placed in boiling water, which dissolves the gum with which the thread is imbued by the insect as it spins its glossy tomb, and which is necessary to enable it to form its protecting covering. With a brush the filaments of several of them are combined into one thread, and the softened gum causes them to adhere together, and thus forms the thread of commerce, which varies in its fineness at the will of the operator, according to the texture for which it is designed. The skeins are then collected into hanks of accurately adjusted shades of colour twisted together, and packed in bales and sent to the manufacturer by whom they are dyed and woven into the beautiful tissues we all so admire. Our sympathy with and compassion for the poor people here, by whom these various processes are performed, leads us to wish that there should always be a great demand for the products of their repulsive industry, and at the same time to wish that there may be no competition with them by its introduction into our own country, where a more robust labour gives a better compensation for the expenditure of time and toil.

The extent of the cultivation of maize in the Austrian Tyrol surprised me very much, and we find it is also largely grown in this part of Italy. In southern Germany it is only a stunted plant, is larger in the Tyrol, whilst here it attains a size equal to that it reaches at home, and as we came down the miserable valley of the Adda, with its stunted, goitrous population, we passed through miles of corn-fields which looked so well that we expressed to each other the hope we felt that the field in front of the house at Ivy Neck might look as promising. There was no other crop grown, and the narrow valley was filled with maize. Here it is planted in the vineyards, alternating in rows with the vines, which are trimmed in, and being now ripe the fading tops and dry and yellow blades give a forbidding appearance to the terraces. The drought is extreme, and many of the trees shew its destructive influence in the brown and desiccated foliage. It is true, however, that it is thus only they change their foliage, the new and green succeeding the old and dead in imperceptible change, and not falling at one time as with us in more northern climes.

The weather is pleasant to-day, the sky being overcast with a veil of light cloud, obscuring the sun, altering the colour of the water of the lake, and destroying the play of light and shadow on the mountains and diminishing the play of colour on their sides, and thus diminishing the beauty of the outlook.

Yet there is beauty enough left to give grace and lend a charm to all around us.

Your ever loving father,

CASPAR MORRIS.

I am sorry to add that your mother is not well, and is keeping her bed, *at my suggestion*, taking Opium Blue Mass and Camphor.

BELLAGIO, Lake Como, Italy, September 10, 1871.

My Dear Sister (Emily Hollingsworth):

With the discordant sounds poured forth by a very fine military band—grand it is true in themselves, but out of harmony with the Day—jarring in my ears and disturbing the quiet, which is so grateful and in accord with its sacred associations, my heart seeks relief in turning to you; trusting that you have more congenial as well as more solemn sounds refreshing your soul, instead of banishing even bodily rest; and I long for the time to arrive when we may once again be permitted to go to the house of God in company.

Anne and I are here alone, in one of the most delightful places we have yet visited. The seat of the retirement of such men as the Plinys, that fact alone affords the most unequivocal testimony to the attraction it possesses for refinement and taste; and the numberless beautiful—many of them really magnificent—villas of Princes and Nobles which occupy the nooks along the shore, under the impending cliffs which come crowding down to the shore as if to see the reflection of their giant forms in the clear mirror of the Lake, prove that the same charms which drew the lovers of the beautiful here in the one generation have the same influence on their successors of the present day. I can indeed conceive of no richer combination of light and shade, and colour, than that which lies perpetually spread out before our eyes.

“Every prospect pleases,” and when I add as did Bishop Heber, “only man is vile,” I do not mean to record any bitter reproach of men here especially, in contrast with men elsewhere, and surely not to exalt myself as being better than they.

Man here is much more attractive than we have found him in other places since we entered Italy, though we have been disturbed this afternoon by the roar of artillery immediately under our window, a salute to some Italian officer of high rank.

But neither this stunning noise nor the performance of the Band in his honour, has been so painfully offensive as the loud laughter and shouts from English or English speaking American throats of several parties just now about to start on an excursion on the Lake.

You will not I hope, think me more disposed to see the notes in my brother's eye, and unmindful of the beam in my own because I

thus note the indications of the disregard of the sacredness of the Lord's day here. I was never more conscious of its presence, with its hateful power to interfere with my clear perception of Him who is the way the truth and the life, than just at this time.

We have great cause to be thankful to an English Society which supplies chapels, and maintains chaplains, at all the prominent points frequented by tourists on the Continent. We have been to-day indebted to it for two services, and have enjoyed not only the privilege of Common Prayer, but the singing of hymns with which we have been familiar at home. "Thou art the Way," and "Sun of my soul," and at the Communion "Hail sacred feast." Thus you will see we are without excuse if we allow our souls to be famished even while absent from our familiar sanctuary.

In the Salon de Lecture in this great hotel, we find an Italian Bible and a volume of the "Sunday at Home." These little points will indicate to you our position.

Anne is better than when I wrote last, though I think quiet is best for her for some days yet. After we have received our letters, which we hope to do on Tuesday or Wednesday, we shall (D. V.) move on to Lago Maggiore, and there wait for Wistar and Sisters. You will have learned, before this reaches you, of our temporary separation.

This is probably the last letter you can receive from us before you sail for the West Indies. We shall hope to hear from you before you sail what will be the best direction for letters for you from here; we do not wish to be further separated.

From the London newspapers, which we see here daily, we learn there has been either an earthquake or a tornado or both at the island of St. Thomas, which is in sight from St. Croix.

How that name brings up all the fearful ignorance and superstition by which we are surrounded here; and how solemnly the message of Jeremiah in the lesson of the morning fell on our ears in the midst of such scenes! May God graciously condescend to keep our Church from falling back into the meshes of that net which would entangle us and draw us captive to Rome.

I tremble, especially as I find myself subject to the power of *the fascination of her sorceries* and realize that nothing but Divine grace can protect us from the insidious influence.

I must refer you to my letters to my children, which are certainly designed for your perusal, to give you information about our doings. Much love to all our dear ones when you see any of them, and kind regards to our friends, Isabella, Sarah and Richard; with the assurance that they are more than ever valued by us.

Your ever loving brother,

CASPAR MORRIS.

Our love especially to Mrs. Buckley and Mrs. Ellis.

BELLAGIO, September 10, 1871.

My Dear Children:

Your dear mother is better to-day, and yet my wretched heart is not so filled with overflowing gratitude to the Healer of all our diseases as it should be.

Yesterday she was compelled to keep her bed till late in the afternoon. This morning she was able to join me in attending the service of public worship which is kept up here during the season of travel; and is now lying on the sofa, resting, hoping to be able to unite with it again when it is held for evening service toward sunset.

We appreciate highly this privilege, which is provided for Protestant tourists on the Continent by an English Society.

The tendency of the hurried life we lead, and the multiplicity of objects thrusting themselves on our attention, and demanding instant attention before they vanish from the view, is to make us unmindful of the better and enduring substance, and forgetful of the fact that we are in truth only strangers and pilgrims, in a deeper and more important sense, than that of mere passengers from one object of attraction for our curiosity to another. It is a great privilege to find provided for us at every point at which we arrive on Saturday, always designing to rest the Sabbath, some arrangement for worship and instruction.

We have been thus far favoured to find sound evangelical instruction in the pulpit; but even should it ever be unhappily otherwise the Scriptures will be read for our learning, and the Hymns in the books with which these chapels are provided are both sound in doctrine and sweet in expression.

At the service this morning I was impressed by the second commandment, and led to question how far I had violated its spirit by the feelings expressed in some of my letters regarding the representation of our Lord's passion as stimulating my sense of the value of that One offering made once for all, on the Cross.

I pray earnestly that we may one and all be kept from idolatry which God has declared He abhors, or the most distant approach to it.

I feel jealous of myself and particularly anxious that I should not lead any to tolerate services which are not spiritual.

I am astonished at the way in which every one we meet speaks of the Passion Play at Ober Ammergau. The more carefully I investigate the subject and reflect on its tendency, the more decidedly do I think it is wrong. Nay, very wrong.

How is it possible that any mere man should take on himself to personate Him who was led like a lamb to the slaughter and to exhibit His Passion on the cross, when He bore "our sins in His own body on the tree." The very idea is abhorrent to even our natural reason and feelings.

Then the thought of finding gratification for a mere æsthetic taste, or of a spurious feeling of worship in such a spectacle however

well performed, is equally abhorrent to my mind and feelings. No purity of character on the part of the performers—and the advocates of *the play* claim perfect holiness for him who personates our Lord—can qualify them for such an exhibition; and what man can, by any stretch of imagination, be supposed to be able to represent the *agony* which caused the *perfect man* to sweat “as it were great drops of blood,” or what human being comprehend, much less represent, the endurance of that which caused the Lord to cry “My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken me?”

The effect must be, I think, to degrade the act and bring it down to the level of mere humanity, since nothing beyond this can be represented by human power; and when the Son of God took upon Him our nature, the perfect Godhead was united to the manhood, which could not in its weakness have borne the punishment of our sins; and we are told that when he made his soul an offering for our sins “the Lord laid upon Him the iniquities of us all.”

We met General Anderson, at Zurich, on his return from Ober Ammergau, and he was very urgent that we should go there. He said it had been very profitable to his own soul. He was too enfeebled in body to justify me in any controversy with him on the subject and I could not but fear from other indications that his noble mental endowments were enfeebled also by his long continued illness. His heart was all right.

I find that all who have met with him participate in the same anxiety about his condition I feel. He is now very weak, and the nature of the disease under which he is suffering is such as to forbid any reasonable hope of improvement, and I learn from some persons from Newark, N. J., who are connected with his brother, by marriage, and have seen him since we met at Zurich, that he is worse than when he started for Ober Ammergau.

There were not fewer than 5000 spectators at one performance of the Passion-play, and it is repeated on every Lord's day and on certain saints' days, at certain seasons of the ecclesiastical year, and each several performance lasts eight hours, including one hour's interval for rest.

Tickets must be procured in advance or one is subjected to the inconvenience of waiting an entire week at a small village, without any accommodations for the crowd of visitors which is now drawn there by the tide of fashion, and there is nothing other than this spectacle to divert the mind or occupy the time.

The popularity it has attained is one of the many illustrations of the tendency of men to collect in flocks, and follow a leader. This subject recalls to my mind the approaching General Convention of our Church, about which I feel no little anxiety.

The Truth of God must and will prevail. Whether, in His wisdom, He sees that it is not safe in the keeping of that ecclesiastical

organization, and is about to transfer the custody to some other agency, through which it is to be transmitted to other people and succeeding generations, I do not pretend to foresee.

I wish to learn through you how it is conducted.

There was some understanding with Israel that he should send me a daily newspaper. I find they are transmitted at but slight cost ; and if the *Ledger* publishes the proceedings of the convention, even in a mere summary, that will supply all I wish for. If it does not, one of the weekly papers devoted to the interests of the Protestant Episcopal Church will answer.

This will probably reach you before the Convention meets, and we may hope to receive a reply at Rome or Naples, where we hope to be about the time it is due.

An American Protestant Episcopal church is about to be built at Rome, and two clergymen from there have gone to the United States to solicit contributions toward that object.

There is some idea of being able to promote a reformation in the Romish Church from within its own organization.

This is very desirable ; but the question may well be raised whether it will be promoted by our retracing our steps and receding into the errors we have repudiated, instead of standing firmly on the one foundation than which none other can be laid, and inviting and encouraging them to come to our standing place, and if need be advancing still further onward.

We have already seen enough to convince us that Mariolatry, and image-worship, are the characteristic features of the religion of this country. The words of St. Paul to the Athenians are certainly applicable to the inhabitants of this land ; "I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious"—given to blind and ignorant worship—not, as do too many in Protestant countries, neglecting or even repudiating and rejecting all acts of worship, but easily led to worship they know not what or whom.

We were shocked by the levity with which religious topics were discussed at the *table d'hôte* to-day by an American party, one of whom being asked to what church he belonged, said in reply : "My mother goes to Dr. Bellows', he is a Unitarian, or Universalist, or some such thing, I do not know what ; but she does not mind ; she likes to hear him ; *he is learned.*" This was followed by other equally exceptionable remarks. Thus error has many forms. With us it is indifferencism ; here ignorant superstition.

As we walked through the Cathedral at Como, a few days since, there were many chairs and boxes arranged round the walls for confession. These boxes consist of a chair, in which the Father confessor is seated, enclosed by a wooden screen having an opening in one side at the point at which the ear of the priest is approached most nearly by the mouth of the penitent, who kneels on a slight projection from the one side of the chair.

The clasped hands of the priest projecting, give evidence of his presence ; these being the only part of his person visible.

As we passed one of these confessionals, we saw one poor woman with her mouth closely pressed to the opening at the ear of the invisible auditor, while two others at a short distance were waiting their turn. It is from this whispering into the ear of the priest, who is supposed to be invested with the power to give absolution for repented and confessed sins, that the term "Auricular Confession" is derived.

Over the grand door of entrance was hung the sign of Plenary Indulgence, and at various shrines around the body of the Cathedral were kneeling men and women, each engaged in their own special private act of devotion, whether of penitence, of worship, of prayer, or of praise.

We stole very silently around, careful to avoid any act which might disturb their feelings. If they could only all be taught to come to the one High Priest, "to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world" and who is found where'er He is sought, and who needs not the intervention of any man claiming priestly power.

Notwithstanding it is the Lord's day we are being startled every few minutes by the explosion of something which makes a report like that of a small canon, in honour of a distinguished Italian officer who arrived this morning by the steamboat. There is no echo of the sound from the mountains near, but after a considerable interval it comes back to us most clearly and distinctly from those at a distance.

We are again struck, as we have been before, with the entire suspension of all labour on the Sabbath day ; and after Mass the entire population is busy in the pursuit of recreation in some form.

The beauty of Bellagio has not in the least palled, nor its attractions diminished, and the comfort of the accommodations at this hotel are unrivalled by any that we have yet met with. There are three large hotels, each formerly a palace of some noble, all within two miles of this and all owned and conducted by one man who was originally a mere boatman on the Lake. His name is Mela, and he not only manages these hotels but also a large farm with its grain-fields, and orchards of figs and olives, and vineyards from which the tables are furnished with the most luscious Figs and Grapes, while a bottle of his own wine is supplied to each guest daily with no extra charge. He also offered to cash any draft I might find it convenient to draw on my letter of credit, and his son is a member of the municipal council.

This affords a good illustration of the power of the Renovated Italy. Garibaldi and Cavour, are consecrated names.

You may find pleasure in a description of our accommodations here. Our chamber is furnished with a large and good oil painting on one wall, with a large mirror elegantly framed on the opposite side, reflecting it, a pianoforte, two etageres, a dressing-table, sofa, three

large arm-chairs, six other comfortable chairs, and two excellent mattresses, and two tables, all new, and of the best make. Can we desire any thing more. The windows look out on the Lake and command a grand view of the panorama of mountains with their exquisite variety of colour and form, and perpetually changing light and shade. A confused noise under the window drawing my attention from my employment in thus writing to you, I find is caused by a gathering crowd, attracted by a full-dressed military band, which is about beginning a performance directly under the window. On any other day we should share gladly in the enjoyment. May God help us to cleave to Him.

As regards our diet I need only report the provision at the *table d'hôte* for to day to prove that all our wants there are well supplied. We had soup, fish fresh from the lake, roast beef, kid, and turkey; plum pudding, followed by peaches, pears, figs and grapes, the fruits all the products of M. Mela's own farm, all good, and the cooking excellent, and all at the moderate charge of only *four francs, or eighty cents per head*.

Your loving father,

CASPAR MORRIS.

BELLAGIO, Italy, Sept. 11, 1871.

My Dear Children,

We are detained here by indisposition, and are thankful for the comfort of our arrangements while waiting to learn where and when we shall meet your uncle and aunts, hoping to-morrow may bring us letters from you as well as from them. The time does pass heavily and slowly. Your mother has been improving during the last two days, and I was myself well enough to go with her this morning to a shop and buy some muslin which she wanted, and she is now, 8 P. M., seated beside me with her sewing, as at home. I have been amusing her with Mark Twain, whose descriptions are so good that I wonder that I have the courage to sit down to the pen and paper and attempt that which he has done with so keen an eye and so skilled a hand.

One of his stories reminds me of an experience of our own since we have lost the services of Cervetto, who, of course, went with your uncle. We had depended on him for all our communications with those who did not speak English.

In the hotel at Chiavenna there was one servant only who spoke English, and he could not be always at our beck and call.

Your mother was very unwell and I was very desirous to procure some arrow-root for her and sallied out of our chamber, in which we had a sorry-sort of home like feeling, in quest of some; having in my

hand a letter I had just put in an envelope designing to mail it at the same time.

Failing to find the English-speaking waiter, I addressed myself to another whom I chanced to meet and enquired of him, *in French*, as I fondly thought, whether they had any "Arrow-root."

He hesitated for an answer, evidently because he did not understand. Hoping to assist him I added as an explanation "*C'est une Farine*," at the same time unfortunately holding out the letter in my hand. He said very promptly, "*Je comprends*," to which I, wishing to get it as soon as it could be prepared, said "*toute de suite*" and away he posted with a civil "*Oui, oui*." I supposed he had gone to order it to be prepared in the kitchen and was amazed to see him return immediately, sure enough, flourishing the trophy of his success in understanding me, in the shape of a bottle of mucilage with which to seal my letter!

Just at this juncture my English-speaking Swiss came upon the stage, and laughed as though he would hurt himself at the absurdity of our position.

I have found, however, that it is possible to stumble through, though I am often much amused at the thought of my ludicrous mistakes as they come before me when it is too late to rectify them.

We have musical entertainments nightly, directly under our windows; sometimes a full band and at others what I suppose to be parts of operas sung by several performers, and once what seemed to be improvisation.

The sense of isolation during the two days your mother was most ill, was much relieved by my finding there was a Doctor Johnson, of Baltimore, in the house, though I did not know him personally. I sent him a note saying I would be glad to see him before he left and when he called I found him a thorough gentleman, a near neighbour to your uncle Galloway, whom he knew and holds in high esteem; and familiar with all our friends.

I had no occasion to seek his counsel or trouble your mother with a visit from him, but felt great relief in the knowledge he was in the house in case she should be worse.

The apprehension that I might be ill myself and your mother without protector or assistance, would intrude its unwelcome suggestion.

This morning finds us both quite well, and we desire to be properly thankful for the mercies of the day. So soon as we have breakfasted we will stroll out.

The number of the guests here is perceptibly diminishing, as the season for the English holiday is drawing to a close.

There was a slight fall of rain last evening which has laid the dust, and freshened the atmosphere. Except in the sun at mid-day, the temperature is delightful.

12th, 11 A. M.

We have just returned from our morning walk and find two letters, one from sister Hannah, and the other from your uncle Wistar; which make us more than before thankful that we did not travel on with them, as, though they are enthusiastic over the glories and delights of grand mountain views—beautiful green hillsides, contrasted with icy glaciers—tell us also of wearisome rides, and roads beside precipices and across chasms, unprotected by guards such as we found so comforting on the mountain roads in the Austrian Tyrol. They had not received our letters at the date of theirs, so that we must wait patiently for advices of their plans until they come. We are somewhat afraid they may not receive ours. They had fallen in with Wistar Brown and his wife, so that they will not miss us.

The shadows on the mountains in the light of this morning are even more beautiful than they have been, and the temperature to-day is so cool, even at this mid-day hour, that we are compelled to close the sash of one of the windows, as we find it too cool with both open.

4 P. M.

I never hear the sound of the bell which summons the chambermaid, and hangs in the hall not far from our door, without thought more or less distinct, of the great man who was born and lived at Como, to whose intelligent investigations we owe the inception of the Science of Electricity; to the development of which we owe the marvellous progress of modern science in all its various relations, and art in the application of knowledge. Volta was an advocate, living at Como, who devoted much time to the culture of scientific knowledge simply as a matter of taste. We saw there a statute in honor of him, opposite the house he lived in; and there is a public square which bears his name.

If I remember correctly it was the the observation of a spasmodic contraction of the muscles of some frogs which were being prepared for his breakfast, on the contact of a fork, which arrested his attention; and he was stimulated to the investigation of the cause by the hope of discovering the mystery of vital force.

Step by step he advanced till he formed the instrument known as the Voltaic Pile, and this has been developed by various stages of progress into the Battery of Sir Humphrey Davy, by which what had before been supposed to be simple elementary bodies were proven to be compound; and has since advanced till now we have the Electric cable, connecting the most distant countries and crossing the widest seas, and as a practical result bringing you and ourselves within a few hours of each other, enabling us to know the value of gold in New York within a few hours.

We look daily at that item in the *London Times*, fearing that there may be some other item of sufficient general interest to be appended to that, which affects us all. To ourselves it has none except as it indicates the relative cost of travel and home expenditure. There is great comfort to us in the assurance that we can communicate with you at any moment in case of necessity.

Little did I ever suppose I should ever be on the spot where these discoveries originated, or I should have studied them up more carefully, and been more definite in my information. I am inclined to think I have confounded Galvani with Volta; both were Italians, and both were discoverers of important facts in electric science; Volta certainly lived at Como.

Be all this as it may, the bell arrangement is a neat one. There is no oft repeated pulling of the cord, uncertain whether it has moved the distant bell; no impatience of the guest at the tardiness and uncertainty of the response; no useless chafing of the officer of the house whose duty, among a thousand distractions, it is to watch the bell and summon the reluctant waiter, perhaps at the very moment on service within a few feet of the fresh call, and obliged to go wearily to the central office to learn where his services are now desired and then retrace those steps; no fretting of the guest at the delay, which irritates his temper whether the demand he has to make be urgent or of no real moment. One touches a neat little button on a plate let into the wall and instantly hears the sound of the bell which hangs, with as many others as there are chambers in the suite on the floor, each having appended a number corresponding to that of the guest who requires service, and the maid on the floor at once looking at the board knows where to go.

The communication may be interrupted by any accidental injury to the wire, but if so the one who has touched the button recognizes the fact by the failure of the bell to give its summons. There can be no needless jerking at the innocent cord, nor storming at the equally innocent officer or waiter; all is done decently and in order even by the most impetuous and impatient.

We have just been reading, in the *London Times* of the 9th, the account of a terrible railroad disaster in the United States, at Revere near Boston, on the last of August, and a tornado on the southern coast, causing fearful shipwrecks on the Florida coast, and while we were thus engaged, came a second letter from your uncle Wistar dated at Lucerne on Saturday night, but without any from home. We shall wait here, hoping yet to receive some in a day or two.

Your uncle and aunts have been taking full swing over Alpine Passes, in which we greatly rejoice, not without the hope that they will have had entire satisfaction and will wish for no more after we are reunited.

The description given by your uncle of their enjoyment stirs no feeling of envy, but rather causes a feeling of thankfulness that we are not exposed to the same terrors and exhausted by the same excitement and fatigued by the same toil.

It would not suit either your mother or myself, yet we do regret missing Lucerne, Geneva, and Mont Blanc.

(13th)

I can this morning report ourselves, both, *better in every respect*. The day is delightful. Your mother and I started to visit the Villa of the Duke of Melzi, whose grounds adjoin those of this hotel, but found the walk was too long for her.

I brought her back to rest while I went over them alone, my only regret that she could not share the pleasure.

I was shewn through the gardens and the various apartments of the palace. The grounds are extensive and laid out with much taste and planted with many beautiful specimens of ornamental trees, and shrubs; interspersed with showy beds of flowers all neatly kept and thriving finely.

There were splendid Magnolia Grandifloras, Sequoias, Mimosas, and Rhododendrons.

Within doors the various apartments are adorned with appropriate Frescos, really beautiful as works of art.

There is a fine original portrait of Napoleon the 1st, in his youth, taken when he was First Consul, for the Duke of Melzi, who was the Vice-President of the Cis-alpine Republic, and a devoted admirer of the successful General.

The change wrought by years and position, is very clearly shewn, by the contrast of the portly figure and expanded forehead and full round face of the portraits of the Emperor at the height of his glory, with the rather narrow forehead and slim figure of this portrait of his youth.

In the grounds are several works of Canova, a very beautiful bust of Madame Mere, as the mother of Napoleon was called, as though no one else had ever deserved that honorable title; an exquisite group representing Dante and Beatrice; a David in the act of casting the stone from his sling; an Esmeralda and her goat; and a Laocoon, said to be of great merit.

Except in the frescos on the walls of the dining saloon, which were in panels and represented the products of the several seasons, the works of art did not impress me as being much superior to some I had seen at home.

The whole establishment had an air of comfort, rather than of display of either rank or affluence.

Your ever loving father,

CASPAR MORRIS.

BELLAGIO, September 13, 1871.

My Dear Daughter :

I am not afraid, as you see, of making you proud, as you say you will be when you receive a letter directed to your own self ; so though I did direct one to you or Harry (you are, *I believe*, one) from this place, I will even let you have another as a token of the great delight your dear mother and I have enjoyed this afternoon in the reading your two precious letters of about three weeks since.

Our eyes literally overflowed, and I trust we were not without devout feelings of thankfulness in our hearts as we read on, letter after letter, from each of our dear children, and also from dear Cousin Emily, and your uncle Galloway,

Our cup was full ; and it requires that one should pass through the ordeal of being unwell at sixty-five years of age in a foreign land, and ignorant of the language, and without any one to sympathize with you in feeling, to whom you can turn, and without letters, to enable one to appreciate properly the feelings with which your mother and I welcomed your several expressions of affection.

We can and do thank God for the children He has given us and say " happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them."

The best earthly blessing we can ask for our children is that their children may be to them what they have been to us.

We are happy to be able to relieve any anxiety you may have felt on our account by reporting ourselves quite well again, and enjoying the beauties and comfort of this place.

If Cornelia and Mary will magnify the mountains around Mohunk by ten, and make the Lake two miles wide by about twenty in length, winding among the projecting cliffs, and give it a depth of 1800 feet, and colour the water an indescribably beautiful shade of greenish blue ; then place on every point of the rocks on which a goat can stand a terrace planted with vines ; and dot the whole height of the mountain with little cottages, rising so high above you that they look like toy houses—Swiss chalets, such as the music-box their uncle Cheston brought to them—and they will be able to form some idea of Lake Como, and its surroundings.

But to render it complete they must imagine such colours spread over the mountain-sides by the various growths which cover them as I, after having revelled in the exquisite loveliness of their hues, am quite incompetent to convey any idea of ; and then must locate at distances of one or two miles along the shore, picturesque villages, alternating with royal palaces, and princely villas, each surrounded by extensive pleasure grounds ; and beautiful gardens, planted with every variety of handsome ornamental trees and shrubs, and orange trees and lemon trees trained to espaliers and loaded with their golden fruit half buried in the luxuriant glossy foliage, while hugh aloe plants rooted in fissures in the rocks send up

their aspiring spikes of snow-white bells; and equally snow-white statuary of purest marble stand on the steps by which one ascends to these Paradises, so the Italians call them. It is truly a scene of enchantment.

The background must be filled in with other and loftier ranges of more distant mountains, with rugged peaks and irregular outlines; some with their heads swathed in clouds, some tinged by the living sunlight, while others are softened by the various hues which distance and variations of light and shade bestow on their rugged forms, and some are flecked by the shadows of the passing clouds. But the best idea of the wondrous beauty is that furnished by your dear mother, who says I am very *foolish* to attempt an impossibility and communicate an idea of that which is simply *indescribable*.

Now that is, I think, the best thing that can be said and next to that comes Mark Twain's description in his "Innocents Abroad"—which we are reading here amid the scenes he describes.

This morning I visited the Villa Melzi, belonging to the Duke who bears that title. The grounds join those of this hotel and are thrown open freely to any one who chooses to walk in them, though the family is resident there.

Your mother walked with me to the gate and we saw sweet looking little children sporting on the grass, which was of course a great additional temptation to her motherly heart, but she decided she would not be able to go about the gardens and grounds which were more attractive to her taste than the pictures and statuary in the palace. The flower-borders about the house were exquisitely beautiful. The walls of the various apartments were painted in fresco, with designs appropriate to the purposes to which they were used. Those of the dining-room had the various fruits and vegetables of the several seasons, grouped according to the seasons; the music-room was adorned with the portraits of the most distinguished composers, and allegorical figures; the billiard-room was surrounded by exquisite landscapes all well executed by good artists.

There was a very fine collection of statuary, the work of the moulding power of Canova, Thorwalsden, and other masters of the art; busts of the Duke and Duchess and their ancestors, all in pure white marble like the bust of Cousin Sally, by Powers, at Tulip Hill. There was one of Michael Angelo, by himself, in which he certainly did not *flatter* himself, as it represents him with a nose as *flat* as that of any African.

In the open grounds was a figure of David in pure Carara marble, cut by Canova, representing him as a graceful youth of sixteen in the attitude of hurling the stone from the sling. It impressed me as perfectly beautiful. I would like to own it.

The first Napoleon, when, as general of the Army of Italy in the service of the First French Republic he had conquered Italy, estab-

lished under the authority of that aspiring power, what he called the Cis-alpine Republic, and made the Duke of Melzi Vice-President.

The portrait of the youthful conqueror, taken at the time, hangs in one of the salons of the palace, representing him as a slight youthful figure with a rather narrow forehead.

His head must have expanded as his ambition enlarged and was gratified by success, as it is claimed that it did; and his features changed also from a rather pleasing expression which they have in this portrait, to the expression of stern absorption in self-aggrandizement, which they wear in all the portraits of him with which we are familiar, taken after he had become the Emperor of the French and claimed to be the Arbiter of the destiny of the world. Every thing wears an air of quiet unostentatious comfort without extravagance, which spoke well for the character of the present Duke, who resides here with his family. We saw them seated quietly in a sequestered part of the grounds.

After seeing the house we were taken through the grounds by the gardener, leaving them by another way than that by which we had been admitted. This led us by the statues of Dante and Beatrice; a very beautiful one of the mother of Napoleon, and other statuary. The gardener called our attention to the variety of trees in the grounds, from Australia, New Zealand, California, and our own country.

A crowd of tourists, English, American, German, and others, arrives here daily; many passing on immediately, others lingering for periods varying from one day to several weeks, as we are doing.

The record of their satisfaction is inscribed by almost all on the register of the hotel, which thus becomes an interesting exhibition of the feelings and character of each visitor, as well as of its own merits.

In the reading room we are supplied daily with the newspapers of Paris and London, only two days after their issue, so that we are kept posted as to the general state of public affairs,

The reports of the spread of Cholera are disagreeable.

What influence this may have on our future course we can not say until we meet your uncle and aunts. They are enjoying Switzerland. We regret greatly to miss some parts of it, but it was impossible for us to accompany them any further than we did.

We certainly should not have missed Geneva if we had known that the route we were taking would involve that. We must believe it is all right.

Cheston told us we must go to the open air concerts. They come to us here almost every evening directly under the window. Now as I am writing we hear the approach of the performers. Last evening they were afloat in a boat gaily decorated with lanterns, and flags.

We enjoy greatly the sight and smell of the peaches, pears, figs, grapes and melons, but are not yet sufficiently established in our

restoration to justify the eating them. We should be glad to be able to hope that the net return for your peach crop will furnish a fair return for the outlay and labour bestowed on it, but fear it will not.

Be thankful that your lot is not cast here as a cultivator of fruit, silk, or any other product of the soil. You are happy indeed that it is what and where it is. You need not envy even the Duke and Duchess of Melzi, much less one of the peasantry.

It is however a delightful spot at which to loiter away a period of relaxation from toil, and seek renewal of strength for further service of duty. We shall never forget its many pleasures.

Your loving father

CASPAR MORRIS.

BELLAGIO, Lake Como, Sept, 15, 1871.

My Dear Brother ;

I am glad to be able to write to you giving pleasant accounts of ourselves since my last, written soon after reaching this most delightful spot, at which we have been loitering now more than a week, and where we still wait for letters from Wistar, fixing the time and place for our meeting.

For several days neither Anne nor myself was well ; but we are thankful to be able now to make a good report.

We have been perfectly at rest ; content to drink in quietly, the enjoyment of the beauty of the scene from our windows, which embraces a wide outlook over Lake and mountains and villas, and palaces with their elegant grounds and gardens, with the lively animated spectacle of gaily decorated boats gliding past incessantly. In one of these, well cushioned and protected from the sun by a tasteful awning, we were rowed across to Cadenabbia, an elegant place of resort for tourists, with its beautiful terraced gardens, and long alleys of lemon trees trained on lattices, covered with the golden fruit, half hidden, half revealed, amid the profusion of glossy green leaves.

Another day we took an excursion to Como at the foot of the Lake, by steamboat, which makes the trip daily, passing amid all the glory of the mountains crowding, as it were, to see their towering heights reflected in the gigantic mirror spread out at their feet, against which the pure water dashes its tiny wavelets as though sprinkling them in sport.

Except where the cliffs are too precipitous to leave space to plant them, the margin of the lake is adorned by villas and palaces, and their highly cultivated grounds and gardens with numerous picturesque villages nestling in little nooks on the slopes of the mountains, each with its campanile ; and there are often seen churches on points apparently inaccessible, to which we are told all the materials

for the building have been carried by human labour. Even Mark Twain is compelled to lay aside his humour, and pay homage to the surpassing beauty of all around.

Immediately adjoining the grounds of this hotel, the Grande Bretagne, are the palace and grounds of the Duke of Melzi, a grandson of the first Vice-President of the Cisalpine Republic erected by Napoleon Bonaparte, when as commander of the forces of the first French Republic he conquered Italy.

It is a noble but simple Villa, surrounded with beautiful grounds exquisitely kept.

Anne walked with me to the entrance, but we were both convinced it would be too fatiguing for her to attempt to go through, so that I was most reluctantly compelled to see her back to our rooms and make the visit alone.

We saw the younger members of the family amusing themselves in the most simple natural manner, on the lawn ; which gave an additional charm to the hearts of us parents.

I enjoyed greatly the sight of plants and trees from Australia and New Zealand, flourishing in close proximity to those of our own country ; those from more northern latitudes do not thrive. The walls and ceilings of the various saloons of the villa are most appropriately painted in fresco with exquisite taste and great artistic ability, with scenes appropriate to the purpose for which they are used. I am more than ever amazed at the want of judgment and taste displayed by our affluent citizens in the extravagance of the costly application of colours in unsightly daubs, with which they deface their walls under the specious name of fresco-painting. The landscape pictures on the four walls of the billiard room, are all combined in one widely extended view, and the aerial perspective of the ceiling, with the soft fleecy clouds, is a valuable specimen of art. The foliage might well be called natural ; and the birds seem to fly.

Not in the house alone but at various points in the grounds, are costly and beautiful specimens of statuary ; a very fine bust of Madame Mère, and of the ancestors of the Duke, a Dante and Beatrice, and a very fine David in the act of casting the stone from the sling, all by Canova ; and a bust of Michael Angelo with his flattened nose, by the great sculptor himself ; are all of them gems of art.

There is also a very fine portrait of Napoleon as General of the Army whose successful campaign in Italy gave him the prestige from which all his subsequent fame was developed, or as First Consul. The contrast between the graceful figure of youth, and the corpulence of later life, in which we are accustomed to see him represented, is very strong, and much in favour of the former ; but not greater nor more impressive than the change in the expression of the countenance.

That of the portrait here, taken in youth, is attractive, nay might almost be said to be ingenuous, such as one would suppose might have

fairly won the heart of Josephine Beauharnais as we are wont to regard her in the light of her subsequent sorrowful history. All the portraits taken in later years, are alike expressive of the concentrated selfishness and self-adoration which were his most marked characteristics.

But the most remarkable change is in the shape of the forehead.

In after life it was much larger than it is represented here, as though the incessant workings of ambitious feelings and aspirations, and corresponding mental effort, had enlarged the organ through which they acted and required an increase of the case within which it acted.

The furniture was simple, and the *toute ensemble* of the arrangements such as gave one the idea of modest elegant refinement of the possessor.

This lake was the favourite resort for retirement of intelligence in the palmy days of Rome. The guide book tells us that the Plinys had a villa on an island in sight from our window, and that the younger was born there. This is not surprising; they were our brethren after the flesh, and in every generation the same minds will seek the same gratifications, in similar scenes and pursuits. They were just the class to take delight in the grandeur of mountains and the soft beauty of the Lake with its winding shores. It is now a very favourite resort of tourists in search of rest in the quiet loveliness of nature.

Anne just now called me to share her enjoyment as she stood gazing out of the window on the soft and varied colours which cast their rich mantle over the opposite mountains, enlivened by the floating light and shade, and all doubled by reflection in the mirror-like surface of the Lake; and I gazed on it with as much enthusiastic delight as when I first saw it, though it has been the object of our unvarying admiration at all hours ever since.

The company collected here is very select, but we are exclusive. We take our tea in a little side room opening out from the general dining saloon, at our usual home hour, and in our home style. At a table in an opposite corner of the same room, and at the same hour there is another party seeking to be withdrawn from the crowd, consisting of a lady and three children. They are very beautiful, and very sweet in their deportment, and Anne addressed the little girl as she passed us near the door last evening, and asked her name. She paused and answered most graciously in good English, that it was Dolgourouki; and we find since that they are the children of the Princess of that name; and the young English lady who has charge of them is the Governess, and that the Princess never leaves her apartments, which adjoin our own.

We now see the two brothers fishing in the Lake from the shore, right under our window, with common lines, and poles cut from the wood behind the hotel just as we have done; as modest, well-behaved boys as any in the world.

Your account of dear Margaret's condition was quite as good as we had hoped, and we do most earnestly pray that Mary Ellen's movement may be blessed to her improvement. You know my opinion about it. But I fear my courage would have failed in the hour of action. We hope to have another letter from you before long.

Anne desires dearest love to you all.

Your loving brother,

CASPAR MORRIS.

BELLAGIO, September 15, 1871.

My Dear Children :

Loitering here now for more than a week, with no definite occupation for the days as they pass, and without any form of excitement, is rather a novel experience in life for your dear mother and myself, who until now have never known a condition in which we were not pressed by the urgent demand on our time and strength for all we could accomplish.

While we were sick, each felt for the other the weight of anxiety which is natural to those who are thus isolated.

Now that we are again well and relieved from that disturbing element, we might perhaps yield somewhat to the enervating influence of *ennui* had not the arrival last evening of a precious package of letters, a dozen of them at least, filled our hearts full of love and adoration, and we waked this morning much refreshed, took our breakfast, and then strolled along the Arcade beneath which are collected all the few shops of the village, stopping in several and managing with much stumbling about among French, English and Italian words to buy some buttons to replace those on my vest, which are much the worse for wear, and some fresh trimmings for your mother's bonnet. She also looked at some black silk, woven here, in the factory of the shopkeeper, of which I vainly attempted to persuade her to buy a pattern for a dress. She has not yet shaken the old one to tatters, and therefore thinks she can postpone a little longer the purchase of a new one. You all know how much time and how many words the persuading her to buy any thing for her own use costs. I sometimes think more than in France. The price of those woven here, which were very good and pretty, varies from seven francs and a half per yard, upward.

Among the guests we have found some agreeable associates with whom to interchange thoughts and the expression of feeling, though we do not know their names nor their social status.

A baby in the house is a good rallying point for Mammias and Grand-mammias, and a few words over that object of universal love leads to further conversation.

We have not ventured on the extreme expression of a *gushing* American Matron, who in the public saloon before a mingled crowd, rushed up to a baby and throwing up its clothes, said she must have a kiss, and took one!

In our quiet sauntering we are much amused with the natural, home-like sports of the children around us, whether Italian or those of travellers, like ourselves.

The laundresses do the washing of the clothing on the shore of the Lake, along which runs the Pave on which we walk often. Our attention was arrested this morning by a little "baggage" about the size, shape and age of dear little Anne (we could not carry the resemblance any further), whose mother was on her knees wholly absorbed in her work; the little woman was at work with equal earnestness hanging a garment to dry, and when it was done to her own satisfaction called to her mother for praise, with a most interesting expression on her face of "that's all right." The poor little thing did not enjoy the privilege of a mother who thought, as does Anne's, at least *daily* ablution necessary to purity of body and health.

There does not appear to be here any grade intermediate between the nobility and the peasantry, unless it be the few shop-keepers and the proprietor of this hotel, and he has raised himself from the position of a boatman on the Lake.

We stepped into one this morning, the wares in which were so beautiful and attractive that we were deterred from purchasing only by the recollection of the difficulty in transportation. There were various articles of wood of the olive tree, very close grained, of a peculiar yellow colour streaked with black. There were boxes and portfolios, the lids of which were most beautifully inlaid with coloured mosaic-work representing the peasantry of Italy in their picturesque costumes. I never saw such finished specimens of this kind of work, and wish we could carry them home with us. The fear of this difficulty will probably follow us all our tour and prevent our gratifying our desire to make you participants, as we would fain do, of some of our pleasures.

In some of our late letters we have alluded to the very forbidding appearance of the poor people of the districts through which we were passing. Here it is entirely different. Their stature is good and their features not unpleasing. We saw this morning several young people whose whole appearance reminded us strongly of your own in your early youth. Eyes black, features regular, faces oval, complexion dark, and black hair; with light forms and graceful movements.

One of the shop-keepers pleased us especially not only by the easy, graceful, courteous manner in which he waited on us, but still more by the frank, open ingenuous expression of his countenance.

The principal shop, the proprietor of which is also a manufacturer of silk-goods, we found without any attendant while the owner was

absent, we believe, at his breakfast. The goods were left hanging about the door and the key in the lock.

The gait and carriage of the people are very peculiar and graceful. The foot is raised and put down on the full sole, not on the heel or toe, and there is nothing approaching to a shuffle. I am inclined to attribute this very peculiar walk to the shoe worn by all the children, and by the poorer class of adults. It consists of a simple wooden sole the size and shape of the foot of the wearer retained on the foot only by a leathern strap passing across the instep with no heel strap or fixture for the toe as the oriental sandal has. It requires the dexterity which can be acquired only by habit to retain it on the foot, and this habit effects the gait, even when the common shoe is adopted in after life. We see the children with very pretty fancy coloured stockings, yet wearing this simple shoe. The adult men and women generally adopt the common shoe, and shoemaking is here as everywhere, an important industry. We see many shops in which the followers of St Crispin pursue his honorable calling with as much energy as he did.

We saw in our walk, this morning a placard headed "Avis" or "Notice" to the "Society for mutual benefit of Operata e Contadini," from which we infer that these classes "work-people and peasantry" are able to read and are not inattentive to their own improvement nor unmindful of their interests.

I have alluded to the very narrow margin of level land on the shore of the lake. This causes all the villages which lie along the shore to rise by very sharp ascents, which are surmounted generally by stone steps from terrace to terrace.

It is only at distances of a mile or two that even room enough for these hamlets is found on the shore, and it is laborious climbing to get to the upper ranges of houses.

The sky is overcast to-day, and instead of the broad sunshine on the mountains opposite, relieved by the dark shadows of the flitting clouds, we have the general covering of shadow illuminated at short intervals by bursts of sunlight on limited spots. The effect is very fine indeed.

Another incident of variation from the every day course of events is the landing on the hotel pier of a load of coal from France, for the use of the establishment. The scale on which this is conducted may be estimated from the fact that the proprietor manufactures gas not only for his own consumption but for that of the neighboring village. Very good it is, giving a clear white light and entirely destitute of offensive odour. The coal is brought, as I have said, from France and is of a brown colour but has the regular chonchoidal fracture and is hard and bears handling without breaking, and does not soil those who handle it. I could only learn that it comes from France but not from what part.

The common fuel of the country is charcoal and peat. On our way from Sondrio we passed both peat bogs and charcoal pits, and we see large boats loaded with these passing on the Lake in large numbers. They are both shipped from Colico.

On many of the railroads over which we travelled in coming through Germany they use peat for the locomotives, and we were often surprised to find that what appeared to be good farm-land was underlaid by peat, so that we would see green pastures and grain fields interrupted by pits from which the peat had been recently dug, and it was stacked in large heaps not far from the hay-cocks. In those districts in which there is no peat the inhabitants are reduced to the very sparing use of vine trimmings and small faggots of twigs for their fuel.

As your dear mother and I sit quietly here together and think of you all, and recall the incidents of our travel since we left HOME, we often think of something which has interested us as we passed, and which we designed to mention or describe to you but of which we are sure we have omitted many incidents which at the time we thought valuable or amusing. The allusion to the hay-fields and peat-bogs just now reminds me of the expedient for curing the hay to which the shortness of the summer compels the inhabitants of some of the mountain valleys to resort to expedite the process. They have stakes of some six feet high crossed by three or four bars of about three feet in length, which are driven firmly into the ground, on which they hang the half cured grass that it may receive the full benefit of the drying influence of the sun and air. When the crop of one year is secured, these stakes are collected into little sheds in the fields, in which they are protected from the weather for another year. There are no great barns or stables for the cattle; these share the same roof as their owners.

Much skillful attention is given to irrigation in the districts through which we travelled on the confines of Switzerland, the Tyrol and upper Italy, on our way here. The mountain streams are diverted from their course, and often conveyed across chasms in rudely constructed and inexpensive aqueducts, in order to convey the fertilizing streams to those portions of the valleys which are destitute of streams of their own, but which are thus converted into smiling pastures.

As we emerged from the higher mountains, and came down to the tree-producing zones, the Chestnut orchards, which are very extensive and composed of noble trees, became numerous; the large sweet nuts they yield forming a very important part of the food of the people. These were followed by fruit orchards and those again by mulberry orchards, before we descended to the plains, with their grain fields and vineyards.

The Maize is planted in rows alternately with the vines and does not add any beauty to the scene at the period of the year in which we

passed through, as the crop had ripened and the tall dry yellow stalks with the tattered leaf-blades and faded tassel, gave a parched and harsh appearance, not at all in harmony with the green foliage and rich purple clusters of the vines, which were indeed, almost hidden under the yellow veil.

I was much amused yesterday in the grounds of the Villa Melzi, which contain as I have already told you a large variety of ornamental trees, by the astonishment of a young German who formed one of a party which was visiting them under the guidance of the Intendane. He was very desirous to gather all the information within his reach, and asked of me many questions about the various objects of interest as they presented themselves; which I could sometimes give him, as he spoke French rather better than I do. Pointing to a chestnut-tree very full of fruit he asked what it was, and on my replying "Castanea" said "non, non;" and pointed to it again. He was not satisfied until he ran and picked up one of the burrs, which had fallen, before he could be convinced that the smooth, soft nut had such a forbidding covering.

I was so much pleased with him and his friend that I could not but long to be able to communicate with them in the German language. You young folk cultivate the knowledge of other languages than your own.

Your ever loving father,

CASPAR MORRIS.

BELLAGIO, September 15, 1871.

My Dear Children:

I closed my last with my advice to the youngsters to cultivate their power and improve every opportunity for the acquisition of other languages than their own, and as I write the date of this sheet I am reminded by it that this is about the time at which they will be resuming school duties, I trust with cheerful, happy determination to "*find pleasure*" for themselves in the pursuit of knowledge, and to give pleasure to all around them by their assiduity. Every thing around us here makes me feel more and more my own deficiency.

If I were a scholar—classical or historical—I should be familiar with the associations which cluster so thickly about these seats of Grecian and Roman story, not to go still further back to the Etruscan, which preceded them both, but has left no traces except the graceful urns in which they deposited the ashes of their dead and the exquisitely shaped and adorned Patera which are found in their tombs, deposited there before the foundation of Rome or the settlement of a Grecian colony in the Italian peninsula.

If I were posted in Natural History these mountains and valleys would pour out their treasures in their Flora and Fauna, for my delight. The Geology of these mountains has inexhaustible stores for her votaries in the strata of which they are built, which are well deserving of investigation, and my deficiency in general science is sufficiently exhibited by the confusion into which I fell between Galvani and Volta in one of my late letters.

So you see I stand poor in the midst of treasures of riches, only because I failed to avail myself of opportunities to cultivate my powers when I was a boy.

As your mother and I sat at our tea in a little room which opens out on the grand *salle a manger*, where we take our meals at such hour as suits our own habits, our attention was arrested by another party, evidently like ourselves desiring retirement, consisting of a young lady and a little girl (they are generally accompanied by one or two little boys).

We have noticed them walking, and had just heard the little girl say in sweet tone of voice, and with perfect pronunciation, "I do not want to be naughty," and she looks as if she did not, so gentle and amiable. We were sitting near the door and as she passed us in going out, I ventured to salute the child who immediately stopped, and the young lady spoke to her in English. The child stopped and returned our salutation and I said "you are a dear little English girl"; to which the young lady replied "no, Russian." On my expressing surprise at the purity of the English of the child the Governess said, "her father is Russian, her mother an Italian, and I am English."

Your mother then asked the little girl her name and she said "Marie," and being asked "what else" the child said "Dolgourouki." "What!" I said; "the daughter of the Countess?" "No," replied the Governess, "the Prince and Princess Dolgourouki, of St. Petersburg." Now here is this little Princess, not older than Emily talking English as if it were her mother tongue.

We soon after passed her brother returning from the Lake side, where he had been fishing with a pole cut roughly from the thicket hard by, and ignorant of his rank, I said "have you been fishing, *my lad*?" He smiled pleasantly as he answered in French, "I have not caught any." Nothing could be more simple than their manners.

Some years hence you may read of these nice little children grown up to maturity, and performing a prominent part in the transactions of public life.

Now they are learning like you the lessons which, well learned will qualify them for the part allotted to them, and find their pleasures in similar pastimes to those you enjoy.

They are very attractive children, most docile and affectionate in their deportment to the Governess, and I fancy from missing them at regular hours each day, are pursuing their studies here.

The advantages enjoyed by those who speak French, German or Italian are very great. One feels quite ashamed of oneself to be obliged to resort to the "Porter" as an interpreter, and I find him able to speak *five* languages, while I am, I fear, but imperfect in my own.

Your grandmother lies on the sofa, while I thus chat with you. She is I hope dozing, though this is just the hour at which we enjoy the melodious sound of the bells of the church, which are very good, and chime from 12 M. to 1 P. M. daily. They are sufficiently distant to have the sound come to us softened by it.

When I had written thus far, the bell summoned us to the *table d'hote*, since which I have enjoyed a nice doze in my chair; and now on waking, find your mother at her sewing, the lake all aglow with the rich light which falls on it; the temperature most genial, and if we were young we should take a boat and have a row. We are delighted to think that Cornelia and Mary and Effingham had enjoyed that pleasure on Lake Mohunk.

The thought did much to relieve us of the feeling that we are enjoying a selfish gratification in our present pursuits.

We are looking forward in the hope that our next package of letters may contain some from them. Our latest accounts from them were Cousin Emily's report of what she heard from Cousin Hannah Buckley. We are truly thankful that they should have been permitted to enjoy so much under such admirable care, and hope they got through all their holiday pursuits without any discomfort. Their visit to Philadelphia would be so divided between their several uncles that they would have but little time for either, and yet, I hope they would give and receive pleasure in all. We do not expect from them detailed accounts. I know when days are crowded full of variety it is impossible to retain all, and much less possible to report all, even, that is retained.

I often think that the wonders and beauties by which we are surrounded are wasted on me, so unable am I to retain the vividness of the first impression and retain them in my mind until I catch the lineaments, and transfer them to paper for you.

To-morrow morning we propose to take the steamboat for Lecco, a town of some 6000 inhabitants, at the head of one arm of the lake. It is market-day and the boat lies there some two hours which will give us a fine opportunity to witness the novel and busy spectacle, and to learn something of the character of the people from thus intermingling with them; and also to see what are the productions of the country, and the results of its ancient civilization.

We shall keep the Lord's day quietly here, and on Monday we purpose to cross over to Lago Maggiore, and spend a week there as we have done here.

Evening.

Half a dozen explosions of some kind, making a noise as loud as those of a cannon used for firing salutes at home, directly in front of our windows, shook the house, jarred the cups and saucers on our tea-table, startled your mother and myself, and announced the arrival from the other side of the Lake of a boat with a band on board.

The music with which it has favoured us has quieted the disturbance of our nerves caused by the unexpected explosions, and soothed our feelings and tranquillized our spirits, so that we have now taken our places at the table in our own chamber; your mother occupied with her needle-work and I with a book.

This is very pleasant, but we are far, far, from you.

And yet we are brought very near; I took up Galignani of the 14th just now, and find New York dates of the 13th announcing to us a Republican victory in Maine at the election of the previous day. It is tantalizing to see the daily quotations of the price of gold and stocks, on the day before with you, and to learn nothing about matters so much nearer to our hearts, which are ever craving to know just how you are and what you are doing. Still more tantalizing is it to read accounts of the *boat races* of yesterday, as though they were the important events interesting to all Europe. The advance in the value of gold is interesting to us as it effects the cost of travel.

The gliding about the Lake of the pretty little pleasure boats gives more interest in the boats at home than we should otherwise feel; and just now we see passing many boats of burden, with their picturesque sails, freighted with lime, coal, peat, charcoal and wood. They have high prows and sterns, as well as large sails.

Saturday, September 16th.

Your mother and I awoke this morning feeling better than we have done since we left home. What shall we render to the Lord for all His gifts to us? Everything around us is smiling in the fresh light of the morning, the soft velvet-like green, mingling with the purple and blue and grey which combine so wondrously on the opposite cliffs, all glowing with the golden hue of the newly risen sun thrown over them like a veil, softening and harmonizing them with a living glory, is inexpressibly lovely, and if possible more attractive than any view we have yet had from these windows, which open on so much that is charming.

“All thy works praise Thee”; may we, the objects of Thy redeeming love “give thanks to Thee.”

When shall the knowledge of the Lord cover these mountains with a moral glory like that which the rising sun now irradiates their varied grandeur? When shall the sun of righteousness arise, with healing in his rays? I have felt not a little anxious lest I should fall

under the condemnation of the servant who said "my Lord delayeth His coming"; and though I may not literally eat and drink with the drunken, nor beat my fellow-servants, may settle down into slothful indifference instead of cultivating a watchful desire to serve Him.

May He keep us all, in all our goings out and comings in, looking for the day of the Lord.

Your ever loving father

CASPAR MORRIS.

BELLAGIO, Lake Como, Italy, September 16, 1871.

My Dear Effingham:

I can not more strongly express the gratification your grandmother and I derived from your letter, nor I hope more acceptably to yourself, than by thus addressing to you the first letter home I have written since the receipt of yours.

We made an excursion this morning to Lecco, a town of some 8000 inhabitants, lying at the head of one branch of this Lake. If you consult the map you will find there are three divisions of the lake each having a town at its extreme point; Colico at the entrance of the river Adda; Lecco at the point from which the Adda flows out; and Como at the end of the largest division. Bellagio is situated at the point of junction of these divisions. On our arrival at the door of the hotel on our return, we were greeted by the "Porter" with the news—most welcome indeed—that there was a packet of letters awaiting us, so we rushed up to our chamber with no delay, I can assure you, and have just got through them, very thankful that they bring us only assurances of the good health and the happiness of those we so love—more if possible, than if we were still with you.

Your description of your Wissahickon excursion makes me tremble for my laurels. I shall be hereafter on my guard when I attempt, what your grandmother has told me again and again it is vain for me to try to do, to transmit to you some faint idea of the scenes through which we pass here.

Make the Lake Mohunk, on which you have been passing your holiday, about forty miles long, and two wide; gave it a depth of 1800 feet, surround it with cliffs of rock from 600 to 1000 feet high; with mountains from five to six thousand feet high just beyond, crowding, as it were, around, to look over these cliffs and see their giant forms reflected in the beautiful mirror of the Lake with its clear blue water; then adorn these mountain-sides with villages of picturesque old houses, each with its church campanile, or bell-tower, and along the shore of the lake wedge into every nook or angle a magnificent villa, or pretty little ornamental cottage; and throw over all a mantle of glory such as you may weave out of the golden hues of the western

heavens glowing with light after the sun has set, and you may form a faint conception of the delights of this place, in which the old patri- cians of the "Eternal City" took refuge from the cares of their Curule chairs, and where they sought to forget, amid the beauties of nature, the anxieties of Senatorial duty.

The features of nature remain unchanged, and I believe art had then lent as much additional grace as now, though time has left but few of its trophies to vie with those which modern art has gathered here now, "Like them to perish, and like them to fall."

We selected this day for our visit to Lecco because it is the market-day there, and we found the town crowded with people of every social grade, from Princesses in splendid equipages, down to humble peasantry with the products of their farms or of their other industries, but nothing lower; no beggars.

Priests of most imposing presence, handsome faces, manly forms, and well dressed, their fine features and expansive foreheads well set off by the three-cornered hats, which are one of the badges of their office, mingled in the crowd with officers and soldiers of military port, and ladies in the latest Parisian costumes; while the market places (open spaces with no protecting roofs or buildings of any kind), were thronged with vendors and buyers, of great variety of personal appearance, but all clothed in the costume of the peasantry, not materially different from that of our own labouring class.

The people vary very greatly in features stature, and complexion. Very many of them are so like our own *Milesian-immigrants*, in shortness of stature, contraction of features, and the entire expression of countenance that I am convinced they are of the same race.

The Roman habit of colonizing their territories by settling on them the barbarians they conquered, and the frequent invasions of the Empire by hordes of northern peoples, would lead us naturally, to look for a very mingled population in these Italian plains. Associating chiefly, if not exclusively, with their own congeners and either by their own choice or from being despised by their conquerors and older and therefore richer settlers, they would intermarry for generations among their own kindred, and thus maintain at least, and probably magnify, the peculiarities of race features, and transmit them unchanged from generation to generation to the end of time.

It is to this diversity of origin I attribute the diversity of countenance and figure and carriage which is so evident here, and which we saw in so marked degree in the crowded mart at Lecco. We are continually reminded of your father and uncles by many whom we meet. That arm of the Lake on which Lecco is situated, lies in a limestone district, and we passed many lime-kilns on the shore on our way. Immense stacks of faggots, the fuel used in the calcination of the stone, a very poor substitute for the large sticks of wood or the coal used with us for that purpose, are piled up around the kilns; and fresh

supplies are brought from a distance on the large craft which ply on the Lake. These are about half the size of one of our large canal boats but are much more picturesque, having the stem and stern both elevated, and a mast in the midst with a long yard crossing it at the top, from which is stretched a very large sail. The cargo of whatever it may consist, is protected from the weather by a canvas cover like that of our old-time Conestoga wagons. On our way to Lecco we passed a great many of these boats laden with maize, peat, charcoal, and other industrial products, bound to that place for the market; and when we landed we found ourselves in the midst of a most busy scene of traffic. One portion of the market space was piled with bags of maize, large bags of the grain of a deep rich yellow colour; great heaps of cheese were stored together in a part devoted to that article alone. There was a great variety of kind. Some were in small round balls, a hundred or more of which were packed in one box; some not bigger than a walnut; others were like mill-stones in size and shape; and the different kinds varied as much in colour and texture as in size and form. One part was entirely occupied by the vendors of shoes of every style, shape and material, from the delicate, soft kid slipper of infancy, to great coarse heavy brogan, and the wooden sole with its strap across the instep, to which I have alluded as the common wear of the children.

Every kind of merchandise was exposed for sale, and each variety had its own position assigned to it.

One part of the space was covered closely with basket-coops, filled with chickens, ducks, geese and pigeons; one man was selling dogs; a dense crowd was clustering about another, and on getting near we found him with quite a pile of broken glass and chinaware before him, and he vending *Diamond cement*.

One stall attracted us, covered with segments of water-melons, looking enticing—red, juicy, and sweet. A tiny reservoir of water was elevated about two feet above the stall of one dealer on which was attached a miniature water-wheel, turned by the fall into its buckets of the water from a jet which was constantly falling. The power thus created was employed in turning a grindstone at which stood a miniature figure of a man grinding an axe. Thus you see devices to attract customers are resorted to here as well as in our enterprising country. The display of fruits was very fine and attractive; peaches, grapes, figs, and chestnuts. Your grandmother and I stopped before one of the best furnished stalls to buy some, and on my "*Questa prezza?*" a nice looking young man looked at us and smiled, as he replied in good honest English, "How many do you wish?" We made our purchase and then I asked how he came to be so familiar with our language. He said "I have lived many years in London; if you should ever cross London bridge you will find my mother there; she keeps a fruit shop." "What brought you back?" I asked. "I

was compelled to return and enter the army and serve eleven years, or be declared a deserter." His father was dead, and he was obliged to abandon her, and come to Italy to fight for his country. He would like, he said, to come to the United States of North America.

I had written thus far, when our tea hour arrived, and we went down to the little "salon" in which we take it very quietly by ourselves in the corner; after which we had a very pleasant chat with two young Philadelphians who came here this afternoon, Townsend, and Ashbridge. We were sorry that Burroughs was not with them and they could give no account of him.

Leaving them we returned to our pleasant chamber, designing to finish this letter, but the band commenced to play immediately under the window, and I found it impossible to write.

Mr. Ashbridge asked if we thought the beauty of this Lake had been exaggerated; to which I replied I did not think it could be; an opinion in which he entirely coincided, though they had but recently sailed on Zurich, Lucerne, and Lago Maggiore.

I must refer you to Mark Twain; you must get it and read it. There are passages in it which are irreverent and many in bad taste but much that is good of its kind and his descriptions are generally correct. Your grandmother and I are reading it here now with pleasure; have just finished the chapter on Pompeii. I have before mentioned that this was the favourite resort of the Plinys. A letter from the younger gives an animated description of the destruction of Pompeii, and is given by Mark Twain. The place of his birth, and for which he ever retained the fondest affection, is in sight from our windows. Its charms are still almost without rival.

I am sorry for your account of my poor old friend Dr. Blanke. Please remember me to him, and avail yourself of his assistance in acquiring language. I shall be happy to find on our return you and Caspar both accomplished in German and Classic tongues, and I should be delighted at some future day to visit these scenes with you, if it is permitted to us to do so.

I can even now fancy you rowing on this beautiful Lake in the evening; or, as many young Englishmen do, being rowed in a covered boat every morning to the middle of its bed of pure water and plunging from it again and again into its depths, "taking a Header" they call it, then swimming around and returning to enjoy their breakfast all the more for the exercise and excitement, after which they spend the morning in climbing heights to which those at Mohunk are, I take it, but mere ant-hills in comparison. Ask Mr. Hugh Davids about it all.

Our dear love to your grandmother and mother, with our hearty thanks for their letters and for all their kindness to your cousins.

Your loving grandfather

CASPAR MORRIS.

BELLAGIO, Sept. 18, 1871.

My Dear Children :

Your mother and I find it difficult to tear ourselves away from the beauties and comfort of this delightful place. We have several times talked of the time when we would leave, but it has, as yet, been *always the day after to-morrow, or next week*. We have had some apology for our incertitude in the ignorance in which we have been, necessarily, of the movements of Wistar; and even now, though he has informed us by letter received yesterday, that he will send a courier here to take us to them, he fixes no time more definitely than "about the 3rd of October." We had no desire for this, and do not wish to remain here quite so long as that involves. Yet they change their own plans and places so frequently, that we can not communicate with them. While we were sick our only channel of communication was through the Bankers in London.

The uncertainty of their movements is inevitable, as they find objects of interest opening unexpectedly before them day by day as they advance, as well as difficulties they could not anticipate, or provide against.

They were at Interlaken on the 15th, though our letter of only two days before, had been dated at Meyringen, to which they had gone unexpectedly, because they had not received an answer to a telegraphic despatch asking for rooms at Interlaken.

They were *enjoying* rides on horseback and walks on foot "over dreadful passes, and rough roads, and fearful descents."

Little Holly had been six hours in the saddle, and her mother carried in "Chaise a porteur."

Your mother and I are well out of the way and rejoice that they have no such drag on their proceedings as we should have been *of necessity*, if we had continued with them.

Thus you see we are well cared for by Him who orders all things well for them who trust in Him, and commit their way to His ordering.

The beauty here does not in the least pall on our senses; but we do intend to cross over to Lago Maggiore to-morrow, or at the farthest on Wednesday, and I shall probably not mail this letter until we get across, as you must ere this have sickened of the very name Bellagio, and think we are idiotically fixed in our attachment to the place.

I do hope Hugh Davids has some good sketches in his portfolio, and can fill them up after his return. Townsend and Ashbridge are somewhere about, to-day. They appear to be enjoying themselves nicely.

On the table in the *salon de lecture* I found to-day a copy of the tri-weekly New York *Tribune* of the 28th, and was pleased to be able from its report to justify the statements I had made in conversation with some Irish gentlemen, of the extent of the peach culture in the

United States, which had been thought must be exaggerated. The peaches here are *fine looking*, and your mother says some of them are *very good*. You know I never eat them at home except after meals; and here they are not brought on table at that time, cut and sugared, but as fruit dessert with figs, of which I am especially fond, and grapes *et cetera*. Peaches are sold by the pound weight.

Bellagio appears to enjoy a perpetual holiday; a steamboat arrives or departs every few hours, always full freighted with tourists in search of pleasure whether coming or going.

In the intervals, like the minute marks on the dial of the watch breaking up the large divisions by the marks of the hours, little pleasure boats are constantly coming and going with those who are idling here, like ourselves, or visiting from other places on the Lake.

No one is busy, except in doing nothing, except the "Porter" who is fully occupied in giving welcome to the coming and speed to the parting guests; and the chamber-maid, who is never done "ridding up" after those who have been enjoying, and preparing good beds and nice rooms, for whoever may succeed the departing; and the denizens of the culinary department, of the existence of which we have no knowledge, except that which is derived from the viands which are carried from it to the *salle a manger* at all hours between 6 A. M., and 10 P. M., always abundant and good. No one ever calls in vain at any hour for milk, eggs, coffee, tea, bread, butter, beef, mutton, fish, poultry, or game in season, dressed in any way one ever thought of, and asks in vain.

One of the courses daily at the *table d'hote* is what they call Quails: a delicious little bird of which one is furnished to each guest, however many there may be. The cooking is perfect. We are spoiled for future travel: *not for home*. One joint with potatoes and tomatoes and a dessert of cut peaches, would draw us away, gladly, from six courses even here.

I have just read this to your mother, who is *busy* (packing preparatory to our leaving here); she says "That's so, I endorse that fully." The very water of the lake seems to have nothing to do but reflect from its tranquil bosom the glorious heavens above it, and the beautiful earth around it, so gently does it plash against the environing shore; and the air fans us with just that gentle creeping sensation of the softest breeze, which lulls the senses into repose.

There was a transient flurry last evening, which stirred up everything for a time. The clouds gathered blackness upon those distant mountains (whose shadowy forms draw me ever and anon to the window to enjoy the luxury of saying again and again "How perfect is the beauty!")—while I write the soft sound of the chiming bells floats on the air among the distant peaks) and soon covered the entire area of the lake, and fell in refreshing showers, mingled with lightning flashes, and rolling thunder, reverberated from the mountains, followed

by a fresh wind which stirred the waves and made them break noisily against the shore, till we fell asleep.

The morning woke us with its cheerful smile on everything, far and near ; and the day has gone on with its accustomed tranquil course. Just at this moment all is so perfectly still that I suppose those who dine at 2 P. M., are sleeping off the fatigue of that laborious action and those who dine at six are sleeping in preparation for the exertion. Your mother and I have enjoyed both the meal and the repose ; and while she prepares to leave this realm of enchantment, a task she is no more willing now than heretofore to confide to other hands than her own, and in the performing of which she admits of no division of thought or delegation of action, I talk thus idly with you, and yet though idly, not I trust unprofitably. Such loving *causerie* serves as the light fuel to kindle the flame of that love.

She and I sometimes differ about which of us shall carry some article of our hand-luggage ; I was brought up in the school which taught that this part of life's burden should all rest on man's shoulders—was his peculiar province—and it required the experience of her superior skill in packing to compel me to surrender that to her exclusive control.

This morning she quite exulted as she pointed to an English party we met on the steamboat, as we returned from a sauntering walk. The good ladies were *trotting*, as only English ladies can trot, each laden with a large satchel while their lords walked with grand majesty beside them unburdened with any *impedimenta*. My only reply to her chuckle was a grunt of dissatisfaction. But when it comes to *packing* she has me at disadvantage ; and I can only relieve my disturbance, caused by her assumption of her *right* to reign supreme in that province, confirmed by her success and my frequent failure, by doing as I am now doing, taking refuge with you from the feeling of chagrin.

This gratifies her, satisfies me, and, I would fain hope does not offend you.

One power only seems left me, *that of enjoyment* ; and the material for enjoyment is ever present without needing to be sought for ; I have but to do as I have done since I wrote the last sentence, lift my eyes from the paper to which I am striving to transfer for your gratification the expression of past delight, and I take in not only *fresh portions* but, "*ever new delights*" from merely gazing on the everlasting hills ! No artist has produced any thing more beautiful than they are as the ideal of the " Delectable Mountains " of the blessed, glorious, Dreamer whose Progress has so charmed the imagination of the world of literature that it has been willing to accept his solemn truths for the sake of the grace with which they are presented, and the taste with which they are conveyed.

Before me now, (5 P. M.) lies the Lake like a mirror, its margin like a frame artfully concealed by the villas, villages, and cliffs which

skirt it, the surface just stirred as though by the fanning of unseen wings. Opposite rise towering precipices, bathed on the one side in the golden light of the sun, which seems almost to rest on their lofty heads ; the other thrown into soft shades of variable purple. On the extreme right rise the rugged grey ranges of the distant Alps, their peaks reflecting the almost level rays which reveal their savage grandeur, while the lower ranges and the valleys are veiled with a thin haze of blue mist which, like drapery, adds beauty to that which exists in form and perspective, while it covers all that could offend.

Half a dozen boats float slowly around, their oars scarce lifted from the water, while those who recline in them *imbibe* the tranquil delight which is gently settling on every thing around. Earth can never again offer to my eyes so much delight.

I am always jealous of any *sensuous* picture of a future life. I do not believe that heaven is a place, or even a state.

But if I were drawing the delineation of a Paradise of delight, I should place it here. It is God's workmanship, and therefore may be safely praised. None but He could have made it as it is.

" He planned, and built, and still upholds the world
So filled with beauty, for rebellious man."

May I shew my gratitude to Him for having permitted me to enjoy *this* great gratification, by shewing forth His praise not only with my lips but in my life, by giving up myself to His service with renewed energy and zeal and love.

The grandeur of the Tyrolean Alps was exciting ; that of the Jungfrau and Matterhorn may be more sublime ; but *this, this is satisfying*. It is peaceful repose, resting tranquilly amid surrounding majesty and power.

You must not think that we are so absorbed in the pleasures here as to be forgetful of you all. Your precious letters up to September 1st have filled our hearts with thanksgiving and prepared them for this joy.

Your loving father,

CASPAR MORRIS.

BELLAGIO, September 19, 1871.

My Dear Children :

At dinner table to-day, we learned that there is to be an illumination of the Cathedral at Milan, to-morrow evening, it being the anniversary of the occupation of Rome by the Italian troops ; and as it is only four hours distance from this place by rail, we have determined to make a great effort and go there, leaving here early to-morrow and reaching Milan by 1 P. M.

This will enable me to visit the Hospital to-morrow afternoon and Thursday morning, witness the celebration of the great Italian Anni-

versary, see the illumination of the great Cathedral, which we are told will be a most imposing spectacle, and return here by Friday or at furthest Saturday.

I shall endeavour to find time while there to write, and will at least mail this.

We are wonderfully well. The weather to-day has been invigorating. The early morning was quite as cool as we could desire, making it necessary for comfort to close the windows; and a north wind raised very decided waves on the Lake so that our clerical friend reported at breakfast time that he had been quite sea-sick while being rowed to shore after bathing.

Could any of you desire for us more of earthly enjoyment than we are favored with? May we not unite with one accord in a Psalm of thanksgiving?

MILAN, September 20th.

When as a boy I learned that one of the chief towns of Italy bore this name, and as I advanced a little further in knowledge and read of Lombardy, and of this as the capital of that kingdom; and even later, when I became familiar with its importance in the decline of the Roman Empire, and associated with it the fate of Belisarius and the lives of Ambrose and Jerome and Augustine, I little thought I should ever tread its streets, or fancied what manner of place it was; and now that I am here, the associations with the events in its history to which I have alluded are but shadowy and obscure and indefinite compared with the strangely impressive fact that here are your mother and myself in a chamber which we reached after more meandering through intricate passages than I had ever conceived it was possible to introduce into one house, with a naked floor of tiles, but very comfortably furnished; she with her knitting, and I writing thus to you, beguiling the time while we wait for *our homely meal, at our homelike hour, having ordered tea at seven o'clock.* We shall take it in the *salle a manger* (at a side table), in which there are now at least one hundred and fifty guests at their dinner of courses; many, if not all of whom, will pity the rusticity of such barbarians as we will be in their eyes. But it suits our tastes and confirmed habits; and still better would be the quiet domestic order of one of your parlors or dining rooms.

I am more astonished at Milan than by anything we have yet seen. We can with difficulty conceive ourselves in a foreign land, so closely do the thronging multitudes resemble those of our own great cities in costumes, manner, stature and countenance. The language alone is strange. We came direct from the railway Depot through the principal streets, lined on either side with shops containing the same goods as those with us, arranged in the same proportions, and displayed with the same taste, and the various kinds of merchandise distributed in about the same relative assortment of the shops.

The street through which we came to the hotel has about the same width as those of our own towns, and the fronts of the dwellings are not very dissimilar.

The vehicles resemble our own, and the horses are good, and on this street there are omnibuses plying every few minutes along the crowded way. There are, it is true, no footwalks; but we have become so familiarized with this that it does not offend us. The pavements are excellent; very different from our miserable cobble stone substitutes, and men with baskets strapped on their shoulders in which to carry off the garbage, and shovel in hand with which to gather up everything offensive, are to be met every few yards gathering all offal matter and keeping all parts of the street perfectly clean and fit for the foot.

Merry children, playing on the streets, or running along, give a cheerful aspect to the whole scene as I have attempted to give it to you. But there are other features which are strange indeed! I have seen and admired engravings, photographs, models even of the Cathedral, and read description after description from various pens, but have never formed the faintest conception of *its majesty*. That is the only word which occurs to my mind as in any degree appropriate.

Milan stands in a great plain with no elevation in its area, which is thickly covered with houses and as we approached by rail and I first saw it from the cars, rising above the houses, I said to myself, as did Bruce at the sources of the Nile, "Is this all?" I said nothing to anyone else, but was expressively silent. As we drove along the streets and approached, but did not pass it, I still felt disappointed. When I walked to it—it is not far from the hotel, on the same street—and stood beside it in the rather narrow open space at one side of which it stands, while the archiepiscopal palace and other large buildings crowd on it from the other side, there was still the same *unsatisfied* feeling. But, when I got within it! then in a moment, the awe fell on me, and I felt as an insignificant atom in the midst of its immensity!

There are no statues or tombs to divide the area, no pictures to distract the attention; one is absorbed in the extent and unity of the massive structure, spread undivided around one, and towering in immeasurable height above, and one turns to the nearest column for some sensible companionship in the solitude of space. That does not afford it; it is too massive and too lofty, and one feels like a petty insect crawling at the base.

As one enters, the distant lights in the chancel at the opposite end, appear like twinkling stars in the dimness of distance; no sound disturbs the solemn silence which prevails; there is the feeling of loneliness which can be compared only to that of the unexplored wilderness or the limitless ocean at midnight. One lifts one's eyes, and the height is more overwhelming.

The first thing which brings one back to the feeling of the real, is probably the sight of some poor victim of misbelief stopping at the vase beside one, at the entrance, to sprinkle himself with holy water, and make the sign of the cross on the forehead and breast.

Ye men of Milan, I feel toward you as did St. Paul to those of Athens, and would fain declare unto you Him who ye thus ignorantly worship.

The same conflict between the priestly and the civil power which was waged in the days of the Lower Empire, when the Roman Emperor was compelled to stand a trembling penitent at the door of the cathedral, waiting till the bishop should permit him to enter, with every token of *subjugation*, is renewed at this very juncture. We were induced to come over here at this time without waiting for your Uncle and Aunts, by the announcement that there would be an illumination of the city generally, and especially of the *Duomo*, in honor of the unification of Italy, on this the first anniversary of the entrance of the Italian Kingdom into Rome as the Capital. This act is distasteful to the Pope and the supporters of his Temporal Power, under which he claims to be the legitimate ruler of the Papal States.

The priests have forbidden the illumination of the Cathedral, and the *fete* has in consequence dwindled from the proposed display to a Concert, vocal and instrumental, in the Plaza right along side the great citadel of their strength; a partial illumination of a few houses; and a general display of flags; and this notwithstanding the presence of Victor Emanuel, who has come over from Florence to distribute the Prizes at the two Expositions, one of Art and the other of Industrial products, which are now being held here for the purpose of affording encouragement to Italian native skill.

We spent an hour or so this afternoon in that for the encouragement of manufactures, with great satisfaction. The display is very fine in all its parts, and especially creditable in the departments of household furniture and carriages. Silk stuffs, plain and brocade, were of course very rich and elegant; and the inlaid cabinet ware superbly beautiful. In style, proportions, workmanship, it exceeds anything we have ever seen. Chinaware, glass and cutlery, were also well represented in the various forms of those products of art and skill. Many of the vehicles were superb in their appointments and in the arrangements for the ease of the occupants, as well as in the exquisite finish of the workmanship.

The department of Pharmacy attracted my attention, and there were many beautiful specimens of the products of that art, which might have excited some feeling of rivalry on the part even of Mr. Hubbell. He might tremble for his laurels. Perfumery and toilet articles were, of course, prominent.

Before one of the stalls appropriated to these, was a fountain throwing up liberal jets in which the visitors were moistening their

pocket-handkerchiefs. The spray was sweetly odorous, being *Eau d' Milan*, which your mother pronounces better than *Eau d' Cologne*. There was the usual display of ornamental feather-work and embroidery, etc. ; some of it very beautiful. But it is time for us to take a little turn on the street, after which we shall commend you and ourselves to the loving protection of our Father in Heaven, and seek for repose.

Your loving father,

CASPAR MORRIS.

MILAN, Italy, September 21, 1871.

My Dear Children :

While your mother dresses I will record for you the experiences of last evening before they are crushed out of my mind by the pressure of those of the passing day, which is too often the result of the unceasing presentation of fresh objects of interest with every passing moment, amid scenes so new to us and so full of interest as those by which we are here surrounded. So rapidly do they crowd the one on another, that the former has not time to make a definite impression before its successor comes into the field, and thus the whole picture becomes blurred and marred in inextricable confusion.

After our return from the Industrial Exposition we found a temporary resort to our beds a much needed comfort ; and tea a blessed restorative. After which we seated ourselves in our chamber, your mother with her knitting, and I with my letter-writing to fill up the minutes till the hour for music on the Plaza. I had just completed my letter and folded it for the mail when the chamber-maid entered, and expressed her surprise that we were not out to see the illumination, and was much surprised when told it was forbidden.

Your mother was dressing for the walk, and to my enquiry about the weather the maid replied by the assurance that it was beautiful ; but on reaching the street we found it was raining and unfit for your mother to expose herself on the Plaza, unsheltered, so that she remained within.

I met such numbers of persons returning, as I went toward the Plaza, that I supposed the rain (which was heavy), had caused the postponement of the Concert ; but walking on, I soon encountered three cavalry soldiers, standing in the carriage-way, evidently stationed there to prevent the further advance of carriages in that direction. Still to my surprise, the people were all coming away from the Plaza. But when I arrived at the Plaza I found it closely packed with a multitude before which one of our great monster mass-meetings in Broad Street would dwindle into a mere crowd. I could get no nearer to the Orchestra than just to see that the musicians were on a

great platform, brilliantly lighted and that there was a stage beside it which had evidently been erected for the reception of some party of distinction, but it was impossible to determine whether those who occupied it were Royal or Plebeian—nay, I could not get sufficiently near to decide whether they were white or black. The numerous statues which adorn the exterior of the Cathedral were brought out by the brilliant light of the torches in high relief, while the niches in which they stand were thrown into deep shade, contrasting strongly with the pure white of the vast pile of well-dressed Carara marble of which the whole structure is built; drawn from a quarry which is the exclusive property of the Cathedral. Except the great Temperance Rally at the grounds of the Crystal Palace near London, it was the largest collection of men I had ever seen collected, and the most decorous in behaviour.

I arrived at a very happy moment, just when were singing a song written for the occasion by T. Buchanan Read, in the chorus of which many of the crowd united, and at the close the entire multitude applauded. I did not remain longer in the rain, entirely convinced by the number assembled, notwithstanding the disappointment about the illumination of the Duomo and the heavy rain falling, that the hearts of the people here were in entire sympathy with the movement for the regeneration and unification of Italy, though they may not yet be prepared to throw off the yoke of priest-craft they have worn so long.

Would that there were something better than the bondage of scepticism and sheer infidelity (its own progeny), to take its place. It is to be feared that nothing but violence will break up the strongholds of error and superstition, and I should be glad to see any mode in which one could cooperate in efforts to bring them under the influence of the simple unadulterated Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. This can be accomplished only by the Divine wisdom, Divine power, and love of Him who "is Love."

English influence is very great and makes itself felt in many ways silently promoting the efforts of the people in their own behalf; and English capital is freely expended in many enterprises, not always either advantageously to the Italians or profitably to the English owners.

A grand enterprise was commenced a few years ago in the construction of an extensive building for a Bazaar, with an enormous glass dome, of great elevation and radius, from which three long corridors several stories in height, diverged to as many wide streets, on each of which there was to be a grand arcade of marble with sculpture over the lofty arches.

By their contract with the Municipality it was to be forfeited if the contractors did not complete it according to the plan submitted, and having underestimated the cost, the company failed after having expended no less than 12,000,000 Francs of British capital, and the

Municipality is now at work on it. It covers an area larger than several of our squares thrown together ; and the dome, which is completed, and the arcades which diverge from it are entirely protected with glass from the weather, while the shops and passages are as light as out of doors during the day, and are brilliantly illuminated at night. The shops are large and well supplied with every conceivable kind of goods, and there are several large cafes building, around which one sees every evening the chairs fully occupied with men and women eating ices or drinking the light wines of the country, or sipping the coffee, and gossiping about public or private affairs, as their several tastes or interests may incline them. There are also Music halls, giving concerts every evening, while crowds of well-dressed people are promenading in the spacious arcades which are brilliantly lighted, and furnish a favourite place of resort for the Milanese of all ranks. The entire floor is laid in mosaic, and there are many perfectly executed statues of distinguished Italians, poets, statesmen, and artists, from the earliest to the present time, Raphael, Dante, Michael Angelo, and Cavour being especially conspicuous.

The one facade which is finished is very imposing ; and the principal front, which is on the Plaza and as yet only commenced, is designed to be still more so.

The Italian spirit is aroused and is determined to manifest its claim to the honour of being the offspring of the Romans of old, by their determination to thrive under their autonomy, and thus rebuke the tyranny of Austria by which they were so long held in depressing thralldom. The very name is held in abhorrence, as is also the temporal authority of the Pope, which was upheld by that Empire ; and this feeling is dominant also in the minds of a large majority of the middle and lower classes toward the spiritual claims of the Papacy, which they associate with their temporal oppression.

An apt illustration of the depth and extent of this feeling is afforded by our *valet de place*, an intelligent and well informed Milanese.

There is a grand boulevard or public drive, six miles long, shaded by double lines of noble horse-chestnut trees, running around the city on the level of the top of the wall, from which one looks, in driving, down on the houses and their beautiful ornamental grounds, on the one side, and on the Lazaretto built by Carlos Boromeo (so deservedly canonized) and the wide spread plain, on the other. We drove there each afternoon, and as we were admiring the noble trees I remarked to Alessandre, "they must have been planted under the Austrian rule ; they could not have attained such size if planted since the establishment of the Kingdom of Italy."

He instantly replied, with great animation : "They are older than Austrian rule. Napoleon I. had a great ambition to be Roman Emperor. He did much for Milan." This is true ; there is now a

great Amphitheatre, capable of seating 35,000 persons to see races and fire-works and listen to musical performances, which was designed and commenced under his auspices. The arena is sufficiently spacious to admit of horse races, and is annually flooded with water and thus converted into a lake on which a regatta is held.

Near by rises proudly another of the trophies by which Napoleon delighted to commemorate his power in France and Italy, a grand triumphal Arch at the southern terminus of the Simplon Road over the Alps, by which he designed to perpetuate the union between France and Italy, which he named The Arch of the Simplon. Under the Austrian sway the name was changed to Arch of Peace, and it is now known as The Arch of Triumph. It is of Carara marble, of magnificent design and fine proportions and execution, having represented on it in bas-relief, the marriage of the Emperor to Josephine, and his various Italian victories over Austria.

It is surmounted by a bronze group of horses in imitation of the celebrated group at Venice in front of the Cathedral of St. Mark, said to be the greatest remains of Grecian art ; which Napoleon carried to Paris, but was compelled to restore them. This group was cast here, where we are told there is a very successful foundry for bronze works of art.

The palatial structures which abound here, but especially on the Corso Reale, where they are magnificent, prove the existence of great wealth ; but the possession of this is not confined to the old nobility, which has lost its prestige, but is shared by the merchants and manufacturers and mechanics.

One very fine building arrested my attention soon after we arrived, standing conspicuously near the park-like space around the railroad station, and on making some inquiry about it I was told it is a manufactory of letter envelopes. This fact alone affords striking evidence of the energy and activity of the present times, as nothing but intellectual activity and commercial energy can create a demand for so extensive a production of this article.

The fronts of most of the more recently built houses are of granite (nearly white) or marble, and, by a curious municipal regulation, all houses on the principal streets and chief thoroughfares are compelled to have a projecting balcony over the chief entrance, and if the owner is not able to encounter the cost of it one is built for him at the public charge.

The fronts are frequently wide and are entered through *port cocheres*, opening into extensive gardens, which are shut off from the streets, and thus have the advantage of entire privacy. They are planted very tastefully with a charming variety of semi-tropical shrubs and flowers, beautifully arranged, and in many there are fountains.

Our *valet de place* procured us access to one which had been overlooked from neighbouring houses ; the owner had met this inconveni-

ence by surrounding his premises by a lofty wall, which he covered with beautiful fresco paintings, representing mountain and other rural scenes so perfectly that as one stood in the midst of the actual flowers and shrubs of the garden and looked at the illusory surroundings one could not realize that the whole was not real.

In the older parts of the city they are renewing the fronts of the old houses in modern style, so actively that it strikes one as the most livingly active place we have yet visited. Everything betokens prosperity. The shops are brilliantly lighted every evening, not only in the arcade, but on the great thoroughfare, and the goods, which are in great variety and of costly material and superior fabric, are displayed most artistically and with much good taste. Mirrors are so arranged as to duplicate the entire shop, not only in depth, but also in the extent of front, so perfectly that one is still deceived again and again.

Last evening your mother and I wandered around with great pleasure. The streets were swarming with people, the seats in front of the cafes filled with respectable looking men and women drinking coffee and tea and eating ices.

We did not meet with one who gave any reason to suppose that he was the worse for wine; still there was the thought present that this out-of-door life is not conducive to domestic happiness nor to mental culture, and that it must be inimical to all forms of spiritual life.

Yet the devotional feeling is not quenched; certainly not extinguished. As we stood with entranced feelings, almost overwhelmed by the awe inspired by the immensity of the grand Cathedral, one after another, men of sober mein and humble deportment, and countenances expressive of earnest feeling of devotion, seeking an object of adoration or one to whom they could make known their wants in prayer, would press near to the place they considered most holy and kneel solemnly, and in silence kneel with every indication of sincere desire for Divine help.

I know that mere sincerity of belief is not the test of truth; certainly, they who of old brought oxen and garlands of flowers and would have worshiped Paul and Barnabas were sincere in this act, and yet they soon after persecuted and stoned the teachers of the true faith.

I find it very difficult to hold fast the form of sound doctrine delivered to us in the Word of God in the midst of all the diverting influences, so many and so various, which we encounter amidst the pleasures of travel, as you do in the midst of the anxieties and temptations of business. May we all be kept by the power of God, through faith unto salvation.

Your ever loving father,

CASPAR MORRIS.

MILAN, September 22, 1871.

My Dear Children :

This has been a day of full enjoyment without satiety or weariness from over-exertion, and all the greater for myself in that I really believe your mother has participated in the delight. The Cathedral and Leonardî da Vinci's painting have given her more gratification than I had supposed she would find from anything on this side of the Atlantic.

The influence of each was *subduing*, like the deep tones of sacred music, or the calm glory of a cloudless western sky, or the majesty of the midnight moon as the fleecy clouds float across, as she hangs suspended in the empyrean depths of the vault of heaven. I am thankful to have enjoyed the privilege of witnessing and participating in her calm enjoyment of both.

Leonardi must have studied thoroughly, and, more than that, must have understood and appreciated the character and meaning of our Lord's last discourse with His disciples, or he could not have produced that inconceivable expression of "nevertheless, not my will but Thine be done," as he has thrown into his picture of the *humanity* of our Master and Lord.

The varied manifestation of *mere* human feeling displayed by the disciples—from the indignation of one and the horror of another, to the remonstrance of Peter and the loving sympathy of John—are in strong contrast with the combination of human feeling with Divine serenity in the countenance of our Lord.

I have often said, and always feel, that the highest proof of the Divinity of our Lord is found in the calm yet earnest character which prevades the entire record of the last hours spent with His disciples ; and it seems to me that the same impression in the mind of the artist produced this incomparable picture. The more I turn over in my mind the details the deeper is the impression it leaves. I would not have that impression marred by looking at much less by possessing *any copy*, however good. We saw many in the Refectory, and the contrast was most painful. Attitudes, perspective, position, colour, were all faithfully reproduced ; but it was worse "than the body without the spirit" : *the spirit had never been there.*

NOTE.—Date uncertain, probably in 1882. (Ed.)

(In copying this expression of the feeling I experienced in sitting as we did in silent awe before this most wonderful production of human power, after the lapse of ten years, marked in their passage by the most sorrowful experiences of human life, and realizing the fearful extent to which aesthetic feelings have been made the agent of introducing into the nominal church the most grievous and fatal errors in doctrine and practice, I am led to pause and hesitate whether such feelings are conducive to

growth in grace and the true knowledge of the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Such feelings are soothing, elevating, purifying; but do they lead to more faithful active service, or promote a religion of mere voluptuous enjoyment of a hope of our own salvation from the penalty of sin?

BELLAGIO, Saturday, P. M., September 23rd.

We left Milan this morning, at 9 A. M., for Como, by rail, and thence by steamboat on the Lake back to this sweet place of rest, reaching here about 2 P. M., where we found precious letters *from home* awaiting our return. Dear Mary's and Cousin Emily's as late as the 3rd and 4th of this month.

How shall we express our gratitude for the good news, "All well." There was also one from dear Mrs. Cope, pouring out the mingled notes of deep affliction, confiding faith, and ardent love. *We would fain be with you all.*

We are not only disappointed, but disturbed, by the want of information of the how and whereabouts of Wistar and Sisters. There is a letter from Villeneuve but without any definite account of their plans, or arrangements for meeting, for which we had been looking with entire confidence we should find it here. We feel embarrassed about our own movements.

The country between Como and Milan is very flat and destitute of any natural attractions, and the soil very poor. It has been evidently the bed of a lake in some distant period. It is underlaid in the whole distance by a stratum of small rolled stones, or pebbles. The only crops we saw were maize, grapes, and mulberry trees, to supply food for the silk-worms.

These are planted in extensive orchards, about 20 feet apart, and are not permitted to rise higher than about 10 feet high, when they are "topped," in order to promote the sending out of shoots, which shall produce large, tender, succulent leaves for the supply for the voracious eaters, and enable them to spin fine large cocoons of the beautiful fibre which enters so essentially into the beautiful fabrics, so appropriate to female dress. The spaces between the trees are planted with vines which here are trained from tree to tree, as they were in the days of Horace, who celebrates the "marriage" of the vine to the Elm.

Maize is also planted in the vacant spaces, but is very poor, and at this season of the year when the tassel has faded and the blades become yellow, and the mulberry trees have been denuded of their foliage, the aspect is very sterile.

The land is owned by large proprietors, formerly by the ecclesiastical establishments, or nobles; and rented out to the peasantry—"contadini"—I believe they are called—who pay one-half the pro-

duct to the proprietor of the soil. They are said now to be prosperous and happy.

This part of Italy has certainly aroused from the torpor into which it had sunk under the depressing influence of Austrian oppression and misrule. Milan, the chief city, is a place of wonderful energy. Streets are being widened and new houses constructed in every part; and public improvements pushed forward with an energy which astonishes every visitor, even those who have been accustomed to witness the rapid development of the New World. The dwellings of private citizens, who have acquired wealth in mechanical pursuits and by manufactures or in trade, exceed in comfort and elegance those of the princes of former days, if they fall somewhat short of their solid durability. They are built of granite or marble, often with a frontage of over 100 feet on the street, and several stories high. The ground-floors are not infrequently rented out for shops or even as workshops, but this is not done so commonly now as formerly when it was the universal custom of the nobles. The prestige of the old aristocracy is lost. Those of them who now command the popular favour, have acquired it by ruinously lavish expenditure in support of the present popular form of government, and promoting the unification of Italy which is the great object of patriotism. Some of the nobles are said to have reduced themselves to poverty by their very free expenditure on this account. No more expressive illustration could be given of the tendency of the popular feeling at the present time than that which is furnished by the fact that the most costly and elaborate monument in the new Campo Santo, a very admirable piece of statuary, has been erected to the memory of a mechanic, with the tools and emblems of his art sculptured on the tomb.

One must do as we did—drive for hours about the streets—to form a correct idea of the energy which is everywhere active here, and the wondrous results it has already accomplished.

Our Commissaire assured us that everyone was getting rich, including even himself. The houses, the fronts of which I have mentioned as so imposing, enclose open courts with fountains and flower-beds and shrubbery, and sometimes extensive pleasure gardens, which one enjoys as one passes, as they are exposed to the view of all through the open iron-work of the gates, through which they are entered under wide arch-ways.

As we paused before one of these gateways the *portier* very kindly pressed us to enter, and we were nothing loth to accept the invitation, attracted by the beauty of the grounds as we saw them from the street. Though in the heart of the most populous part of the town, there must have been at least two acres in the enclosure, laid out with great taste in flower-beds and ornamental shrubbery and miniature lakes, most artfully contrived to resemble natural ones, with sinuous shores, surrounded with plantations of flowers of gorgeous colours in great

variety. The amaranths were especially rich and varied in colour, and were massed in clusters of the most attractive forms.

But the wonder of the spot was derived from the means taken to remedy a great defect, caused by its being overlooked on three sides from the adjoining properties.

The proprietor of this, a retired banker, surrounded it with a high wall which is covered in its whole extent by very fine fresco paintings, representing snow-clad peaks, Alpine valleys, castles and chalets, with roads passing from one to the other, and terraces—all so perfectly represented that the illusion is complete, and one must walk up to the wall and touch it to be undeceived. From one window in a castle a lady is represented as looking out, and apparently withdrawing on being observed, so naturally that one felt inclined to withdraw oneself from the intrusive gaze. We were told that this arrangement had cost the owner 80,000 francs.

The railway station is almost equal to those at Zurich and at Munich, quite equal in the real comfort of the accommodations, though not furnished as sumptuously nor ornamented so expensively. The waiting-room, in which we were received this morning till the arrival of the train by which we left, was frescoed with paintings which, with us, would pass for works of high art.

One represented Venice as a queen in regal costume, receiving the tribute of the world, brought by representative figures.

The entire area of these stations is covered with glass, thus protecting the travellers from the vicissitudes of the weather as they enter or leave the cars, without excluding the light during the day-time; and at night they are brilliantly illuminated by gas. The fortifications of Milan are, as I have already said, six miles in circuit, having a moat outside, and a wide carriage-drive along the top of the wall, planted with grand horse-chestnut trees in four lines—the carriage-way between the inner lines and a foot-way on either side between the outer rows. This is the fashionable drive and is much frequented, and from several points commands the best views of the Cathedral. It also passes the Public Gardens and those of the New Palace, which lie immediately contiguous to it. The energy of business corresponds to these evidences of affluence. The large number of book stores affords positive evidence of the intelligence and mental culture of the inhabitants, as does also the number of shops in which philosophical instruments are exposed for sale. The cleanliness of the streets is perfect, and the entire police arrangements appear to be good, though the immense tufts of chicken feathers worn in the caps of one set of officers, almost hiding the entire head, looks very ridiculous in our eyes, accustomed to the severe simplicity of dress of the agents of the majesty of the law. We saw no disorderly conduct in the streets, heard no unseemly noise, and met with no drunkenness in all our driving and walking during the three days of our visit.

The encouragement given to the Fine Arts is characteristic of Italy, and shews the wealth and prosperity of the present times. The Campo Santo is a new cemetery, established within the last three years, yet there are already numerous costly monuments, of great beauty in design and execution.

One represents two sons, clinging to their father, whom they are seeking to console for the loss of their mother by their loving care. Another is a closed tomb, into which a disconsolate widow is vainly seeking an entrance for herself and her children. Still another mode of manifesting love and grief for the loss of the husband represents the widow kneeling in prayer for the repose of the soul of the object of her love.

These figures are all of life size and admirably cut in the purest white Carara marble.

A custom which is quite new to us is almost universal—of placing a photograph of the departed under glass in some conspicuous position about the tomb, whether simple or ornamented with statuary.

Your loving father,

CASPAR MORRIS.

MILAN, September 22, 1871.

My Dear Children:

It is a great privilege to have had one's birth in America, and of all other parts of America in Philadelphia, and of all conditions in Philadelphia just in that which we are favored to occupy.

I was early taught to pray "give me neither poverty nor riches" by my sainted mother, who caused me to commit to memory the prayer of Agur, in the Book of Proverbs.

But Milan is a great place, and thus far we find it a very pleasant place on various accounts. Last evening a very nice old gentleman, between whom and his wife and your mother and myself a pleasant travelling acquaintance sprang up at Bellagio, which has been renewed here without our knowing even their name, called on us and presented his card, Lieutenant-Colonel Bowen, and begged us to seek them out if we should go to Dublin; and this morning, as we sat at breakfast table, one of two young gentlemen who have taken their meals at the same table and at the same hour, and with whom we have interchanged the common talk of fellow-travellers, stopped as he rose to leave and offered his hand to your mother to bid her good-bye, as they were about to leave for India, where they had received appointments, and in reply to your mother's request for his name said "Mulock."

I asked if any way related to the authoress of "John Halifax." "Oh yes," was his prompt reply. He and his companion are two very pleasant fellows, with whom we have found it very nice to chat.

Last evening I was so unfortunate as to break one of my porcelain teeth, and this morning Alessandre found for me a dentist, who promised to replace it for me very promptly. (This *valet de place*, by the way, is a very intelligent and useful man—your mother says the original Ferguson of Mark Twain, or at least his brother.) Through him I asked where the teeth from which he was selecting one were manufactured. I suppose he took me to be English, and he said in London; and then, taking up another lot, said they were made by "Doct Vite, of Filadelfy; they are excellent." I then told him I was from the same city, and described to him the extent of the establishment. I yesterday made my visit to the Hospital. It was a sadly solemn spectacle of human misery and noble effort for its relief, the greatest accumulation of sickness and suffering I have ever seen. The wards are all on the ground-floor and of immense length, breadth, and have lofty ceilings. There is no furniture but the beds, which are placed so close together that there is only space enough to permit the access of the attendant. They are in three rows, one against each wall and one along the middle of the ward.

Each ward is entirely emptied once a year, for purification and repair. The floor is of hard tile, and the walls coloured with distemper. Each bed is composed of a wool mattress, resting on a thick paille. The bedsteads are low, so that the patient is not raised more than three feet from the floor.

There is no arrangement for heating these large and high-ceiled wards, which are very airy and light, but must be cold in winter, for they have winter, as is proved by their having a large ice-house which they fill annually. I saw a stove in the Children's ward, and there were warm-air flues in the operating room. But I could find no way provided for warming the general wards, and if there were any they must be seen, as the only fuel used in Milan is wood. Very poor indeed was the sample of it which we saw being taken into one of the stores in the neighborhood of the hotel. The Hospital is endowed, but is now under the care of the Municipality, and has an extensive out-door Dispensary, divided into districts, each of which has its doctor. The Laboratory and Pharmacy are on the most extensive scale and appeared to be well conducted. There was long suite of boilers, heated by one fire, each appropriated to the preparation of a special Ptisan, the name of which was inscribed over it in large letters. The Hospital owns a mill, at which it grinds its own wheat into flour for its own consumption, bakes its own bread, and slaughters its own cattle. All the meats were of the best quality. The kitchen was very light, airy, and perfectly clean. Chickens were being roasted, croquets prepared, tomatoes being stewed, and potatoes in large quantities boiled. Three good meals are furnished daily, as many of the cases require diet rather than drugs. A card bearing the name of the patient, the domicile, and the name of the disease hangs at the head

of each bed. There is a form of disease they call Pellagra, which they say is among the most common and which required only good food for its relief. I am not familiar enough with Nosology to identify it by that name—was told it meant “misery.” The subjects of it were certainly very wretched looking. The most prevalent forms of disease in the Medical wards for Acute cases were Bronchitis and Rheumatism. There were some Typhoid Fever cases, and one called “Fievre Palustre,” which I supposed to correspond to our “Malarial Fevers.”

In the chronic wards Pulmonary Phthisis and other forms of Tuberculosis occupied a large proportion of the beds. There were also many cases of Paralysis and Myelitis, and in the Surgical wards Cancers; and Necrosis and other forms of Scrofula in great numbers. These cases all present the same features as with us. There are special Eye-wards.

One Sister is in charge of each of these large wards, having under her authority an assistant Sister for every ten beds.

The cost of maintenance for each patient per diem appeared, as well as I could judge, to be about the same as in our own hospital.

The Children’s ward was a curious spectacle, the entire floor covered with little cribs, out of each of which was projected a head; and they were all so much alike that one would suppose they were so many dolls or manikins, all cast in the same mould. They appeared contented, and the Sister in charge assured us that they cried when they were taken home. I can quite believe it; every thing about bespoke the kindest treatment and the best care.

There are 3000 patients at present in the wards of this hospital and the admissions average 60 daily.

I could not learn the daily number of deaths, nor the percentage to the aggregate admissions; but it must be large.

The arrangement for the reception of the bodies of the dead was very revolting. They are laid side by side indiscriminately, both sexes and all ages, on an inclined plain laid with plain red tiles in an apartment appropriated to that purpose, waiting till they shall be claimed by friends; failing which, they are interred in plain wooden coffins.

The great defect of the institution is the entire want of corridors for exercise for convalescent patients, and the absolute destitution of anything attractive in the court-yards, to which they have access, it is true, for air and recreation, but which offer no attraction.

The buildings are old; having been originally an Arch-ducal Palace. The revenues are large, derived from bequests and donations which have been accumulating during four centuries.

The landed estate is very extensive. There are several distinct separate “Dependencies,” one of which is a Small-pox Hospital.

Alessandro informed me that there are no less than *six* other hospitals in Milan, which has a population of 250,000 inhabitants.

Nothing impressed me more favorably, as promotive of their comfort, than the occupation of all the women who were able to sit up out of bed (and of some of those who could not) in sewing, or knitting, or some little light employment of their fingers, beguiling the tediousness of the period of convalescence.

There is one sad, very sad, ward occupied by the Insane, crowded tight together, without any discrimination and without attempt at classification. It was truly a pitiable spectacle!

The arrangements for the admission and discharge, and for the general classification of the patients is good and simple.

At the time of entrance their personal clothing is taken from them and registered, and each is provided by the hospital with a change of undergarments and a bed-gown to wear while in the house, which is retained when they leave, and their own clothing is restored to each. The bedding appeared nice and clean, each bed covered with a spread of blue checked linen.

There is a Chapel, of course, and there are *nine priests* in constant attendance. There is also a shrine of the Virgin in every ward in a conspicuous position.

The hour for the morning visit of the medical and surgical staff had passed before I reached the hospital, so that I did not see any of them. A very intelligent officer of the institution, who spoke French with great fluency, waited on me, giving me all the information I sought and furnishing me with the blank forms and other papers when I left.

While at the hospital, Alessandro asked me if I had ever heard of a Doctor Mutter, of Philadelphia, and was delighted when he learned that we had been personal friends. He had been his attendant in his travels, and alluded with much feeling to the intensity of the doctor's sufferings from gout.

Alessandro had been at one time in the employ of Priesnitz, at his Water Cure, and claimed to have done much for the relief of the doctor by the application of wet bandages to the affected limb.

His attachment to Mutter was great and sincere, and I do not know to what else to ascribe his great civility to myself. He was very devoted to "Madame," and was not only attentive to her wishes, but rendered himself especially useful to us both.

(Afternoon.)

We went this morning to the Leonardi da Vinci. I could be content to rest on that as the one specimen of the power of Art. I am happy to have been able to see in it more than Mark Twain. It is a wonderful production! The character of each figure is so perfectly expressed that no guide book is needed to indicate them. The artist devoted *eight years* to this great work, which is now rapidly perishing.

I am glad to have enjoyed the privilege of seeing it together with your mother, who entered fully into the feeling, and we enjoyed it together. It was a rich feast, not only at the time but for memory.

Your ever loving father,

CASPAR MORRIS.

BELLAGIO, September 25, 1871.

My Dear Children :

Among the many objects of interest we visited in our short stay in Milan was the Brera Gallery of paintings.

The building in which it is collected is an enormous pile, once belonging to the order of the Humiliati. Certainly the humility must have been of that kind satirized by the poet as "the pride that apes humility," and one is not surprised to find that the Brothers of the order conspired against not the character only, but the life itself of San Carlo of Borromeo, who was a true and faithful follower of the great Exemplar of true humility, consecrating to works of charity the vast possessions entailed on him and spending his entire life in following the pattern of Him who though He was rich, for our sakes became poor.

Among the incidents in his life sculptured on his marble tomb is the attempt made by them to assassinate him on account of his efforts for the reformation of the morals of the order, of which he was a member.

They were in consequence dissolved, and their vast estates conferred on the followers of Loyola, then as now so devoted to the extension of the power of Papacy. When they fell under the power of an oppressed people justly indignant at their assumption of all power, the Brera Palace was appropriated by the Italian government as a Gallery of Fine Arts.

It contains many of the productions of the Old Masters of world-wide reputation ; and is also annually opened for the exhibition of the works of modern artists, especially of those of Milan.

These are hanging on the same walls as those of the great masters of Art, and I must confess that to my uncultivated taste some of these modern pictures gave rise to a sense of pleasure quite as great as did some of those whose reputation is beyond question or dispute ; and is not the power to give pleasure the test of value ?

One of these modern pictures has been copied in every mode of reproduction, even to chromo-lithography, and thus rendered familiar to us all, representing a little girl fallen at her mother's feet terrified by her brother, who has presented himself to her at the kitchen door, with a hideous false-face.

He is represented in the act of removing the object of her terror, and standing laughing at the success of his sport, while the mother turns toward him, threatening him with a blow from the ladle with which she has been stirring the porridge preparing for their supper.

The most minute details of the fire-place and the floor, are perfectly elaborated ; but the great merit of the picture lies in the contrast of the expression of the countenances of the mother and children.

Any one who has visited a collection of works of art, even on the limited scale with which we are familiar in our new country, will easily realize the difficulty, if not impossibility, of bringing away with one any definite memory of the numerous pictures which each engrossed attention and afforded pleasure at the time one looked at them.

There were, however, in the Brera two modern sculptures, of life-size, which challenged our attention and fixed our admiration, and which I would gladly possess at the moderate price at which they are held by the artist, who has placed them on exhibition hoping they will find a purchaser at the moderate price of \$1000, if I were possessed of the means of doing so without encroaching on other more important concerns.

One of these is called "Vanity" and is a life-sized figure of a young girl just fitted with the first silk dress.

The long skirt and flowing drapery, are perfectly reproduced in the pure *soft* marble lying in delicate folds along the floor, while the expression of perfect satisfaction with which she looks on it, and the attitude of turning to gaze on her treasure and gather up the flowing tissue, are wonderfully life-like and accurate. The figure and face are very beautiful and the entire conception true to nature, and the execution very effective.

The other is equally good representing also a fine female figure, in the beauty of opening womanhood, gathering up her skirts and starting from a mouse which is on the floor approaching her feet. The two would make admirable companion pieces in a simply furnished drawing room.

The circumstances under which the works of the great masters were produced were such as gave rise, of necessity, to great sameness of subjects, relieved, it is true, by the diversity of conception of the different artists, and variety of effect in colour and detail of accompaniments and execution ; but even this diversity of treatment fails to avert the feeling of satiety with which one turns away from the perpetual repetition of Madonnas of every conceivable character and race, according to the taste and prejudice of the artist or his employers, and Josephis, and Sebastians, for some reason (perhaps the opportunity it presents of exhibiting the figure of perfectly developed early manhood) the most popular subject of the painter's art.

The power to patronize art at the time of the Renaissance was possessed exclusively by monasteries and ecclesiastics and the nobility

who were under their domination ; and most of the celebrated pictures were painted to adorn altars of votive churches or the chapels and refectories of Monastic establishments, and hence represented subjects appropriate to the purpose for which they were intended. Some of the subjects are so repulsive in character that the very perfection of reproduction only causes one who is sensitive to turn away ; the more promptly the better it is as a work of art. There is in the Brera Gallery one fearful picture, which exhibits almost inconceivable ability of the artist in what is known as "foreshortening." It represents the dead body of our Lord, and, take what position you may to look at it from, the feet are always turned toward the observer.

Raphael's picture of the "Marriage of the Virgin," which is much praised by those who are thought able to form just opinions on such subjects (which I certainly am not, having had no opportunity to form or cultivate correct taste), did not impress me strongly. I thought the only good figure in the group was that of the High Priest, who is represented in the act of bestowing the blessing on the newly wedded pair, and that of the youthful page, who is breaking a stick over his knee—a part, I believe, of the Hebrew ceremonial, for which they now substitute the breaking of a wine-glass. The face of the Virgin is devoid of expression.

Among the celebrated pictures in the Brera Gallery is one which impressed me as the greatest work of art I have yet seen. It is the dismissal of Hagar and Ishmael. The principal figure is, of course, that of the Patriarch, his very attitude full of character, the countenance benign, yet strongly expressive of the sense of authority. There is sufficient *softening*, rather than *softness*, to tell of affection for his offspring and the mother of his child ; but at the same time enough decision to leave no room for hope he may relent. I never saw such perfect representation of combined sorrow and indignation as that expressed in the countenance of Hagar. The painting of the reddened eyes suffused with tears is marvellously natural. Ishmael, a lad of about thirteen years old, is equally well represented. He looks at his father with the expression of entire submission to a decree which may not be gainsaid nor resisted, but which is felt to be unjust.

I have said but little about the Cathedral. What can be said? One is almost tempted to apply to it the language—*but no ; I will not.* I will only say I am absolutely without words to clothe the sense of majesty and awe with which it inspires me still, as I revert to the image of its magnificence impressed on my memory. "'Tis a part of my being beyond my control." From the midst of the mazes of densely populated streets, their intricate mazes winding about in every direction and thronged with the busy crowds of a great commercial and political centre, and surrounded by the crowd of almost numberless idlers which congregate on the Plaza, beside which it stands in majestic repose, it towers above them all as does Mont Blanc amid

surrounding ranges and summits, the confessed and unchallenged superior of all contemporaneous structures.

As you pass along the footway beside it your head is just on a line with the first course of masonry of the water-table ; you turn your eye upward along the wall of perfectly pure white marble, without a spot or flaw, and it rises above you to the height of 150 feet before a pinnacle is set upon its base, and you see statue after statue of saints, standing each in its shrine or tabernacle, every one as perfect in sculpture as though designed for the closest inspection, and then think of the 9000 such which are already standing in their niches on the exterior, all so adjusted in their proportions that each looks in its position of life-size as one looks at them from below ; with no duplicate in this marble host. Then walk 500 feet along the flank of the building and find each foot rivalling in execution every other foot of the distance in the perfectness of its detail ; and when from this near inspection of the detail you retire across the Plaza and from the opposite side take in at the same time the view of the still more elaborate front and the elevation of 350 feet to the statue which surmounts the spire, and find it at every point covered with statues and sculpture, you are lost in admiration of the majesty and grandeur of the whole conception and of the perfection of all the details.

The awe which overwhelms you as you enter through the great door is due to the extent and simplicity of the interior. The stained glass windows are tall and narrow, in conformity to the style of the whole structure, and admit only a dimmed and softened light, without the gorgeous colouring of other Gothic buildings. There are more than fifty columns, each composed of eight shafts combined in one whole, forming a shaft of eighty feet in height. There are fewer side chapels and subsidiary altars and shrines and statues and monuments than are generally crowded together in great cathedrals, and therefore less to divert attention from the dignity of the Cathedral itself.

To-day we are tarrying here, waiting for some communication from brother Wistar. This morning we drove to the hotel Serbelloni, or rather we accepted the invitation of M. Mela, who is the proprietor of this hotel and that, and also of another formerly the residence of the King of Holland which lies on the other arm of the Lake, who drove us in his own carriage, merely for the pleasure it gave him to contribute to the gratification of his guests.

The hotel is the palace of the Duke of Serbelloni, which M. Mela has bought recently and added to his other conveniences for receiving tourists and pleasure seekers, with all its pictures and furniture and its extensive ornamental grounds.

It stands on a very lofty promontory at the junction of the two arms of Lake Como. The cliffs are precipitous, several hundred feet of perpendicular elevation from the level of the Lake, but the top is crowned with noble oaks and pines, while the grounds are beautifully

planted and laid out in well-graded walks, with pretty seats at various points from which the views are especially attractive. The distant views are very grand, embracing a wide expanse of the Lake with its headlands and *entourage* of mountains, and the distant peaks of the Swiss Alps. The grounds are so extensive as to furnish pleasant drives without descending from them. The oaks and cypress trees in them look as though they had stood for centuries and there are Palms which are worthy to be their companions, and are probably their coevals.

There are *Lagerstroemias* not less than thirty feet in height, and *Camellias* flourish in the open air; while not less than 600 varieties of ornamental plants are set out in the borders and beds, adding attraction to the walks which are laid out amongst them. There are *Cactuses* and *Orchids* also in the open air, blooming freely. Zigzag paths are cut in the precipitous rocks, in which there are artificial grottoes and resting places one above the other in which to rest while climbing to the top, from which the prospect is very wide. These paths are overhung with vines.

M. Mela drove us also to the Villa Giulia, his other establishment. The contrast is very great. It lies directly on the level of the Lake, but the conveniences of the house are great, and the grounds and gardens are very beautiful though the views are so much more limited than either here or at Serbelloni.

We have now seen all that is of any interest here though we have not exhausted the pleasure of any. If we do not receive letters to-day or to-morrow we shall after that venture off on our own account.

The accounts of the approach of Cholera from the East, which we see in the English papers, make us think that it is possible your uncle may abandon the eastern trip.

It is said to be in Constantinople, and that the mortality in Russia is as great as in the former visitation.

I shall advise great caution; we had better return without having completed our programme, than rush into the hopeless encounter with a disease which sets at defiance the highest medical skill, and produces a mortality of fifty per cent. alike under all forms of treatment and with no treatment.

Monday, 5 P. M.

We were startled just now by the knocking of a servant at our door, telling us that there was a gentleman inquiring for us, who wished to know if we were "*chez nous*." The *chez nous* was the key to the message, without which I should not have understood the rest. To our great relief in walked Mr. Friezler, the courier Wistar had first engaged. So now we are fairly off under his convoy, to meet Wistar and Sisters! Do you not rejoice with us? We thank God, and take courage

Your ever loving father

CASPAR MORRIS.

NOTE.—(Written most probably when he arranged the letters according to their dates, perhaps in 1882. Ed.)

In looking over the letters from Bellagio, I find they convey a very imperfect impression of the enjoyment we had in that most delightful retreat, where we spent nearly a month. The letters which describe the journey from Sondrio to Chiavenna are missing, and I shall therefore be compelled to rely on the feeble and imperfect recollections which, like spirits of those who have passed, cluster around.

From Dalatz we ascended by the Adler (Eagle) Pass, gradually pressing into the gorges of the mountains, over roads laid out by skillful military engineers, and made without regard to cost at the expense of the Austrian Government, to facilitate the transportation of armies and military stores to its Italian provinces. As we gradually rose above the zone in which cereals grow, we reached those where pasture for cows and goats was the only product of the soil. The sides of the hills as they rose near the road were so steep that it was with difficulty the animals held their feet while grazing, and, treading after each other, and again and again in the same vestiges, they left their traces in marks, distributed over the hill-sides like great cuniform inscriptions on the rocks.

We passed villages and hamlets and detached residences of sturdy mountaineers, and were much impressed by the great beauty and perfect docility of their cattle, with their soft mouse colour gradually deepening to a black line at the vertebral ridge, and their full, round, meek, yet intelligent eyes, looking lovingly at their owners, as though the bond between them was like that of domestic life—mutual affection.

As we got into the higher regions, the inhabitants became less and less numerous, and the spots suitable for culture more widely separated and the product more limited, till a handful of barley and a little stunted hemp, literally no larger than flax, constituted the whole crop wrung from the sterile soil.

Each hour carried us imperceptibly higher, our ascent only marked by the widening expanse over which the eye ranged, bringing into view more and more extended ranges of mountains. We stopped at a roadside house to bait our horses, but could procure nothing for ourselves but some milk.

At Finstermuntz we found a good inn, seated at the head of a gorge, like that known as the Horseshoe, between Altoona and Johnstown, on the Pennsylvania Railroad. The view was grand indeed—stretching along the parallel ranges which shut in the dark valley below—far, far away, almost infinitely. Every foot of the road was in perfect order, like the best-kept railway. Stone walls of perfect masonry against the hills prevented any slides from above on to the well-rolled stone roadway; and perfectly dressed pillars of stone, several feet high, guarded that side along which lay the precipitous descent. The

grade was so easy that the regular trot was scarcely ever broken, either by ascent or descent, and the very little Hungarian horses were managed by their skillful and patient Genoese drivers in the spirit recommended by Cowper: "Thy waggon is thy wife, and the poor beasts that drag the cumbrous load thy helpless charge."

Thus we journeyed the entire day, and night found us at Sondrio, the frontier between Austria and Italy, lately wrung from their grasp by the Italo-German war.

Your mother had left Ragatz unwell, and, despite the use of opium and blue mass, her disease had increased and gave her much trouble. She was so unwell at night that we decided, if it were possible, we would lie by until she got relief, and were not a little pleased to hear that at this out-of-the-way place there was a woman who had lived several years in the United States, and had recently returned for a visit to her native place, speaking the English language, and was in a village not far distant from the inn, which was near the fortress built to command the pass. The night was one of great discomfort, and we decided to send for her in the morning and engage her services, if they could be procured, to act as our interpreter and wait on your mother in such way as I could not render her service. When Wistar and Cervetto were taken into our council, this plan was determined to be impracticable, and that we must proceed at every hazard, and no matter how great the inconvenience. We made the best arrangements we could command and started on our road, little thinking what was before us. As we advanced, the mountain sides became more and more precipitous and closed more closely to each other. Trees became dwarfed into stunted shrubs, and grass gave place to lichens and mosses, and gorse and coarse growth. Happily, before we passed entirely beyond the region of pasture we procured a little milk, in which your mother took some brandy, a flask of which we carried in our bag, but of which the cork was then first removed. This afforded her great relief.

Soon after the road, while it retained the width and perfection of construction in all its arrangements, commenced ascending the side of the ridge which was to be crossed before we should descend into the plains of Italy. Along the side of the mountain lay stretch after stretch of road, each rising gradually above the lower, at each turning place supported by strong perpendicular walls of various height, from twenty to fifty feet. The stretches became shorter and shorter; the grade of ascent increased.

The horses dragged wearily along, six in each carriage; the carriages groaned and creaked under the weight of their burden and the strain of the draught. We looked out into space, and while reason was satisfied that the solid mountain was beneath us, just as firmly fixed as the everlasting hills which stretched far, far away, ridge beyond ridge, as far as the eye could reach; and faith assured us that the arms of Omnipotence and the bosom of love were as strong and pre-

scious here as in the plains—what with the rarification of the atmosphere and the discomfort of sickness, our nerves gave unmistakable signs of distress. At the angles of juncture of the zig-zags there was ample room for turning, and our drivers were perfect. Yet, as we saw our leaders trot to the very verge of the perpendicular wall and wheel around as though by instinct, and knew that our coach would make the same turn, with us in it, on the same giddy verge, we could not but yield to the sense of awe which overwhelmed that of pleasure, and caused us to shrink instinctively from the open side to that next the mountain.

After hours of ascent, spent in silence on our part, and with but little utterance by others, when we thought we were near the highest point, we looked toward it. The stretches had become very short, and the side of the cliff so precipitous that the road looked like a ladder against it, each stretch of road being one of the rungs. Little Holly, who was seated by her aunt Jane on the box of the foremost carriage, turned round and called to her mother: "There are only fourteen more stories, mama!"

Having reached the summit, we found a wide plateau of barren, rocky soil, and were told we stood on the highest part of the Continent of Europe traversed by a carriage-road. Some of the party manifested their delight by various feats of gymnastics. All felt glad that the feat had been accomplished. Your mother and myself were not alone in thanksgiving for our safety. There had been no peril. The entire route was as free from danger as though the road had traversed a level plain. This was certain. Yet we could not control the feeling that it had been dangerous.

The utterance to which I gave way in my letter from Landeck was supplemented by this—that the elevation of the Pass of Stelvio did not bring us nearer to the peace of Heavenly-mindedness, nor did the feeling of triumph in having accomplished the ascent afford compensation for the distress to our bodies, and mental suffering the cost of achievement.

We set off gaily on our descent vainly supposing that it would be effected without any disturbance of the equanimity with which it began. The road was as good as ever and as well guarded, and for the first stage lay over a regular slope of easy grade. As it descended it entered a gorge of most savage wildness. Rocky precipices descended on one side of it and overhanging cliffs rose on the other. A torrent rushed in the gorge by which it was separated from a similar peak. Galleries cut in the rocks, like tunnels, carried us through projecting points which could not be rounded, and bridges spanned deep clefts into which one could not venture to look down, while cascades fell from point to point, and chains, stretched from one side to the other, formed bridges over which timber and building stone were slid to supply material at points where one could not conceive, men could stand

to build supporting walls and piers. Through such savage grandeur we descended a ta smart trot, only reconciled to the sense of peril of rushing over some precipice into the gulf below, by the assurance that every step was carrying us rapidly to the foot of the pass and putting its horrors forever behind us, and it was with hearts overflowing with the feeling of thankful happiness that we found ourselves, late in the afternoon, approaching Bormio, a place celebrated for its hot baths, once the resort of the bath-loving Romans and still a favorite watering place.

The old baths occupy the same site as those of the Romans in the time of Augustus, while a more modern hotel with all the appliances of contemporary luxury received us lower down the valley, which was planted thickly with chestnut trees in extensive orchards, furnishing the large nuts which are so much used as food by the Italians, and which flourish especially in these sub-alpine valleys. A lofty and spacious *Salon a manger* offered us the comforts of a good meal while the table was spread with copies of *The Times*, *Galignani* and other vehicles of information from the outside world, which were the more welcome as they contrasted with the wildness and ruggedness amid which we had spent the last three days and nights.

But, oh! The delight of that bath in water heated in the sides of the mountain by agencies which man cannot control and at which science can at best, make but skillful guesses. The water is conducted from the spot, at which it issues from the earth higher up the mountain, by tubes and distributed into large baths lined with white porcelain in which one may swim and in which the body floats looking like a statue of alabaster. The water is slightly alkaline and has a softness which is very grateful to the skin. I never enjoyed a higher sense of luxurious bodily delight.

In the morning we were roused from our slumbers by the tinkling of the bells of the mountain flocks as they descended narrow paths and congregated beside a large pool of water contained in solid walls of well-dressed stone into which the sheep were being driven by scores, and where their fleeces were well washed by the shepherds who plunged in with them. This is, we were told, a daily performance. When the flocks had gone through their ablutions our horses were taken into the bath.

After an early breakfast we took our carriages to follow the road, no longer over mountain heights, but down the course of the River Adda to the shore of Lake Como. This road still follows the route of one of the old military roads by which the Romans bound to themselves the conquered nations of Dacia and Alemannia, and we found here at Bormio a fair-haired, white-skinned population, evidently the descendants of one of those Colonies of Northern Savage tribes which they brought with the return of their conquering Legions. Perhaps this very spot had been the encampment of one of those legions of auxiliaries com-

posed of Angles or Saxons or some conquered Northern tribe. Certainly their complexions and features were in strong contrast with those of the Italian people.

As we drove down the valley we passed through the same repetitions of the same changes of production as had marked our ascent on the other side, and saw frequent repetitions of the evidences of the destructiveness of the torrents which are filled by mountain storms and come pouring down bearing with them the disintegration of the rocks in every size and shape from great boulders to fine gravel, spreading desolation over gardens, orchards, fields and meadows. It is often deposited to the depth of several feet and spreads over a level space of half a mile or more in extent. Ruined hovels standing tenantless, while the tops of the mulberry or fruit trees peering up through the stratum of mud and stones, stand like sad memorials of buried hopes and crushed joys. The suddenness with which these storms descend and their fearful, irresistible violence afford apt illustration of the parable of Our Lord.

We passed many such, and in some cases the torrent was only just subsided and the road was followed with difficulty. The government or large proprietors endeavor to guard against the damage by building well constructed channels of masonry at the points most liable to such visitations, so as to restrain the stream within narrower bounds.

We were deeply impressed with the degraded position of woman. Not only do they share with man all the toil of life, but bear much the heavier portion of the load. We frequently saw the woman with a large conical basket strapped to her shoulders, the wider end projecting above her head, while the smaller part diminished so that it could be grasped by the hands reached to the hips, standing like a beast of burden, while the man filled the basket with manure, or earth, or stones with which she walked away and dumped it down at the appointed place, while the man quietly rested from his toil till she should return for more. Or we would see a woman trudging wearily beside a truck drawn by an ass or cow, while the man lay idle or sleeping. There was not the recognition of the honor due to the weaker vessel shewn by man in those lands in which an open Bible teaches the due relation of the sexes and sheds its benign influence, just in proportion as its inspiration is acknowledged, its doctrines received as truth of God, and its precepts obeyed.

The wretchedness of the Italian villages through which we passed is in strong contrast with the thrift and neatness, even though in the midst of great poverty and sterile rocky surroundings, of some we had passed through in the Tyrol.

We still saw also the traces of the devastation of the war by which Italy had been forced from the Austrian yoke. Garibaldi had made raids on the places occupied by the Austrian troops, and though the result had been liberation, the means by which it had been accom-

plished left sad concomitants of the blessing of freedom, and as we travelled amid such scenes and witnessed the degraded and debased condition of the people, we were disposed (perhaps hastily and unjustly) to attribute it all to Austrian despotism.

When we afterwards came into Austria from the East and saw the solid strength of that Empire, and contrasted the apparent happiness of its subjects and the intelligence of the people with that of those of Turkey and its dependencies and these Italians we modified our views and thought less compassionately of these degenerated sons of Italy.

Are they degenerate? What was the condition of the masses even at the boasted period when Horace, Virgil and Cicero stamped their personal character on the age they adorned, but of which they are not just types of general character. The Roman Plebs, and the rustic cultivator of the soil were then as now like brute beasts, with no right which their Lordly masters were called to recognize.

Village after village through which we drove presented no possible refuge for any civilized man and literally no provender for our weary beasts, and we drove reluctantly by good wide dusty roads through cultivated plains, in a wide valley, with frequent shrines containing images of the Virgin and Infant Jesus at the roadside. At Morbegno we had hoped for an opportunity for repose and refreshment but were told neither could be had and the name of the place seems suggestive more of death than life and this idea was strengthened as we entered, by the sight of a mortuary chapel filled with human skulls and bones, rearing its ghastly front at the roadside by which we entered.

We drove on to Colico seated at the head of one arm of Lake Como, in the midst of swamps created by the outspreading of the River Adda at its mouth. Here in a wretched Osteria situated on the Piazza Garibaldi, we procured a wretched meal and looked out on the collection of barges which here take in the charcoal and peat which, are brought down the mountains, and convey them to various points on the Lake below. From thence we drove to Chiavenna, a village at the foot of the Splügen Pass situate in a narrow valley bosomed in mountains, reaching it late on Saturday evening. There is a ruin of an old Patrician residence, conveying a good idea of mediæval grandeur, perched against the precipitous side of a rocky eminence and containing within its now ruinous fortified walls the remains of its "paradise," as these Italians call their pleasure grounds.

We stopped at the Osteria under its walls and found comfortable rooms with good beds and well provided tables served by civil and intelligent attendants. The Post House adjoined and on the opposite side of the way a Campanile raised its bells on one corner of a quadrangle which enclosed a *Campo Santo* or "consecrated ground," the burial place of the inhabitants.

We spent the Lord's day here, quietly indeed. Other English-speaking parties were in the house and among them one, evidently a clergy-

man of the Church of England. Your mother and myself were both suffering from the same disease as had troubled us since we left Ragatz. Our chamber opened on the public street so that we saw the procession of friars and priests as they went to and from the chapel of the Virgin, and we saw the clergyman and his wife going and coming with the crowd.

During the day your Uncle and the Courier (Cervetto) laid the plan of further progress which began by going into Switzerland over the Splugen Pass, this place being the Italian terminus of that good road over the Alps. Your mother and I determined that as they would be obliged to come down again somewhere into Italy we would rather remain while on this side of the Alps, so that we allowed them on Monday morning to start without us. It was a wretched feeling which possessed us and which deepened in spite of all our efforts to control it, as we saw them drive away; and realized that we were left here so far from our home and children, amid uncongenial scenes and without friends.

It had been our plan to stay at Chiavenna until we should exhaust the objects of interest in the vicinity. Among them there were remains of Roman works somewhere in the mountains, this place having been celebrated for its pottery; supplying with its ware the Mistress of the World in the palmy days of Imperial Rome. The weather was intensely hot and the surrounding mountains shut out every breeze. The drives had no attraction for us and though we found pleasant associates in some English people, they were like ourselves only passengers pausing for a day. There was a pleasant reading-room supplied with books in English and French and Italian. The windows opened to the ground on a little garden filled with pretty shrubbery. We took our meals by ourselves looking out over the garden to the wooded heights of the mountains which crowded closely around us on every side.

An English lady with a bright and beautiful little boy bearing the worthy name of Haldane was a fellow lodger, and the pretty gambols and innocent sports of the boy cheered us greatly. He talked most sweetly in the purest English and the use of words, which proved that his life had been passed in refined associations. He petted the lizards which ran familiarly and freely about the garden walls and afforded us much pleasure. Then among the books provided for the guests or left behind by those who had passed before us were many of interest. One however would appear to have been designed for our instruction and consolation, so admirably were its teachings adapted to our necessities. It was a story of life work and how it is appointed for us, not in the paths of our own choice, but by Divine Wisdom. I have not often met with lessons more directly adapted to the state of my own heart, and bless God for His goodness in placing it thus in my way. It arrested my attention by the strangeness of finding an American work in this distant and secluded nook where I had not thought of finding

anything higher than some superficial trifling work of amusement. But I afterwards found that in all the hotels on the routes of Continental travel frequented by English tourists there are collections of works provided for the guests, and among them always a good proportion of such as convey sound instruction in Heavenly truths.

Your Mother and I sauntered as far as we could walk around the village, pitying the poverty and ignorance of the people.

There is a large cotton factory, driven by water power, which affords employment to the inhabitants at very low rates of compensation. Frequent funeral processions passed our window to the Campo Santo attended by priests chanting the Liturgy of the dead and these, with other processions of the Romish ritual, appeared to be the only interruptions to the monotonous course of every day existence. Peasants from the adjoining country sat by the wayside with figs and grapes for sale to the tourists who passed at regular hours by the diligences twice a day, while an occasional traveller, in like *Voitures* those in which our party moved, would stop for refreshment.

After a few days we determined to venture on change and paying our bills, which were very moderate, we hired a carriage to drive us to Colico where we would find a steamboat to convey us to Bellagio and started off like our first parents hand in hand. The world was all before us where to choose, not our future home it is true, but our temporary abiding place. The route lay by the same route we had travelled over with the party a few days before and though we spoke not a word of Italian and our driver not one of English we found no difficulty, as I had paid before starting every item till we should be placed on board the steamboat, and then had nothing to do but say "Bellagio," pay the fare demanded, take our seats and enjoy the voyage down the lake, which lay embosomed in mountains of moderate elevation clothed with vineyards and dotted at short distances by Campaniles, square towers without spires, which marked the sites of chapels where they perform daily the Masses of the Church of Rome and where the simple and ignorant peasantry resort to offer their prayers to the Virgin and their confessions to the priest.

In Germany we passed frequently by the roadside, images of various size of Our Lord upon the Cross, teaching thus the great truths of human sin and Divine Atonement. Here in Italy it is the Virgin with the Infant Jesus who are thus presented, whether for worship or not matters not so much. It is any way the perversion of the Truth and putting the human mother above the Divine Lord, who as a little child was subject to her, and the people are taught to believe in the same relation as still existing and to pray to Mary as the one channel through which grace is to be received.

At Colico we found the boat had brought up from the places below on the Lake, parties who made the excursion up and back provided with lunches of their own, and it was amusing to watch the develop-

ment of national character in the various forms of food, from the figs and grapes and bread and native wine of the Italian, to the cheese and beer of the German, and the more extended provision of sardines and sausage and ham and bread of the English. Coffee was provided on board and all enjoyed greatly the beauty of the water, the freshness of the breeze and the various objects of interest on the shore including the ruined Austrian fortifications which had been attacked and destroyed by Garibaldi and his patriots some few years before, and still lay untenanted.

LUGANO, Lake of Lugano, Sept. 27, 1871.

My Dear Children :

In my last I told you of our delight at the arrival of Friezler, the Courier. We at once decided to leave Bellagio, pleasant as had been our stay there and great as were its comforts, and we spent the afternoon and evening in unpacking and repacking our trunks. The night was one of ceaseless pouring rain ; and so was the morning of the following day, which obliged us to remain. Soon after 10 A. M., it cleared away and afforded us the opportunity of a drive by a beautiful road to one of the heights, from which we overlooked the entire lake in all its windings and got a still more extensive view of the distant mountains than that we have so greatly enjoyed from our windows and walks, but not more attractive in the effects of light and shade. As we returned we passed a spot, the knowledge of the existence of which would have been a relief to one of my anxieties during the time your mother and I were ill, when I could not avoid thinking how much the desolation of your mother's condition would be aggravated in the event of my death, by the difficulty of procuring interment of my body as, of course, no consecrated ground would be opened to receive the remains of heretics, such as we. Young's " pious sacrilege," kept sounding in my ear, though I of course gave no utterance to the thought or feelings ; but one of my first acts on recovering was to write a note of directions of what I thought should be done in case of death.

I found in driving that the proprietor of these hotels, so much frequented by Protestant tourists, has enclosed neatly and durably a lot of ground sufficiently large to accommodate any emergency of the kind which may arise. As we passed it I found a similar anxiety had distressed your mother. We can now exchange thoughts with each other cheerfully, with hearts glowing with thankful recognition of the goodness which watched over us in our sickness and isolation, and spared us from overmuch sorrow.

This morning was like one of our most invigorating and fresh days of October and we left Bellagio soon after breakfast, crossing the

Lake in a row-boat to Menaggio, turning our back most reluctantly on Bellagio, where we have enjoyed so much pleasure amid its beauties, unrivalled we think, by any other spot on earth. Certainly it has been to us a blessed place of repose, and refreshment in every aspect, bodily, mental, and I trust spiritual also.

At Menaggio we took carriage, and drove an hour and a half over a most excellent carriage road through vineyards and olive groves and chestnut orchards and beautiful green meadows, to Porlezza which lies at the head of the Lake of Lugagno. The road runs along a ridge but not at the top of it. Porlezza is a poor little Italian village, having no attractions and no importance beyond that which is derived from being the point at which the road terminates and at which tourists are transferred to the steamboat, by which they are conveyed to this charming place which is much frequented by those who are in search of the beautiful, and pursuit of pleasure in the delights of natural scenery and comfortable and even elegant accommodation. Your mother thinks the Lake more beautiful even than that of Como. The mountains which skirt its borders are wilder and more wooded, and rise more directly from the margin of the water; leaving positively no place for even the humblest dwelling. Their outlines are very grand and the lake is very tortuous, and as the steamboat winds its sinuous way among them, they seem to move around in a solemn slow and mystic dance with ever changing graceful mazes. Opposite to the point at which we took the steamboat, at this end of the lake, rose a lofty solitary peak, crowned by a building which, though it appeared small in the distance from which we saw it, is said to be a very large church. The view from it is said to be very extensive embracing Monte Rosa and the Swiss alps. We shall be content to take it in faith on the statements of others!

We are most luxuriously accommodated here in what was till within but a few years a Monastery, only recently confiscated by the government and sold to the present proprietor who has furnished the *cells* of the monks with modern conveniences and luxurious furniture of the best kind, and makes it a most agreeable place of retirement, not from the pleasures of life and the beauties of sublunary things, but from the cares of business and toils of duty. A neat or rather an elegant pleasure ground spreads around the house, over which the eye is attracted to the Lake, and the mountains on the other side; while behind, the hill rises into almost mountainous elevation by gradual slopes, which are terraced and laid out with shaded walks to tempt to healthful exertion in exploring the secluded nooks on the sides.

We took our simple dinner immediately on our arrival. The six courses of the *table d'hôte* are now being discussed and disposed of by a large company of guests, and when they have got through we shall take our *homely* tea, at a little table to ourselves. It has been raining all the afternoon, and your mother has been seated at her

sewing while I have been reading history aloud to her. At a moment when it held up for a little while I stepped out to explore, and found we were in the midst of magnificent villas, with beautiful grounds and gardens, in one of which was a dome supported on columns under which was a bronze bust of Washington, with the motto "*Magnum sæculorum decus.*" One would not have looked for such a tribute to the Father of his Country in this far away place. Which of you grandsons will favor those who are unable to understand the admirable motto with a translation?

Having alluded to the monastic character of the building in which we are now quartered, it may not be inappropriate to mention that we occupy an apartment about 25 feet square with a ceiling of corresponding elevation, and a floor parquetted with woods of various colours laid in regular patterns, the windows draped with lace curtains, the ceiling frescoed with figures of cupids, and the walls hung with rich paper.

I do not mean that you should infer that these were here in the time of the monks; or that we, ourselves are attaching much importance to them, but simply to give you an idea of our surroundings. This place is said to have been the location of a Press from a very early period of the introduction of the art of printing: and from it have been issued a large portion of the liberal books which have lately stirred into such activity the minds of the people of Italy.

In looking over the newspaper I find the names of Wistar and sisters recorded among those of other American travellers at Geneva, on the 23d, so that we may indulge the hope of meeting them very soon.

28th.

A night of constant rain has been succeeded by a day of typical beauty. The sun has just surmounted the brow of the opposite mountain and is sending his horizontal rays into our chamber; one solitary cloud lies like a veil over the highest peak illuminated by the light, making it white as the driven snow and contrasting softly with the deep blue of the water of the lake, from the bosom of which it is reflected with a clearness almost equal to the distinctness of that which floats in the vault above.

A good night's rest starts us well for a day of quiet rest here, but not of forgetfulness of those at home. Your mother is about finishing her toilet, and when that is complete we will have our usual morning reading, and commend you all, and each severally, to the care of Him in whom we all live and move and have our being, and who only can keep us there or here in safety. May His Fatherly mercies be over us all, "at home or abroad!"

At the breakfast table I took up the Geneva newspaper in which I find the report of the proceedings of the meeting of the "Old

Catholics"; as those are designated who are opposing the onward movement of the regular Papal Church, claiming for itself the exclusive use of the title of Catholic, under the sway of what is known in France and Germany as "Ultramontanism" which is urging the progression, or as we consider it, the retrograde movement toward the condition of the darkest ages of the Church. The action of these "Old Catholics" is due to the decree of the late Ecumenical Council—so called without any just claim to that character—of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary as well as that of our Lord himself, making it a necessary article of the faith of every Christian, to be professed on pain of eternal damnation. The claim of Infallibility for the Pope in his individual capacity as Pope, independent of the consent of Councils, which has heretofore been supposed to be necessary to give it validity, is also opposed by these "Old Catholics," though this is the only logical result of the doctrine that the Bishop of Rome is the Head of the Church.

If the Pope is "The Vicar of Christ" he must be clothed with the power Christ, who did not confer with his Apostles, but "sent them." If I were a Romanist I should find no place of rest short of this entire submission of judgment, will, and affections to the Pope and his representative, the Priest, and I am afraid the Old Catholics will find their new position untenable.

I see that Pere Hyacynthe was present at this conference at Munich. He is said to have no hope from the present position of Italy; where, to use his own expression, he thinks those who have thrown off the yoke of the Church are "too radical." The Bavarian government has guaranteed the "Old Catholics" who have held their council at Munich from any persecution by the Papal party in the church.

My great apprehension is that the movement is embarrassed by its political associations; and entangled with the "advance of science," which has been given prominence at Munich, on the principle that the increasing intelligence of the people requires that the priesthood shall be better instructed in science.

There is no hope for the cause of Christ in any system, however modified, which recognizes *any priest* other than the One great High-Priest; and any shade of doctrine which makes any mere man, by the imposition of hands of other men, from whencesoever they draw their authority, a separate and authorized mediator between Christ and the soul, is only a branch of the one evil root.

Here, as at Milan, we see all the tokens of temporal prosperity and activity strongly contrasted with the stupidity and squalor of the population of other places through which we have passed.

The confiscation of the property of the Monasteries, and the prohibition of the admission of new brothers into the fraternities, while assuming the maintenance of the present members of the several

orders, was a bold step but appears to be sustained by public opinion ; there is still a great conflict in the future.

That Jesus will triumph no one can hesitate to believe, notwithstanding the boldness with which the hosts of Antichrist are marshalled and drilled, whether under the lead of science, "falsely so called," or of superstition and ignorance ; and I only pray that we may all be kept steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, knowing that our labour is not in vain in the Lord.

Your ever loving father,

CASPAR MORRIS.

STRESA, Lago Maggiore, Italy, September 30, 1871.

My Dear Children :

We are once more happily united to our brother and sisters, and find them well and that they *have enjoyed to the full* their mountain experiences, *passes* included, as we have certainly our quiet repose amid the delights of these Italian lakes.

We have great call for gratitude to our Heavenly Father, who has watched over us in our several conditions, and given us each so much to charm us.

We yesterday left Lugano on steamboat for this place, calling at Baveno a few miles from here, a beautiful spot, and much resorted to by tourists and visitors to the lakes, and just as the boat was pushing off, Friezler came to us to say that he had met on the pier a courier of another party who told him that Wistar had arrived at Stresa about an hour before he had left.

We had not expected to see them so soon as our last letters from Wistar had fixed the 3rd of October for our meeting.

When we reached this place we had a truly joyful meeting, and in anticipation of our arrival Wistar had secured a chamber for us and ordered dinner, which was a most acceptable kindness as we were both wearied and hungry.

On the pier we were welcomed by the drivers of the carriages who told Friezler they were ordered to be ready for a start at 4 P. M. This was not a pleasant feature in the picture, but we made up our minds to do as others did and make the best of it. Dinner was served, and just as we were about half through we were summoned to the carriages—not for a start, but to be *photographed*. The operator sent us word "now or never," as the sun would not pause in his course to suit our appetites, so between two courses we left the table, to the disgust of cook and servants, and the amusement of fellow travellers, and took our seats in the carriages in the front court of the great hotel, as though about to leave. After several attempts, which were decided to be unsatisfactory, we returned to our dinner which we have just got through, and are again summoned to the carriages for another

sitting ; immediately after which we are to take a drive to Lake Orta. We shall remain here until Monday morning, waiting for letters from you for which we are longing.

We are discussing another separation to meet at Milan, to which your mother and I would go by Rail, instead of retracing our course through the lakes with those who have not seen their beauties.

Saturday evening.

We have driven 15 miles to Lake Orta, over a perfectly smooth road, lying amid charming little meadows, and mountain surroundings.

You will judge how home-like it was, and Harry will laugh at our childish folly, when I tell you that we welcomed the sight of Black-berry bushes, Pokeberries, Sumac, and Elder, with much joy, as though they were almost of kin.

The first part of the drive lay along the shore of the Lago Maggiore lined with magnificent villas, the residences of Italian nobles and temporary residents from various other countries of Europe, and the latter part on the shores of Orta, much wilder and more mountainous.

There is a monastic legend attaching to this Lake, to which it owes much of its celebrity.

In the third or fourth century a holy man was very desirous of converting to the Christian faith the pagans living on the opposite shore to that on which he was, but having no means of crossing to them he spread his cloak on the water, and taking his seat on it, was wafted across in safety by a propitious wind. He landed on a lofty promontory which juts out into the lake, which is called St Julius in commemoration of this miracle. On it grow freely in the open air, Camellias, Aloes, and Palms, while the terraces which surround a fine villa are richly clothed with Rhododendrons, Kalmias, Azaleas, and Magnolias in great profusion and perfection.

The summit of the lofty promontory is clad with noble Pine and Linden trees, and affords an extensive view of the lake and surrounding mountains, and is approached by a series of zigzag paths having a small chapel, or "Station" for prayer, at each turn in the ascent, each containing a group of terra cotta figures of life size, and admirable artistic merit, dressed in coloured costumes, each group representing some incident in the life of St Francis of Assisi, to whom the whole were dedicated. He was the founder of a brotherhood of ascetic monks.

In one of the largest of these station chapels the figures represent the Corso at Rome, at the time of the Carnival. The figures represent every variety of pursuit of pleasure in every imaginable variety of grotesque attitude and costume.

Through the midst of the pleasure seeking crowd, the emancipated form of the saint worn out with penances and fastings, his hands tied

behind him as though he were a malefactor, is led by a halter in the hands of brother monks toward a gallows which has been erected in the midst of the giddy scene, as though he were about to suffer execution. It is said to commemorate the fact that he thus reproveth the licentious revelry of the celebrated festival. In another of the stations he is represented riding on an ass surrounded by a large group of figures worshipping him, as he rides through the crowd so absorbed in holy meditation or prayer that he is unmindful of external objects.

The walls of the chapels are covered with fresco paintings, corresponding with the figures they contain.

The drive was a most delightful one and the spot itself possessed of great attractions in itself, beside those of these works of art which are very celebrated.

Here the lake spreads out before our windows in great beauty some five or six miles in each direction, begirt with ridges of mountains, some sending up rugged peaks, while others are rounded off at their tops, clothed with soft verdure, or rich forests, and, like those at Bellagio, ever varying in hue with the changing lights and shades.

It is the time of full moon—harvest moon—and the soft light falls beautifully across the bosom of the lake, reminding us, O! so pleasantly, of the silver sheen on the fair face of the Chesapeake as seen so often from *the humble home* at Ivy Neck, where we have sat happily so many such evenings, and drank in quiet *happiness*, even though no mountain ranges added their grandeur to the view, and no magnificent villas surrounded by costly plantations and graceful flower gardens stand at every point to lend their adornment to the *toute ensemble* of beauty.

I would gladly add there the attractive beauty of elegant grounds, and shaded alleys, and smiling flower borders; it was always in my heart to do so; but in that as in more important affairs I must leave much unaccomplished, which I have earnestly desired to accomplish; and forgetting things behind press on to those before, careful for nothing earthly, and grasping firmly those things which belong to that inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and which fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for those who believe in Jesus, love him, and serve him while looking for and waiting his appearing.

Italy has roused from the torpor resulting from the oppressive tyranny of Austria, by which she has been held in thralldom so many years; whether with the political yoke she will be able also to throw off the worse tyranny of the priesthood, is an important question. Every newspaper I take up, contains some article which indicates that we are living at the commencement of a new era, and one of great importance.

As travellers we are every where received in Monastic buildings which have been secularized, and devoted to the common purposes of life, while the revenues by which the brotherhoods were supported in

idleness, are appropriated to the purposes of civil government, thus relieving the burden of taxation.

Every where in Italy we see notices of "Communale" Libraries and Schools. At Munich, in Germany, there is now in session, unless it has adjourned within the last few days, a Congress of "Old Catholics," met for the purpose of arranging some plan for co-operation in action on the part of those who can not accept as indispensable articles of faith the new Dogmas decreed by the late council and issued by the Pope.

The Bavarian government, it is believed with the sanction of the Emperor of Germany, has avowed its determination to protect at least, the "Old Catholics" in their civil and religious rights; and yet I observe that the Archbishop in whose jurisdiction lies the See which embraces Munich, has excommunicated one of the priests who attended that congress, in which I note that Pere Hyacynthe took a part.

The King of Italy evidently shrinks from extreme measures in his intercourse with the Pope, whether from political motives or apprehension of the spiritual power, I can not form an opinion. The power of the priesthood here is evidently great.

We may well pray earnestly for the outpouring of the Spirit of Christ, by whom only these conflicting elements can be harmonized and controlled. It is not by might nor by power, but by the Spirit of the Lord *alone* that the kingdom of Jesus can be established on earth; just as it is not of blood, nor of the will of man, but by the Holy Ghost, that *our individual hearts* are brought back from their rebellion, and made heirs of the kingdom of eternal life; and my most earnest prayer for every one of you of both generations, children and children's children, is that each one may know what it is to be born from above, not by any mere external rite of ecclesiastical arrangement, but by the mighty power of the Holy Ghost.

This morning I saw a young Englishman moved to tears by the earnest teachings of the clergyman stationed here, and I could not but think of the dear boys and girls I had left behind me at home and pray that our heavenly Father would draw them all to himself by the subduing power of the love of Christ, shed abroad in their hearts by the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, that so if we meet not again on earth, we may meet in the kingdom of Jesus, into which nothing that defileth can enter.

Your loving father,

CASPAR MORRIS.

My Dear Children:

I find room only for much, very much love, and best wishes. Of course father has told you our party are united *again, all well and happy*; so much cause for thankfulness and I think we feel it. The flower seeds your father encloses will give so much weight that I will

not venture another sheet of paper. I have some strawberries drying for you on a sheet of paper that you may plant the seeds and try to raise some. We ate them yesterday, very delicious in flavour though small in size ; so tender and luscious that they melt in the mouth.

Your father and I are quite well, and start with the others on the same track over which we came here by the Lakes, and so to Milan.

Your loving mother,

ANNE C. MORRIS.

STRESA, Lago Maggiore, Italy, September 30, 1871.

My Dear Brother :

It seems impossible for me to convince myself that it is only twelve weeks, about, since we parted ; and our anxiety to hear how you are at Wallbrook increases daily.

We indulge the hope that letters which we have requested to be forwarded to us here may include one from you.

From my last you will have learned of our quiet rest amid the beauties of these Italian Lakes which deserve all the encomiums which have been so lavished upon them in all ages of civilization. We are now enjoying a temperature very much the same as your own, though there is no indication of changing hue in the foliage. By the Geneva newspaper of to-day, I see a telegraphic report from Washington that the corn crop is good ; but that of wheat only half an average, and that the price of gold is rising.

So you see we are not entirely without information of the state of things at home. But while these items have an interest for us, they have not the value of some little word of love.

It was interesting to us to be told, a few days since, that if we desired to communicate with our friends in America from the point at which we then were, we could do so directly.

I would not have answered for my self denial if I had been told that I could without the double cost of the two messages secure a message of good news from you without sending one of enquiry.

From the date of our last letter to you from Bellagio, Anne and I continued to recruit, and I think I may venture to say that even she enjoyed greatly the beauty of the scenery, the comfort of the climate, and the luxury of a life without care, and every convenience to contribute to our ease abundantly supplied.

We were entirely isolated, it is true. The mountain passes separated us as effectually from our kindred on this side of the Atlantic as from you ; and we could have communicated with you by telegraph as quickly as with them, and much more certainly. We made excursions on Lake Como and finally plucked up courage

enough to venture to Milan, having been told there was to be an illumination of the Cathedral on the anniversary of the occupation of Rome by the Government of Victor Emanuel.

We were disappointed in that, as it is the policy of Victor Emanuel to avoid any active controversy with the Papal power. We were however amply compensated by the opportunity we enjoyed of witnessing the great energy of the people, and the activity, enterprise and prosperity displayed there.

Not even in Great Britain have we at any point seen greater evidences of wealth; and it is interesting to observe that in Italy, as elsewhere, the avenue to wealth, influence and honour is now through the cultivation of *the useful arts*.

The mere possession of ancient hereditary distinction has lost its prestige, even in these older centres of civilization, and those who possess it are compelled to do homage to *the present* by manifesting their interest in the progress of these useful arts, or they lose their position.

Engineering and mechanical arts have come to the front, and take the lead; and in the textile manufactures there is great activity, especially in silk, in which they are competing with Lyons.

Italy being the cherished home of the Fine Arts, these flourish in proportion to the wealth of any point; and Milan being now a great centre of energy, these flourish there in proportion to the wealth of the community, and painting and sculpture are well patronized there.

We visited some of the studios; and at the great National exhibition of arts, which was in progress at the time of our visit, saw many specimens of modern painting and statuary, the description of which would fail to convey any adequate impression of their beauty and would therefore be uninteresting to you. The most costly group we saw was a monument in the modern cemetery to the memory of a mechanic and civil engineer, adorned by representations of his tools. One establishment, very extensive and imposing in its palatial style of building, is a place for the manufacture of envelopes. It certainly exhibits the activity of the mental and commercial life of Italy that there should be so great a consumption of these.

As we shall visit Milan again with the party, we spent our private excursion there chiefly in the enjoyment of the solemn feelings experienced in visiting the great Cathedral; certainly the unquestioned *chef d'oeuvre* of architecture in mediæval times; and the rapidly decaying ruins of the equally unrivalled picture representing the Last Supper of our Lord with the Twelve, by Leonardo da Vinci.

Leonardo was occupied on it eight years and he produced a most impressive commentary on that most sublime transaction the world has ever witnessed.

The artist must have imbibed a full comprehension of the deep mysteries of the character and offices of our "Master and Lord" or

he could never have produced such a clear exhibition of that ineffable combination of the divine and human which is embodied in that great picture. The attitude, and the expression of the face of our Lord seem to give utterance to His words "Lo! I come to do thy will."

May we be found loving and following Him whom to know is life eternal. Love to dear Margaret and all around you, not omitting Mary Ellen, in which Anne joins.

Yours truly,

CASPAR MORRIS.

I enclose the seeds of three beautiful shrubs; perhaps you can make them grow.

STRESA, Lago Maggiore.

My Dear Brother and Sister:

I know you both will be glad to hear we are again well and happy; having been steadily improving, and having made several little excursions from Bellagio, of which place we took, as we then thought, our final leave on Wednesday the 27th under the care of Friezler (the courier), whom Wistar had sent to carry us to this place, at which we were to join him and sisters, which we did on the 29th.

It is very nice to be all together again. They have been much favoured in health, and have enjoyed *very much* the mountain scenes and drives in carriages and rides on mules, in rain and sunshine. But we are only the more fully convinced than we were before hearing their reports, that it was well we were not with them. From now our travelling will be principally by R. R., though we find they intend to take us back through these lakes, this week. The lakes are so beautiful that one can not weary in looking at them, and as it will be retracing our steps, we shall be able to designate the most attractive points of interest to them.

We were rather disappointed last evening at not receiving letters we had hoped would reach us then but will try to be patient. We want to hear from you as much as from any one, and we rejoice on dear Margaret's account that the warm weather must be over now. We have not had any oppressive weather continuing, in fact only feel the heat for an hour or two, then it gets cool so that it is necessary to be very careful to guard against colds.

Another month and you will be moving into town, and we want to hear about Mary Ellen. Our last told us of her going to Elmira and how she had borne the fatiguing trip.

On our way here we spent a day in an old monastic establishment now an elegant hotel, but its original construction still remains; the cloisters, et cet., et cet., though some of the rooms are large, and now

elegantly furnished, and have a fine outlook over the lake, many of them are very small and I almost wished the walls could tell us of past events.

It is a solid granite structure scarcely any wood having been used in the construction of it.

Sunday evening.

We have enjoyed the English Service here to-day and two most excellent sermons from a gentleman placed here by the Colonial Society which has here, and at most places much resorted to by travellers, a small chapel which they supply in the season of travel, and we have found great comfort from it.

You may tell Mrs. Valentine no one enjoys the travel more, or bears the fatigue better than Mary; and I do hope she will return strong and well. Wistar too is much improved. I hope the children send you some of the Doctor's letters, then you will have a better idea of what we see. Yesterday we ate the most delicious strawberries I ever tasted; small, but so luscious that they melt in the mouth, with no acidity at all. I shall send some of the seeds to son Galloway, to see what he can do with them; and if you wish he will share them with you.

The grapes, pears, apples and figs, are all very fine; and mushrooms as large as a breakfast plate and so thick that they slice and dry them for winter use.

Tell Margaret that though I am getting accustomed to *table d'hôte* dinners of seven or eight courses, that I do often *long* for a good joint and two kinds of vegetables—a Wallbrook dinner, for instance. But I must say farewell, with O! so much love to you all.

Yours most truly and affectionately,

ANNE C. MORRIS.

STRESA, Lago Maggiore, October 2.

My Dear Children:

While your dear mother finishes dressing I seat myself to salute you and to attempt to convey to you some idea of the love with which our hearts turn toward you, and yearn over you all while we are enjoying the wondrous beauty of this glorious morning; of which I can give you no adequate description. I awoke just as the first glow of the rosy morn had tinged with its hue the light clouds which lay over the peak of the mountain which rises before us to the east; while the living rays from the coming lord of day shot straight through the opening in their golden gates far up toward the zenith.

To the east all beyond was limitless ether, clear as crystal, of amber colour. At our feet lay the lake, its surface smooth as a polished

mirror, reflecting the amber light, except that portion nearest to us in which were reflected the clouds, which glowed more and more gorgeously moment by moment. Toward the west the lake was like a sea of ink, so black was it rendered by the dark, gloomy clouds which hung over that portion of its bosom and shrouded the mountains on that side.

The amber and the purple gradually spread from east to west over the lake and while I was gazing, a beautiful Iris (not a bow, but a side column of dispersed light with all the rich hues of the bow), glowing with the most intense brilliance, rose above the point of the mountain at the west side, while the adjacent clouds seemed to gather deeper blackness from the contrast, and the various more distant ranges were like weird shadowy ghosts peering through the veil of darkness. The one point in the surface of the lake on which alone the sun's first rays fell, laughed as it were in triumphant exultation. Suddenly a breeze ruffled the inky dark portion of the lake and covered the surface with dancing white-caps, while the nearer portion before us lay tranquilly unruffled, reflecting the purple hue of the clouds which had slowly floated to the zenith.

As the sun's rays reached point after point of the distant peaks, shrouded in heavy masses of black cloud hanging around them, they were all set aglow till they looked almost as though they were volcanoes, shooting up columns of burning light from the midst of the surrounding gloom.

The gradual spread of the soft light of the morning, slowly increasing into perfect day, over one mountain after another, revealing forests, terraces of vineyards, and picturesque villages pitched among the heights, where but a moment before all was veiled in darkness and obscurity, was magical in effect.

Your mother enjoyed it as fully as I did, and said as I took my seat to write, "you may amuse *yourself* with the effort, but it is a vain attempt to convey to them any idea of the grandeur."

It is true we both agreed that we had seen equal beauty in the sky and clouds and water from our chamber window at Ivy Neck. The mountains only were wanting there.

I was amused last evening at little Mary. She said she did not wish to travel any further. One of the party replied, "O yes; to go home." She quickly responded, "O, let us make our home here." It certainly is a very tempting place. Some Russian noble has a beautiful villa and another is about expending \$1,000,000 in the erection of one.

When Caspar and Effingham read the splendid passage in Ovid in which the poet describes the opening of the gate of the morning by Aurora, they must fancy, as I do, that the poet had gazed on just such a spectacle as we saw this morning, perhaps from the very same point. We may cultivate the same intense love of the beautiful as that of the

pagan, associating it with a higher and holier feeling and realize that He who made all this beauty and renews it day by day for our gratification, delights to call Himself "our Father" and entreats us to realize and enjoy the privilege of being "sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty."

The temperature is cool and the lake is now rough, so that instead of sailing on it we drove twelve or fourteen miles along its shore to see the colossal statue erected in honour of St. Charles of Borromeo, an Italian nobleman who surely deserves canonization if any mortal man ever did.

"By their fruits ye shall know them," and his works were certainly fruits of the spirit, blessing and comforting the sick and the needy, devoting to their service his large revenues and his personal toil and his entire time and powers.

Lazarettos for the sufferers with the plague, Hospitals for the sick, built and endowed by him still stand, and are actively performing their functions as monuments of his zeal and self-denying charity. He printed an edition of the Bible in folio at his personal cost. His errors were those of the times in which he lived; and we may certainly apply to him the language of our Lord when He reproved His disciples for forbidding some to cast out devils in His name because they followed not *with them*.

Evening.

Our drive this morning was by the great Simplon road constructed by the First Napoleon as First Consul, to connect the Cisalpine Republic and France, leading from Milan, the capital of the Italian Republic, across the Alps.

During all the intervening time, and under all the vicissitudes of Europe, and changes of government, the road has been kept in good repair. It runs here along the shore of the lake, and almost the entire distance to Arona, is lined by villas, looking over the lake, and at the mountains, surrounded by gardens glowing with the rich colours of ornamental flower beds and borders of the most gorgeous hues and tasteful arrangement, and grounds planted with ornamental shrubbery and trees of great beauty and variety. There are Tulip Poplars, Mimosas, Pride of China, and, above all attractive, the Magnolia Grandiflora, which attains great size, and a rich profusion of its polished evergreen foliage, and is now loaded with its elegant fruit, throwing its red berries out on the yellow pulp, and proving how abundant must have been the superb white flowers in the season.

There is no ornamental shrub or beautiful flower to which we are accustomed at home which we do not recognize here; and these gardens possess many others of equal attraction which would be destroyed by the heat and drought of our long summers, or the cold of the winters. Tufts of Pampas grass are very frequent, slaking

their snowy plumes in contrast with the *masses* of Amaranth of the deepest Crimson and richest scarlet. The effects produced by the gardeners here, by massing plants, are very striking. The rising ground behind these villas are terraced, and planted with vines, hanging thickly with purple clusters of luscious grapes ; while at the road-side, at frequent intervals, stood great wooden vats, mounted on wheels, into which the peasants, men and women, were emptying great baskets loaded with the fruit to be crushed for wine. There were boats containing similar vessels, lying at the shores.

When we started on our drive, the blue waters of the lake were ruffled by a heavy gale ; the weather clear, and so cold that we were glad to avail ourselves of the protection of shawls and wraps, and overcoats. As we advanced there was a change in the direction of the lake and of the road, so that we were screened from the wind, and found it warm, even oppressively so ; but it became cool again before we got back.

Arona, to which we drove, is a town on the lake at which the connection between the railroads and the steamers on the lake is made. On the summit of a low mountain near the shore of the lake stands the colossal figure of San Carlo, looking over the lake and surrounding country with a Bible in his left hand, while his right is elevated and extended in the attitude of "blessing" peculiar to the Roman priesthood.

The statue itself is seventy feet in height, and stands on a pedestal of some twenty feet. The head and hands are of Bronze casting, the body and drapery of copper, beaten. The expression of the face, which is said to be a correct likeness, is most benevolent ; the proportions of the figure perfect, and the impression produced on the beholder very imposing. It was erected about the time that William Penn settled the province of Pennsylvania, and commemorates the virtues of one of the holiest men who has adorned our nature—a man who counted not his life dear unto himself, but exposed it freely to plague, pestilence and famine, and the malice of enemies, in labours more abundant than any other of whom I have read since the days of the Apostle Paul, whose language I have ventured to appropriate to him. He had inherited vast estates which he consecrated to the relief of human suffering during his own life as well as by bequest.

To-morrow morning we start on our return over the route your mother and I took on our way here by Lake Lugano to Lake Como ; and thence by rail to Milan, where we will probably, mail this.

We have been disappointed by failing to receive letters, which I had requested should be forwarded to us at this place.

We have not enjoyed any portion of our absence from home more to our satisfaction, than these few days here since we have been favoured to be reunited with our party.

The perfect temperature, the grand mountains, the beautiful lake, the charming villas and grounds, all combine with comfort of the family association and thankfulness for our preservation during our separation, to fill our cup with earthly bliss.

Your loving father,

CASPAR MORRIS.

LUGANO, October 4, 1871.

My Dear Children:

Here we are back again, and of course you will not expect much that is new, or much attempt at description of what we see as we pass over the same route so recently travelled. When here a few days since, having come through Italy, I was under the impression that it was in that kingdom; but I now find that it is in one of the Swiss cantons between which and that kingdom the boundary is very irregular. We were in both territories yesterday, and shall pass from one to the other more than once to-day, though the distance travelled in either will not exceed thirty miles.

Lakes and mountains are very irregular in their courses, and boundary lines are even more irregular still.

We were amused as we approached one of the Custom Stations yesterday, by a little fellow about eight years old, whom we saw fully "equipped" as a *Douanier*, with his mimic carbine slung across his shoulders, seated at the side of the road by which we were approaching, looking immensely important. He laughed very prettily however when I saluted him as the officer of Custom, and ran off to his home by a short cut through the bushes, and we found him awaiting our arrival with his mother, peeping at us through the window-blinds.

We are here in the same hotel as that I described in my former letter from here, but though Wistar had telegraphed for rooms we are colonized in an out-building, the immense Monastery being full of tourists, of whom more than forty were turned away yesterday because they could not find room for them, even in a colony. The accommodation we now have is quite as good as that in the main hotel; and suits us better as we are all together, and have the house entirely to ourselves which gives us a more home-like feeling. The drive yesterday was through a valley between mountains with its rich verdure of grassy pastures, and orchards of mulberry trees festooned with vines stretching from tree to tree, hanging thickly clustered with purple bunches of luscious grapes. On the lake we felt cold and required all our wraps, through the direct rays of the sun felt warm; and the presence of tufts of Bamboo and great plants of Aloes in the open air, and the Orange and Lemon trees in the gardens, assured us that frost is unknown, or at most an infrequent visitor.

It was dusk when we drove down the mountain side to the lake shore, but now the bright sun of an autumn morning illuminates the mountains by which it is environed, and enables us to appreciate the beauty of the villas around us, and the statue of William Tell, which stands in the open square before this house, brandishing the arrow he designed for the Austrian despot, Gesler, having just discharged that which cleft the apple on the head of his son. These people, like their neighbours the Italians, lose no opportunity of exhibiting their hatred of Austria.

Yesterday, at Laveno, on the shore of Lago Maggiore, we passed the crumbling ruins of the Austrian fortresses which sheltered a fleet of gun-boats. Garibaldi stole a march across the mountain, with a small force, pounced upon them unexpectedly from above, and siezed the whole flotilla. On the same occasion he concealed his troops, only 500 all told, in the mountain, and sent a message to the commander at Como (the civil officer, I believe the Mayor), to prepare rations the next day for 2500 men. The Austrian garrison marched out ignominiously leaving him in possession of the town, and the command of the Lake. "Plazas" called by his name in every Commune, and statues erected to his honour in every town, indicate the esteem in which he is held by the Italian people.

BELLAGIO, October 5th.

A rainy day shuts us within doors, and requires wrappings about us, in addition to our usual clothing.

I am glad we arrived here yesterday at an early hour, so as to afford your uncle and aunts an opportunity to see and enjoy the wondrous beauty of the lake and mountains before the rain shut them in; and now the rest of the day will prepare them the better to appreciate them when the sun again illuminates them with its rays, and the varying hues of colour, and the changing lights and shades, give them the charm we have so revelled in. They enjoyed the sail on the Lake of Lugano, yesterday, and the drive across from it to Menaggio, on the opposite side of this lake, from which we crossed to this place in row-boats, the distance being about two miles and a half.

We found your letters of the 12th awaiting us here, and are thankful that up to that time you were enjoying the blessing of health and happiness, except at Ivy Neck. The condition of the family there, was sad enough; and we shall open our next letters with some apprehensions. We are glad that Miss Alice and the three older children were still in Philadelphia, as that diminished Mary's anxieties for their health; though we know they would each have done their best to assist their mother in her labours and to relieve her of her cares and Miss Alice would be a very great comfort to her, and we cultivate the hope that they all are now happily at home, and pursuing their studies.

Effingham may write me a German letter. I have a pocket Dictionary of French and German, by the help of which I may be able to spell out its meaning ; and if that fail it shall not be in want of faith that what I can not understand is still an evidence of his affection and respect for his grandmother and myself.

She is quite an important personage. Yesterday as we sat on the deck of the steamboat on Lake Lugano, I saw a gentleman eyeing our party very intently ; at last he turned to me and asked if I had not been at Cadenabbia some three or four weeks ago, and reminded me that I had then addressed a question to him, and added, " I recognized you by the lady who is with you."

Mid-day.

The rain has ceased and your mother and aunts have turned out for a walk, without attendant.

They rejected my proffered company and declined the attendance of Friezler. We are now looking for their return which will be, we suppose, at least in time for dinner which is to be served at two o'clock P. M. You see by this that she has found her eyes, which she so positively said before leaving home she should not do till that opened them. Your aunts laugh not a little at her about the stores of information she has gathered up without them, picked up in her *blind gropings*.

Though her *heart* is certainly with *you* she does find much pleasure in looking at the various objects of interest by which we are surrounded, and treasures the recollection of them, not so much however for her own gratification as for the delight she can give you on our return by the recounting her experiences. I am thankful that this is so for I could not endure to drag her about, a reluctant victim, for my own personal gratification.

While I have written the foregoing she has returned and is emptying her pockets of the purchases she has made.

These same pockets afford us all much amusement ; their capacity is such that it can never be exceeded ; at least they never refuse to take in more nor are they ever empty. I sometimes tell her she will become an object of suspicion to the custom house officials. I believe the first purchase she made in Europe was of materials for a new set.

It has been a great comfort to us to learn that dear Hannah is gaining strength and has made a visit to Muncy. We hope you are now all gathered each around your own hearth, perhaps your fires.

The last *London Times* mentions the order for the sale by the treasury of \$8,000,000 of Gold, and the purchase of the same amount

of Government bonds, which your uncle hopes may have a favourable influence in his behalf, as he has been drawing largely of late.

You will recognize the fragmentary style of a rainy-day letter. We are now sitting hatted and cloaked, waiting for a boat which has been engaged to carry us across the lake to visit some Thorwaldsen statuary in a villa on the other shore.

We are now drawing near the close of our sojourn in this favoured spot, where I have certainly enjoyed more unalloyed pleasure than in any other portion of my life or place.

I speak of course as "a man" and of earthly things and temporal delights.

Evening.

We have just returned from the Lake, across which we were rowed to the Villa Carlotta now the property of the Prince of Saxe-Meiningen, formerly belonging to the Italian Duke of Somma-Riva, by whom it was built and ornamented. The gardens are truly magnificent; Bananas in flower, Palms looking at home, Myrtle trees in the open air, Lemon trees trained to long trellises and on arbours, loaded with ripe fruit. *Olea fragrans*, a large shrub in the open grounds skirting the walks and alleys and filling the air with the most delicate of odour, while on every hand and at every turn in the walks one is astonished at the profusion of flowering plants and ornamental shrubs, all well trained and kept in perfect order.

One grand Magnolia tree—*Grandiflora*—elicited from our party an unanimous exclamation of delight. Our enthusiasm was met by a vulgar repulse as a sallow complexioned, cadaverous looking lady who had entered at the same time with ourselves said in bad English, "What for you make so much fuss? In Louisiana they grow bigger; we cut them down for wood to boil sugar."

We had crossed the Lake from Bellagio in a barge belonging to M. Mela the proprietor of the hotel, larger and more elaborately fitted up than the common boats on the lake, which he had put at our service and as we approached the hotel near the villa Carlotta, I saw there was some excitement on shore, and quite a crowd rushed to see us land and accompany us into the Villa.

One good lady came up to me, taking me I suppose for the servant and told me it had been supposed that the Prince was of the party and they all wished to see him.

So you see we sometimes make a stir unintentionally.

The statuary did not impress me as being equal to that at the Villa Melzi, which I mentioned in a former letter.

The gardens were more extensive and the plants finer.

Your ever loving father,

CASPAR MORRIS.

My Dear Children :

A lovely, bright, fresh, morning, just such as makes this month so pleasant and invigorating at home, has dawned on us in the midst of these beautiful scenes and enables us to part from them with full satisfaction that they will remain unchanged to gladden other eyes and expand other hearts, as they have done ours, though we shall never more drink in delight from their loveliness and beauty. Who can tell which of you shall at some future day find an additional charm in the thought of the great pleasure your grandmother and I have enjoyed here?

I was very wearied last evening, when we returned from the visit to the Villa Carlotta, and my account of it written then could not have rendered justice to the magnificence of the place.

Our barge drew up at the foot of grand stone stairs which lead up to an elaborately wrought iron gate, surmounted by a gilded crown. After passing through the gate the wide stairs rose by several stages with a fountain on each landing, and at the top a larger fountain, in the basin of which a life sized human figure of black bronze was disporting with a Dolphin which was spouting water. Alleys of Lemon and Orange trees heavily laden with golden fruit led off to right and left at each stage of the terrace, up which we rose by a grand stone stairway; the atmosphere loaded with the sweetness of *Olea fragrans* and *Heliotrope*, while exquisitely arranged groups of Ferns, *Adiantums* and other beautiful varieties, were lodged in secluded nooks. The profusion of beautiful plants was great but they were so well assorted and arranged that there was no redundancy, and each neatly trimmed as though it alone was the special object of the affectionate attention of some loving heart.

The house is square, in the Italian style, and stands high above the lake, flanked on either side by trees of various lands; Australia and America each represented by the most beautiful forms of their Flora. There is a *Salisburia Adiantifolia* (Gingko) with a trunk not less than two feet in diameter and of corresponding height, and as, I mentioned in my letter of last evening, a splendid *Magnolia Grandiflora* with the rich green of its polished foliage set off by a profusion of crimson fruit.

Great clumps of the graceful Bamboo hung out the soft leaves which clothe so prettily its pendent tress-like shoots, and clumps of Myrtle and *Laurestinus*, and Portugal Laurel, skirt the walks. As you enter the vestibule of the palace you see grouped on either side life sized statues in marble of the seven brothers of the first Napoleon; and in the grand hall there are statues and groups in marble designed by Canova; Venus, Mars, Cupid and Psyche, which elicit the praise of connoisseurs; while the walls of all four sides are covered with marble bas-reliefs representing the triumphal entry of Alexander the

Great into Babylon, the work of Thorwaldsen, executed to the order of Napoleon who designed that they should adorn his triumphal Arch at the termination of the Simplon at Milan.

Your aunt Mary was exhausted by a part only of "the toil of pleasure," (we may well be thankful that toil also has its pleasure) so I staid with her while the others explored the more distant parts of the grounds.

Your mother had not accompanied us, and on our return we dropped your uncle and aunts at the Villa Melzi, with which I find they were as much pleased as I had been when I visited it while here without them. Canova's David there suits my taste better than the objects from pagan mythology at the Villa Carlotta, and the bust of Madame Mere, as the worshippers of Napoleon called his mother in flattery to him, as though she were the typical women of these latter days; and the exquisite group of Dante and Beatrice by the same artists, in the Melzi grounds, I shall hold in memory among its rich treasures.

This day is so exhilarating that your mother has decided to drive with us to the villa Serbelloni. She was delighted with our former visit to it with M. Mela, and would rest content with the memory of that were it not that we feel that she contributes to the comfort as well as to the pleasure of the others by going with them when she can without too much fatigue for her own comfort. You would one and all rejoice greatly could you witness her happiness; though frequently thoughts of *home* and its sacred joys do intrude with great incisions, as of the pruning knife of the gardener, lopping off the branches.

Evening. Milan

Your mother and I started out to make a few purchases of articles made from olive wood, as souvenirs of Bellagio, and some photographs to assist us to convey to you some impression, very feeble it must be at the best, and with all the assistance we can command of the beauties in the enjoyment of which we have passed a most delightful episode in our married life.

Cut off from all other social associations, and exempt from the duties of the parental relation and the other cares incident to our lot in life, we were thrown more than we have ever before been upon each other, and left without other purpose of life or occupation of time and thought than the cultivation of our mutual affection; entering closely into each other's feelings and sharings each other's joys and devoting ourselves exclusively to the one purpose, that of promoting directly and solely to ministering each to the comfort of the other.

We have now turned our backs, forever, on this "paradise"—this is the Italian term for a country retreat—but I trust not like our original progenitors, "driven out," but rather *led* on to other scenes

in which, though they be not equal in inherent attractions, we may at least indulge the same affections and cultivate the same feelings and find the same joy.

Having made our few purchases we joined the others in the drive to the Villa Serbelloni, once the residence of the Duke of that title, by whom the palace was built and furnished and the extensive grounds laid out and planted.

I have once already attempted a description of the wooded heights and rocky cliffs, projecting between the two arms of Lake Como and commanding extensive views on each, shut in by snow-clad mountains in the distance, while in strong contrast, the immediate grounds around are planted with tropical Palms and Bamboos and the Magnolias of our southern states, and the rocks are thickly set with Cactus (some of them of great size,) and Aloes, and Ferns. Terrace above terrace winds around the projecting height, from the several successive stages of which one not only looks out on an ever widening extent of view over lake and hillside and mountain range, but down upon richly coloured beds and borders of flowers planted in figures and looking like immense Persian or Turkish carpets; and just outside of these, vineyards, merry now with the joy of the vintage, the peasantry busy in gathering the grapes, while the orchards of fig trees and the light greenish-grey foliage of the Olive yards add to the novelty and variety of the scene.

By unanimous consent the excursion of the morning is voted to stand unrivalled for its pleasure amid our travelling experiences. While the other members of the party climbed to the topmost point, your aunt Mary, your mother, and I awaited their descent seated in a grotto which commanded the view I have attempted to give you some idea of. I left them there a little time while I went to the house to examine more carefully a picture which had attracted my notice as we passed around, which was hanging in one of the corridors.

While I was looking at it, a gentleman accosted me and entered into conversation on the subject of Art, about which he displayed both knowledge and cultivated taste. When I reached the grotto I found a lady in conversation with your aunt and mother, and soon learned that she was the wife of the gentleman who had accosted me, and that she had been educated as a "Friend." Their attention had been drawn to us by their having noticed our habit of sitting in reverent silence, as to seek a blessing and return thanks, at the meals at the *table d' hote*, and they determined to introduce themselves at the first fitting opportunity, which was afforded by our meeting in these grounds. They are named Fry, and know the Braithwaites, and Peases, and Gurneys; and Forsters, and seem to be nice people.

He promises to assist me in looking up objects of art in London on our return next Spring. He has a brother who is in some way connected with the Grand Trunk R. R. in Canada, and who sometimes

visits Philadelphia, where he knows the Caburys. His name is Howard Fry and some of you may chance to fall in with him. I jot down these little incidents of travel because I think they may interest you.

It is now 10 P. M. We did not arrive here until 9, having left Bellagio at 4 P. M., by steamboat for Como and by railroad from Como here through the scenes I mentioned in my former letters from this place. The whole district is devoted to the culture of mulberry trees, and the feeding of the silk worms, and we passed several large manufactories of the silk goods.

We are luxuriating in luscious figs and grapes.

Saturday evening.

We have been delighted to-day by receiving letters from Mary, Cousin Emily, Galloway and Israel W. and Annie. Sorry that G. has been so unwell and Mary so oppressed by duties and cares. For all else desire to feel more and more thankful. We are well and enjoying ourselves as much as we can do, so far removed from you all.

The weather is so cool that we find warm clothing necessary.

Ever your loving father,

CASPAR MORRIS.

MILAN, October 9, 1871.

My Dear Children:

When last here I wrote you that Italy had awaked, founding my remark on my observation up to that time limited to only two days' stay here.

I can now reiterate the remark and emphasize it as the result of more extended opportunities for seeing the evidences of this awaking afforded by a wider field of examination into the facts. We drove to-day to near Pavia, distant from here about twenty miles in a due south direction, our object being a visit to a Monastery of Carthusian Friars, at Certosa near Pavia.

I have so often spoken of the perfection of the roads that you may have tired of that subject; yet I cannot refrain from alluding to this once more. The road is a perfectly straight line the entire distance, and wide enough for four vehicles to travel abreast on it, and lies through a perfectly level country, so that at the distance of eight miles on looking back we saw the grand Cathedral rising in all its majesty as though close at hand still. There was no apparent rise or fall in the grade, the country being apparently a perfectly level plain, and yet every foot of the surface is irrigated, the water being distributed by a series of canals which run along the sides of the road and constitute a system of drainage and irrigation which is one of the great marvels of human skill and engineering science.

The central trunk-channel lies directly along side of the road, and has a constant flow of water, caused by the draught for the supply of what is absorbed by the soil, evaporation, and the supply of subsidiary canals at a lower level.

This is the best information I have been able to get on the subject, which is one of great interest.

What a comfort it must be to the planter and sower to commit his seed to the ground without apprehension of the drought.

Rice is a staple crop ; and they cut three successive crops of clover annually. The Rice crop had been harvested, so that we could form a very imperfect idea of what it had been from the stubble which stood thick and strong, from which we inferred that the yield had been productive. The maize had been topped and bladed, and though the size of the plant was small, the ears appeared to be well filled and well set, though they were also small.

The question occurred to me how far the irrigation favoured the development of malarious influences.

Great herds of noble looking cattle grazed in the meadows, and white oxen, fully as large and as well broken as those of our New England States, drew ploughs and harrows and prepared the soil to receive the seed for another year's crop.

The entire distance we travelled, eighteen miles, was flat and the only crops appeared to be those I have mentioned, Grass, Rice, Maize, and Mulberry Trees for the Silk-worms, yet we met hundreds of carts and wagons drawn by great oxen, all of a dun colour, or by horses, mules, or even donkeys, heavily loaded with grapes in baskets or in huge wooden vessels in which they are crushed for wine ; and on our return to Milan in the afternoon, we met an equally numerous train of similar vehicles loaded with the empty tuns, and casks, and baskets. How far they had been brought I was not able to learn ; but it must have been from beyond the irrigated district. The banks of the smaller canals are all planted with willows and Lombardy Poplar trees. On the large trunk there are boats drawn by horses, on which much heavy freight is transported, and some passengers. It is edged with brickwork and has enormous locks of well constructed masonwork.

The farm houses are large and surrounded by extensive offices and stables for the animals, and dwellings for the labourers and their families.

On the top of some of the houses we saw brick structures pierced by seven or eight ranges of holes to accommodate the sparrows with shelters in which to build their nests.

The people whom we saw at work in the fields, or met at the road side or in the villages through which we drove, all looked healthy and happy, though one would naturally expect the development of malarious poison where the soil is kept so saturated with moisture, and the heat of summer is so great and the vegetation so luxuriant. As the

sun set, the entire country was enveloped in a veil of fog, and I was glad we were not detained longer to be exposed to the paludal atmosphere.

I wish I understood the system of irrigation pursued here, which was derived (I believe) from the ancient Roman cultivators, that I might give you an idea of its wonders. Each landholder pays for the use of the water, which is measured out to him.

General A. A. Humphreys spent many months here some years ago, in a careful study of the system and examination of the works, on which he made a valuable report to the United States Government, which laid the foundation of the eminence he has since attained as an Engineer.

The object of our excursion was to visit a most extraordinary building, the monastery of the Certosa near Pavia.

It was erected about 500 years since by one Galeazzo Sforza, Duke of Milan, who had caused the family of his brother to be poisoned, and erected this building and endowed the institution with large revenues from estates for the maintenance forever of twenty-four monks of the order of La Trappe, who were to spend their lives in silence and to devote themselves to beautifying the altars and other parts of the chapel, to the glory of the Virgin Mary as a propitiation for his guilt.

The result has been the collection here of the most wonderful treasures of works of art in fresco paintings, paintings in oil, sculpture, and mosaics of marble and gems and precious stones, known as "Pietra dura work." It cannot be conceived without having been seen; and having been seen it can not be described nor retained in memory in detail.

We passed *four hours* in examining it in detail and when we left it was with the conviction that we had not seen one half.

We drove beneath an arch on the walls of which were frescoes executed by Bernardo Luini, a distinguished pupil of the celebrated master Leonardo da Vinci, whose reputation is almost as great as that of Leonardo. We entered then into a court-yard of 300 yards square. Immediately in front of us, opposite the archway, rose a lofty facade of Carrara marble covered with statues of various sizes but all of the most perfect execution, some standing singly and others gathered in groups. Between the statues there were medallions of marble of almost priceless value, of various colours and arrangement of pattern and shape. As we gazed on the facade we exclaimed, with unanimous consent, "This is wonderful! It is an ample compensation for the fatigue of the drive."

But wonderful as was the exterior, it was as nothing when, after spending some time in the examination of the various objects, we entered the door of the Chapel.

Rows of clustered columns with richly carved capitals, supported a ceiling glowing with the richest colours, most harmoniously arranged;

while the floor over which we trod was a pavement of hard stones polished, and laid in figures and patterns as varied and as beautiful as Florentine Mosaic work.

Before us rose to the ceiling an altar composed of columns of Verd Antique and other equally rare marbles, while the base is a pedestal of mosaic of Lapis Lazuli, carbuncles, agates, chalcedonies, coral, and carnelian and other precious stones, of the very names even of which I am ignorant, arranged in figures of the most exquisite symmetry and interspersed with fruits and flowers made of the same precious materials.

These fruits and flowers were almost as perfect as the natural objects represented, the forms and colour accurately reproduced. This part of the altar occupied three generations of one family, father and sons, in its construction. Above the table rises a dome-like structure of the same materials and workmanship.

There are eight chapels on either side of the nave, each lighted by a window, and each containing a similar altar of jewelry dedicated to some saint, incidents in the life of whom are frescoed on the walls by the best masters of the art, while the special altar-piece in each is by one of the most distinguished artists of the ages in which they were executed. In each there is also an altar table of Pietra dura equal in the value of the stones and the perfection of workmanship to the main altar.

The variations are almost innumerable, each apparently more costly and elegant than the preceding one.

There are also in each chapel groups of statuary, some of them having as many as fifty or sixty pieces.

It would occupy a very long time to enumerate and attempt to describe the subjects and the manner in which they are handled, and when it was accomplished you could not form the feeblest idea of the impressive effect of the whole structure or even of any of the subordinate parts. In one of the chapels the space usually devoted to the altar-piece is occupied with a series of carvings in ivory of the teeth of a hippopotamus. There are no less than sixty subjects represented, each some incident in the Old or New Testament history. The figures are innumerable and they are surrounded by eighty small ivory figures arranged as a frame or border, each standing in a small but separate niche. The various compartments into which the entire work is divided are separated from each other by borders of arabesque carved in ebony in an infinite variety of figures and imaginative shapes and forms. The whole covers a space of some eight feet by ten, and was the work of an entire life.

This building was erected in the year 1296 A. D. How many lives have been consumed in those five hundred years in the production of this wonderful treasury of art? The artists have all gone "earth to earth, dust to dust," yet here stands the work of their hands—I was about

to write their imperishable work—the wonder of each successive age. After having given to it all the time and strength at our command we went into the quadrangle attached, upon which opened the doors of the cells of the monks on three sides, the fourth being occupied by the cloister.

There are eight on each of the three sides thus giving a separate cell and garden to each of the brothers, who when he entered took a vow of perpetual silence, broken only by a weekly permission of three hours conference with their fellow recluses. Each father had three rooms, one a workshop, one a sleeping-room and the other for meditation. Each had also a very small garden surrounded by lofty walls, so that nothing could be seen but the sky and the clouds, while a well in each supplied water, and the scant supply of food was thrust in by a hole in the wall beside the door which closing behind him at his entrance shut him off from the sympathy of his fellow men.

Each monk was at liberty to select his own mechanical occupation, and was supposed to distribute his time between work, study, and meditation. The work-room we entered contained a turning lathe. The garden, though small, afforded an opportunity to cultivate some herbs or flowers according to the taste of the occupant, and a little bodily exercise. The rooms are quite large enough. There are now but three Fathers and a few *lay-brothers*, no new ones being permitted by the government to enter.

These lay-brothers exhibit the building to visitors, who come in large numbers from various parts of Europe and America.

They wear the peculiar habit of the order, a white long woolen robe, like a loose cloak with a hood. Their heads are shaven and covered with a cowl. They do not take a vow of silence, but never leave the building. The one who waited on us had not been outside the wall since he entered twenty-four years ago. We saw another who was still older, yet they were merry fellows, laughing readily, and acting very much as children.

Indeed their lot is a very happy one when contrasted with that of the regular fathers shut in from every cheerful influence of the outer world, except that of the flowers in their little garden, and the sun and moon and stars of the vault above them; never hearing the sweet music of speech.

I had never heard of this monastery of Certosa till it was mentioned to us by one of our acquaintances at Bellagio, who charged us to be sure not to omit a visit to it. It is certainly well worthy of a visit, and wearied as we are by the toil of the day we feel amply compensated, and I am glad to add that no one was more gratified than your dear mother. You can form no idea of the deep interest she takes in every thing around us here.

When we think of all there is to interest us still unseen at Milan, and that it is your uncle's purpose to leave for Venice on Friday, we feel that in that short time we shall be busy indeed. We are delighted

by the letters from Cheston and Mellie, and Cousin Emily ; and uncle Galloway's of the 21st.

Tuesday Morning.

As I lie wakeful during the night time, my mind becomes crowded with images of the things I have seen and the feelings and thoughts they have suggested and which I have not described to you, as well as reflections on them which I wish I had recorded.

During this morning's vigil the Certosa presented itself vividly and I realized how utterly inadequate any description of its wonders of art must be. It is a perfect museum of the beautiful. As regards the pietra dura work, you may take the most finished piece of Florentine Mosaic you have ever seen or can imagine (for those we see with us are but imperfect specimens of the art), and combine them in figures of inconceivable intricacy and compose them of stones of the largest size, and richest colour ever attained by "precious stones," and spread out yard after yard of the most exquisite combinations of fruits, flowers, birds, and arabesque figures grouped with the highest skill and most refined taste and artistic judgment; the details of workmanship as perfectly finished as the designs are graceful, every inch a study, and all composed of the most valuable gems (excepting only diamonds, and emeralds and rubies, but abounding in lapis lazuli, opals, agates and carbuncles), and then you will form but an inadequate conception of the splendor of the display presented. There is a rail separating the chancel from the choir quite fifty feet in length, and proportionally massive, of the purest Carrara marble, supported by angels of the same material sculptured in various attitudes.

The top of the rail is a perfect bed of this most superb collection of jewels, set as fruits and flowers and birds. This alone would be attraction enough to compensate for a visit.

On the exterior, between panels of the richest and most costly marbles of many colours, there are medallions containing polished marble profile busts of life size, and having life-like expression of the kings and prophets of the Old Testament history, and Roman Consuls, poets and statesmen and orators.

Some of these are copied from contemporaneous coins and medals and busts.

As we drove out of Milan on the road to the Certosa, we passed a colonade of sixteen columns in line, of the Corinthian order and Roman construction, which must have been the front of a Temple. Great care is taken to preserve them from decay. The shafts are hooped with iron bands, and the architrave is braced to a solid structure behind it.

Evening.

This morning your mother and I accompanied brother Wistar and sisters to the picture of "The Last Supper," and sat there an hour in silent admiration of its wonderfully expressive teaching.

We did not feel it less impressive than on our former visit. From there the others went to the Brera gallery and we attended to some necessary shopping.

This afternoon we went to the Cathedral, and all, except your mother, aunt Mary and I, ascended to the roof.

I ventured as high as the main roof, which is of solid blocks of marble and so wide in its extent, and so gradual in its slope that the most nervous apprehension can not find reasonable ground for fear, but I found my head could not carry me any higher. The forest of pinnacles rising from it, each surmounted by a statue, and the numerous flying buttresses supporting them and the innumerable other statues standing on the roof, give a good stand-point from which to estimate the extent of the structure. But it is in the interior of the nave, passing slowly from column of the four rows by which they divide the space, making five aisles, and looking upward to the roof, so elevated that you can just perceive that it is ceiled with stucco in lieu of marble, that one reaches the highest impression of its majestic grandeur. A drive on the walls beneath the beautiful avenue of horse chestnuts, and past the public garden, and back through the old and new parts of the city, all thronged by busy crowds of people, completed the toils and pleasures of a busy day. To-morrow promises a day of enforced rest, as the weather threatens rain, and the day after we leave Milan with its incomparable Cathedral and unrivalled paintings and various historical associations, through ages of Roman greatness and Gothic barbarism and ruin, and mediæval empire, and now modern renaissance; for Bologna, with its library and museum and its University, still maintaining the honour of its ancient fame; and thence to Venice the city of the sea, around which are clustered so much of romance as well as glory.

Your ever loving father

CASPAR MORRIS.

MILAN, October 11, 1871.

My Dear Children:

The objects of interest in Milan are varied and inexhaustable, and day after day spent among them has filled my mind very much as a vault is filled with materials dumped from a cart at the opening. Whether I shall be able ever to disentangle them, and arrange them in such order as will give them any value in the treasury of memory, and make them useful to myself or others, is doubtful.

As an illustration of the incongruous mass collected two are at this moment thrusting themselves on my notice, each of which has its special claim to attention. The sight of a cartload of firewood which I saw deposited on the footwalk with its suggestions of cold weather in the winter, and the scantiness of the supply of fuel, and

the imperfect character of even that little; and the other the Cartoon of Raphael, for his great fresco painting of "The School of Athens."

Can any contrast be stronger or two subjects of thought more diverse? Yet they are both dancing before my eyes, and each demanding my attention.

The Cartoon is the most wonderful production of art I have yet seen. It is the drawing with chalk on grey tinted paper in outline merely; from which the fresco painting was executed by his pupils. Engravings and photographs of it are accessible and I must refer you to these instead of attempting a description.

The figures in the Cartoon are life sized, and the drawing perfect and the attitudes not only natural but graceful.

Those of Archimedes and his pupils, and of Diogenes reclining on the steps of the temple, are most surprising productions.

This Cartoon is in the Library of St. Ambrose, and in an adjoining apartment is a painting by Crespi, of the adoration of the Virgin and infant Saviour in which the representation of the face of the Virgin Mary and the figure of the child, and of the cherub are all wonderfully beautiful. It is one of those pictures which is impressed indelibly on the mental vision, can not be obliterated, no matter what may be laid over it.

NOTE.—(Probably written in 1882.—Ed.)

Thus I wrote, and so I thought, and felt; but now in going over the record, I am positively unable to recall the faintest trace of that "indelible impression."

Near it are several Titians, one of them the Adoration of the Magi, a very celebrated specimen of his peculiar power. One striking feature in it is a fine horse standing impatiently at the door, pawing. You must not be alarmed and throw down this sheet; I do not design to give you a catalogue of the spaces occupied on the walls of the several saloons of this great building; and descriptions of pictures are not much more than this. I have tried my best to prepare myself for a visit to a collection by the most diligent and laborious study of the accounts and descriptions in the guide books and catalogues, but have never found that I had taken in the most remote conception of the subject. I do find, however, that I recognize a meritorious work so soon as my eye lights on one.

There is no hesitation about that. There may be great diversity in taste of different persons as to the subject represented, but there is no question about whether a picture is the production of "a master," and any sarcasm about "old masters," is only evidence of the want of power to appreciate the work of art.

We wandered from room to room in constantly renewed admiration, until we were compelled by the very weariness of enjoyment, to abandon the further pursuit of pleasure. Some fresh object of

interest presented itself challenging our notice at every turn of the head.

In the library there are 60,000 printed volumes all in perfect preservation and carefully arranged; 15,000 manuscripts, many of them palimpsests, containing valuable ancient classical works, which had been carefully engrossed on the vellum while it was fresh, but erased by monks or other copyists, and monkish legends, or other equally worthless treatises of the dark ages, substituted for them. By removing these latter, and the application of chemical reagents to deepen the colour of the original work, many very valuable works have been recovered within a few years, the useless later essay having caused the preservation of the vellum with its buried treasures.

When enumerating the paintings in this collection, I failed to mention many of great celebrity, especially a portrait of a Cardinal, by Raphael Mengs which is very fine.

There are several halls or rather saloons appropriated exclusively to statuary. There is a group of great merit, representing the deliverance of St. Peter from prison. He lies sleeping the perfect restful sleep of innocence and trust in the care of the "eye that neither slumbers nor sleeps," between the Roman soldiers, and the angel alights to touch him.

I have already alluded to the wonderful energy which displays itself in Milan; we are more and more impressed by the evidences of it which exhibit themselves on every hand, in the various channels of art, commerce, and manufactures.

As regards art, it is said that the statues which have been placed on the Cathedral within a few years, are quite equal to any that have preceded them. We saw one being hoisted to its niche.

The sculptors of the present are quite equal to Canova, or Thorwaldsen. Any citizen of our own country disposed to cultivate the taste of his fellow countrymen by the introduction among them of good specimens of contemporary artists, will find works of living men well worthy of their attention.

In one of my former letters I mentioned the "Vanity" on exhibition at the time of our visit at the National Exposition. It was purchased by Victor Emanuel; and "The Girl and Mouse," has been sold to an Austrian nobleman who has carried it to Vienna. Thus my judgment of their merit has high endorsement. We made a very interesting visit to the studio of a very youthful artist named Donati. He had two or three works in progress which pleased me highly. One was called "The Return from the Chase." It was a laughing boy having a dead rabbit suspended from a stick resting on his shoulder. There was also a companion piece, a similar boy bearing a bunch of grapes in the same manner. They were faultless. In the studio there was also another piece equally perfect in design and execution, but offensive as well to my taste as to my sense of propriety.

It is the figure of a sweet delicate little girl in pursuit of a butterfly which she has been chasing and which she is reaching forward to seize standing a tiptoe, and seeming to be almost in motion ; but she has dropped her only garment in the earnestness of the effort. When our Maker clothed our first parents after the fall and taught them they were naked, he taught us the propriety of dress.

We were all delighted with a work on which Donati was occupied at the hour of our visit ; two little children seated on a garden balustrade, blowing bubbles from a pipe ! It was a perfect gem of art. What a wonderful power it is !

There lay a shapeless mass of clay ; such as each one of us in our boyhood may have patted with his hands and then dashed against the wall, leaving it to adhere there only a " boss " of mud. From just such a boss Donati, with only a little stick for his tool, has produced an image of the beautiful conception of his own imagination, which calls up in the mind of every beholder a corresponding image of the beautiful.

I have often expressed my conviction that the power of the sculptor is one of the highest with which man has been endowed by the Creator, before I had the opportunity to see so many of its wonderful triumphs. I early accepted the tribute of Cowper to Bacon, who

" Gave Chatham's eloquence to marble lips,
And more than female beauty to a stone."

Donati is a very young man with a boyish look, and one of the most open ingenuous faces I have ever seen.

As I looked at his works I became so enthusiastic, that I seized his head in both my hands and drawing it toward me said " do let *me look in here* and discover the image of beauty within, which produces such results."

He took the freedom in good part, evidently pleased with the intention, promising to send me a photograph of the work when it is completed, though I held out no prospect of my becoming a purchaser.

Your uncle Galloway will say " *Biling over.*" I cannot help it. When the vessel is shallow a little heat will make the contents boil ; and the little kettle will *sing* sooner than a great cauldron. The marble for these figures costs as it comes from the quarry, \$2000, and he asks for the finished work \$8000.

I have been led into this digression by the association between the St. Peter and the angel in the Ambrosian library, and the works of modern artists.

There is also in that library a modern glass window executed by a Milanese artist within a few years, in memory of Dante.

At the summit is a figure of The Virgin. In the central compartment a life-sized figure of the poet seated, and in lateral compartments Beatrice on the one side, and Matilda on the other, while in smaller divisions are scenes from *Il Purgatorio*.

In the Churches and Cathedrals of Great Britain, Germany, and Italy, I have seen many ancient stained glass windows and many modern imitations, but nowhere have I seen anything to compare with this. The flesh of the faces and hands is life-like.

The folds of the drapery and the shades of colour as the light falls through, and develops them, are such that one can with difficulty realize that they are semblances and not the material realities ; and the choir of angels which surrounds the Virgin, stand out like figures in *relievo*.

Writing thus of the productions of modern art, I am reminded of a very fine statue of Count Cavour, in bronze, standing on a solid granite pedestral, at the foot of which sits a figure of Italia, inscribing upon the lasting rock the name of her favourite son ; the lofty statesman to whose patriotism, intelligence, and devotion, she is indebted for the establishment of the present government on the sold basis it now occupies.

The conception is simple and grand, and the workmanship excellent. It was cast here, and is thought to be equal to the productions of the celebrated foundry at Munich.

No one can mingle in the busy throngs which crowd the streets, see the various artisans plying their trades either in the streets before their houses and shops, or in the shops which open directly on the level of the street-ways, and see the beautiful display of rich stuffs, the product of their looms, and the various fabrics which adorn the shop-windows, without being strongly impressed with the present vigour of this place, whose history reaches back to the earliest period of the Roman empire. The sixteen Corinthian columns I have mentioned are the remains of some heathen temple, and bear witness of the splendour of that period ; and the church of St. Ambrose is said to have been erected in the fourth century on the ruins of a temple of Bacchus, and is said to be that from which he repelled the Emperor Theodosius, until by a prolonged and severe penance he had atoned for the massacre of some rebels at Thessalonica. This is considered one of the great triumphs of the Church over the State, and the anniversary is still celebrated by religious services in the church of Rome. The unrivalled Cathedral is recognized by all as one of the triumphs of architecture, commenced in the fourteenth century and still uncompleted ; the great hospital is one of the largest institutions for the relief of the sick poor in the world ; and the Lazaretto, built by San Carlo Borromeo, for the reception of the sufferers with the Plague (a quadrangular building of two stories, one front of which has an extent of a quarter of a mile), still stands an evidence of his abounding charity for the suffering in body, while we must condemn the fearful persecution of the Vaudois which he stimulated.

We shall turn our backs on Milan, with its spacious mansions and public edifices and various institutions for the benefit of its citizens,

telling of the enterprise of the present generation, with much regret that we cannot still further explore the ever fresh vistas opening before us and challenging investigation. .

There are many incidents also which amuse us as we fall in with them in our walks about the city, which shew how habits linger in these old centres of the power and civilization of past ages. At the commencement of this letter, I referred to the scant supply of firewood. I had wondered what was the design of the habit which is universal in Italy, and indeed in other districts also, of trimming the Poplar trees so as to leave only a comparatively small tuft of branches at the top, while only short boughs clothe the tall straight trunks at any season of the year, and even these are wanting in the autumn.

I find these branches are cut off for firewood, dried and tied up in bundles. It is certainly a strange sight to see three men engaged in cutting these faggots into short pieces; one holding the stick, while two others work the saw.

We all laughed this morning when we encountered a watering machine of the most primitive construction: simply a hogshead of water in a cart, with a hose attached to it which was shaken by a man who held it as the horse carried it along the street. We have seen so often two men engaged in shoeing one horse that it is, we must suppose, the universal mode. One stands holding the foot of the animal while another pares the hoof, and applies the shoe. But everyone here is busy at something and all look animated and happy.

Nov. 16, 1882.

NOTE.—*In copying these letters thus far I have already found the expression of thoughts and feelings written in the excitement of the hour which I can not now approve, and about the indulgence and cultivation of which I had some doubt at the time. In this letter I was carried away by my foolish enthusiasm at the visit to the Church of St. Ambrose and when in the light of the course of events which have disturbed the Christian Church and especially the Church of England, and "the Protestant once," (I fear now no longer such) Episcopal Church of the United States I read them now, I do not dare to transcribe them.*

I have great regret at having ever entertained the feelings and given vent to them in expression to others. I can only now record my repentance and pray to be forgiven.

We were shocked this evening by seeing in an Italian newspaper a telegram announcing that Chicago is on fire, and the entire business part of the town reduced to ruins. We hope the account is an exaggeration; but scarcely dare to indulge a similar hope in the report of moral ruin in New York and other places. We feel very sorry for the Hodge family. Frauds and defalcations are fearful things.

The newspaper of this morning confirms the truth of the worst accounts from Chicago. 50,000 people homeless, and all efforts to subdue the flames still unavailing,

VERONA, Italy, October 12, 1871.

My Dear Children :

Hurried from one object of absorbing interest to another, I should yet lose more than half the interest and pleasure I now take in them, did I not seize the passing moment to transmit to you the impression they make on me and thus at the same time increase the pleasure of the passing hour, and deepen its influence on myself, and engraving it more clearly on my memory, make the treasure more available for future gratification for us all.

We left Milan this morning in the rain, numberless objects of importance unvisited ; and subjects we were desirous of investigating unattended to ; while those we had explored and visited again and again had lost none of their attraction for us in the familiarity. It appears to be a great focus of active development. Schools are established and supported by the Government ; education is made compulsory ; and the books and instruments approved by the Minister of Instruction, as we find them in the shops, appear to be most appropriate.

Though Victor Emanuel is excommunicated by the Pope, the people seem to be devoted to the support of the church and when we last visited the Cathedral elaborate preparations were being made for a grand fête in honour of the Virgin, and the decree of the late Council in favour of the dogmas of the Immaculate Conception and the Intallibility of the Pope, have been accepted. On the other hand I have been told that the celibacy of the clergy is not considered absolutely essential ; and that the Government supports those priests who marry ; and provides for the nuns and monks whose establishments have been seized and the revenues appropriated to educational purposes and in other modes made useful to the nation.

The railroad by which we came to this place led us along the flat district lying along the foot of the Alpine regions, itself as flat as our prairies or the "Swamp" at West River.

It has been evidently, at some distant era, the bed of a great lake or an arm of the sea, extending from the base of the Alps to that of the Appenines.

The soil like that of another portion of the same district over which we passed from Como to Milan, is very thin and underlaid everywhere by a thin stratum of rounded water-worn stones, of small size, from that of our best paving pebbles down to large gravel. The whole district is well irrigated, and covered with orchards of Mulberry trees for the feeding of the silk worms, while vines and maize are

planted in the intermediate spaces. The sides of the hills which skirt the plain are terraced for vineyards ; and towns and villages of various size are scattered thickly along the route of the road.

We passed through Bergamo and Brescia, large towns ; and each possessed of great interest as the scenes of historic events of importance in ages when our Western world was not known to exist by the actors in those affairs.

As we were carried through these fertile plains at the speed of fifty miles an hour, and looked at the mountain ranges we were skirting, we could not but think of the high culture and the advanced civilization which had been reached centuries before the Christian era ; and also of the fearful scenes of which it had been the arena when the savage hordes of the Northern barbarians burst across these dark barriers, sweeping before them all the riches which could be carried away with them, and burning and destroying what could not be transported, strewing the fertile fields with the bodies of the inhabitants ; and how these very savage peoples lingering under the power of softer skies and dwelling on more fertile fields than their native dwellings had, under these meliorating influences, themselves became in their turn civilized and ultimately Christianized, and at length the agents to transmit Christianity and refinement to our own savage ancestors. If Italy was indebted to Greece for letters and arts, we are in like manner indebted to Italy for our own culture in both.

A part of the distance the road lay along the Southern shore of Lake Guardia, whose perfectly pure clear blue waters spread themselves over an extent of many miles, laving the feet of the Tyrolean Alps on the northern side, while the southern shore is a level plain. The ruins of Roman villas which are still found along this shore confirm the testimony of the letters and poems of the Augustan age, that this was the resort of the Roman citizens whose good taste led them to frequent these scenes which were adorned by their residences, to which they resorted for recreation, at a period when they were more difficult of access from Rome than they now are from America.

The guide books tell us that Catullus had a villa at a point on the shore of Lake Guardia which we passed this morning ; from which the views are almost as grandly impressive and as attractive as those from the villa of Pliny at Lake Como ; and Virgil is known to his warmest admirers as the Mantuan bard, having been born at Mantua or near it, and though his residence was in the vicinity of Naples and at Rome, it is not unlikely that the memory of his earlier years passed amid these distant and provincial scenes may have furnished some of the imagery of his poems which are still dear treasures of every one of cultivated taste. I hope to read them again with an increased gratification in some vacant hours of retirement from the toil and hurryscurry of active life ; not as I once did in the carriage while driving from house to house in the daily discharge of professional duty.

Before reaching Verona we passed Peschiera, at which we entered within a series of military works and fortifications constructed by the Austrian Government, and extending to Mantua, Vicenza, and other points, all known for many years as "the Quadrilateral," by which the northeastern part of Italy was held in military subjection by Austria; which it was necessary to force in order to rescue Venice from her thralldom and add it to the Kingdom of Italy. This was accomplished by the terrible battle of Solferino, which was fought in this vicinity between the Austrians on the one side and the combined forces of Italy and France under the third Napoleon, on the other.

Even as they now stand these works are so strong that one does not wonder that the Austrians supposed them impregnable. They still frown around us, and enable the Italians to bid defiance to the power by which they were constructed for the purpose of holding them in subjection.

The first object of interest here claiming our attention is the Roman amphitheatre, which still stands, almost perfect, capable of *seating* 25,000, or 70,000 *standing*. Its walls are blackened by time and corroded by years, and though much of the upper stories have fallen, four arches of the uppermost of all still remain intact, and enable us to form a correct idea of its appearance when still perfect. The masses of stone-work on which the seats were supported, remain as they were constructed in the third century of our era, as do also the dressed stone casings of the lower stories, and prove how grand must have been the structure in its integrity.

Where are the people who then dwelt here in such numbers as to require such extensive arrangements for their amusement? Truly such ruins bear strong witness to the greatness of the Roman power, and progress in the cultivation of the arts which mark the advance of civilization; and how loud and deep the lessons inscribed in letters which all may read on these tombs of the nations; for of all their glory it can now be only said of the nations, as of the individuals, "*Hic jacet.*"

In our disposition to magnify our influence, and boast ourselves of our glory, may we become wiser by taking to our hearts the solemn teaching.

On the door of entrance into the corridors of the Carthusian Monastery we visited at Paira, the Certosa, is the fresco painting of a human skeleton, with the inscription "*Mihi hodie, tibi crastinus;*" and on the walls of these Amphitheatres, and Basilicas and arched gateways to arenas, we may read a similar lesson, intensified just now by the light of the flame which has reduced to a smoking ruin that most boastful of all our American cities—Chicago.

October 14th.

It was just at this juncture that we learned from a telegraphic article in an Italian newspaper of the terrible conflagration at Chicago, and met a half hour later a gentleman from that place who had a personal telegram from his partner, informing him of the utter destruction of the town. Our hearts were filled with feelings of strong sympathy with the sufferers, and on my own part with a wish to return at once and apply myself to efforts for the relief of the distress which must extend itself to every part of the country. The London *Times* which I have just seen, says it is the most serious fire of which the editor has any knowledge, exceeding in its importance that "Great fire of London," which makes so strong an impression on the mind of every reader of its history. The influence of the utter annihilation of 200,000,000 of dollars worth of property would be fearful at any time; but at this period, when the monetary interests of the commercial world are in a state of inflation, which renders them more than commonly insecure, it must be overwhelmingly disastrous; and I look with anxiety for the result. Israel will please make such contribution to the fund which will be formed for relief as he thinks proper for me.

Thanks to dear Cousin Hannah for her kind letter which reached us here with Israel's and one from Tyson and Cousin Emily. We are much obliged to Tyson and will write to him. Mother unites in dearest love to you all. We are all well. The weather is *very cold* so that mother will not venture out even to church.

October 15th.

I add this at Venice.

I must not entirely overlook the present while thus dwelling on the reflections which arise from the influence of the sight of the ruins of the past. There are many things present themselves for observation which are equally sources of thought. One can form no idea of the force of the common expression, "as spry as a lizard" until one has seen the little animal as it darts in and out of the crevices in the walls, basking in the sun, and starting at the approach of a step.

The motions of the most "pert" and active of the squirrel tribe are not more vivacious and can scarcely be said to be more nimble, though they do not leap so far. The little creatures lose the repulsive idea we are wont to associate with them as one watches them darting from one hiding place to another across the stones, and they are found by the dozen on the sunny sides of the walls of the vineyards and orchards, by the road-side.

I have never made an attempt to catch one, but doubt the possibility of doing it, so instantaneously do they appear where you are not looking for them and disappear again in a moment. We are enjoying all the luxury of travel *and it is luxury*.

At Ragatz, as I wrote you we were forstalled by the Duchess of Genoa having got possession of the rooms your uncle had engaged, and now we are exchanging, day by day, with the Emperor of Brazil and his suite. They are fitting around the same course as your uncle's party, sometimes the one and sometimes the other in advance. I am at this moment sitting in a boudoir, furnished with every convenience for writing, with lemon trees, pittosporum shrubs, and other such plants lining the walls; the window overlooking the Grand Lagune across which rises a grand pile of buildings which I think is occupied by the offices of the Customs. This little apartment opens directly into our chamber, and your mother is now making her toilet in a corresponding apartment adjoining this, which is furnished with appropriate arrangements for that purpose, and at the other side of the chamber is the private parlour of the party, and beyond that the dining-room, also private. A similar suite of rooms beyond that is occupied by your uncle and aunts. We are not in the Hotel Danieli strictly speaking; this is a "dependence" attached to the old hotel. The Emperor has those we had expected to get, having remained beyond the time he had designed in order to have a bust for which he is sitting to a sculptor, completed. We *are obliged* to accept these in lieu. At Chester we vacated our apartments in his favour.

When we arrived at the terminus of the railway, we found ourselves at a landing place, of course, and in lieu of the crowd of wheel carriages, and vociferous drivers of hacks to hire, there was a mass of Gondolas waiting to convey passengers and their luggage. Black as blackness itself, painted entirely of the deepest shade of perfect blackness, without the smallest spot or stripe of any colour to relieve the gloom. Your mother is not yet convinced that some which bore plumes at the several corners are not hearses, to carry the dead. After much conference between Friezler and some men in livery who were, we supposed, officials of the Hotel Danieli in which he thought he had secured accommodations for your uncle, we and our luggage were deposited in two long black canoes with each end turned up and projecting in a sharp point, and worked our way through the wriggling, writhing, mass of similar craft, turning and twining around each other as you have seen a collection of earth worms crawling and interlacing their repulsive lengths.

In the midst of the seething mass I saw two familiar faces in a similar conveyance, and bowing to them found the salute returned by Dr. and Mrs. Harris, the uncle and aunt of your aunt Mary, who had come to the station to welcome her.

Dr. Harris has held the office of Consul of the United States for some years, and they reside here.

Your aunt and Miss Harris were transferred to their Gondola, and we all started in company on the Grand Canal, along which we swept with easy and graceful motion between ranges of lofty houses, the

steps of which were laved by the water directly out of which the walls arose.

We passed under the Rialto, and soon after under (happily not over) the Bridge of Sighs, which spans the canal, connecting the Ducal Palace with the grim front of the gloomy looking Prison, which is separated from the rear of the Palace only by the Canal. Over this bridge no one ever passed voluntarily ; it led only to the hopeless seclusion of the dungeon, or the final liberation from all earthly sorrow, by death. It is a covered archway at a great elevation above the level of the water, lighted only by grated openings in the sides, precluding all communication with the outer world, nay forbidding even the "last lingering look at the precincts of the cheerful day," to the hopeless victim of despotic jealousy and power.

We were carried about from one landing place to another, under the direction of the runners from the hotel, and at last found a resting place in this, which is attached to the Hotel Danieli, which is recognized as the best in Venice.

This building was erected by the Austrian Government and used as their Treasury, until their expulsion about ten years since. There are vaults beneath it which are water-proof, in which the treasure was kept, and into which all the documents and papers of value were placed every evening, and then submerged to protect them from fire or robbery.

Notwithstanding the luxurious accommodations we are furnished with, and which I have already described, we do not like Venice. *It smells badly.* The wide lagune which spreads out directly before our door, is clean and beautiful, and animated by the frequent passing of the Gondolas, so graceful in motion, and so beautiful in form, that they are objects of attraction in despite of their gloomy forbidding colour. The action of the Gondolier as he stands in his boat and bends forward, pressing on his oar, has been often described and is very graceful.

The ease with which they propel the boat, and the skill with which they direct its course are very surprising, nor can I comprehend how with a single oar resting always against one side and at one point, its course is directed with the speed and directness of an arrow and yet its direction changed at any moment and in any direction, so that collisions are very infrequent even in the most crowded passages.

A huge ironclad turret ship of war lies in front of us, presenting a strong contrast to these insect-like shapes flitting around her. We have yet seen nothing worthy of record except the novelty, to us, of the decaying palatial buildings rising directly from the water as though they were sprung from the sea.

The lesson taught by the history of Venice is one of deep instruction. It was settled, originally, by hopeless exiles driven

onward before the aggressions of invading foes till there was no land left on which they could rest. They found a refuge from the violence of the hostility, which had desolated their cherished homes, in the marshes and small islands on the coast ; and instead of settling down in hopeless despair and perishing, they devoted themselves to the task of providing new homes in the midst of these forbidding surroundings.

By the natural process of development under the stimulus of such energy it became one of the greatest powers on earth.

Venetian boats grew into Venetian galleys, carrying the riches of the East to the furthest markets of the ever extending West, and carried the soldiers descended from those exiles, to distant conquests until Venice became mistress of the sea and controlled the destiny of nations.

Wealth flowed in upon them, and luxury followed in its course, subduing them by its enervating influence under which they fell into decay. Now again a renewed energy is everywhere manifest, and though Venice as a distinct municipality, can never again assume the place she once filled with such glory in the history of nations, her population may perform a no less important part as an integral part of the renewed United Kingdom of Italy. I can not but anticipate a glorious future for this newly born member of the family of nations. Her *people* are enterprising and thoroughly awake to the importance of their destiny. They are even now planning the settlement of colonies of Vaudois, and other hardy mountain races, in the long deserted plains of the Campagna, which once teemed as do the plains of Lombardy, with an industrious and thriving population, deriving not only support but wealth from the soil now producing only malarious influences.

As we were carried rapidly across the long level tract of reclaimed marsh, ditched and diked, teeming with an industrious population deriving their support from plantations of Mulberry trees, furnishing not only food for the silk-worms but support to the vines, which are trained from tree to tree in luxuriant festoons loaded with luscious grapes, while the spaces between the rows are occupied with rich crops of Maize, Sorghum, Vetches, and Clover, I thought I had never seen a more astonishing exhibition of the power of man to overcome obstacles, and conquer difficulties. The entire distance from Milan to Venice is devoted to the same culture. Between Milan and Verona the soil is less productive than that between Verona and Venice. From that place we passed through a Valley skirting the spurs of the Tyrolese Alps and on the other bounded by hills such as those beside the Great Valley of Chester County, and like that valley it has a deep rich soil amply repaying the toil of the husbandman. Where the grapes have been gathered, and the mulberry trees stripped of their leaves the charm of the scene is greatly diminished, to say the least of it ; indeed it gives a sense of desolation as though they had all been killed by drought. It is in truth wonderful that the trees do survive the annual

stripping off of the leaves not only the first growth, for the worms, but the second are pulled and dried for provender for the cattle.

Such cattle as they are ! Their size is very large, their shape perfect, their eyes lustrous, and the expression of their faces beautifully docile and intelligent, and their coats of a clean dun colour.

VENICE, October 15, 1871.

Within the last two days we have been saddened by the fearful account of the terrible calamity which has visited our *nation* in the destruction of Chicago by fire.

We flattered ourselves at first that there must be a great exaggeration, and when this hope was destroyed and we found the real extent of the calamity, we were stupefied by the immensity of the destruction of property. Hour after hour it becomes more and more appalling. My own impulse is to turn our faces homeward, or at least to ascertain by telegraph how far my apprehension of a universal overwhelming financial panic may be well founded.

It does not produce so depressing an influence on your uncle, though he speaks on the subject with strong feeling.

I this morning despatched a very disjointed imperfectly expressed letter, written by snatches and very hurriedly, by which you will have learned (if it was at all comprehensible) when and how we arrived here.

We find, most unexpectedly, the weather so cold as to put all our winter clothing into requisition ; most happily for myself at Milan I had a suit made of the warmest material I ever wore. Still more happily for your mother, though at the time the change was made it was a great annoyance to both her and myself, we have left the suite of apartments I described in my last letter for others much less commodious and smaller, and with a very unpleasant outlook. Instead of the wide laguna a blank wall ; and less elegantly furnished. We find great comfort in the fact that the flue of the kitchen passes the sitting-room of the apartments occupied by your aunts Hannah and Jane and Mr. Longstreth and your mother and myself ; so that we have the comfort of the warmth it imparts, which is worth more to us than the beauty of the flower-furnished boudoir, and the wide laguna, animated with the Gondolas and shipping. Thus we are reproved for our murmuring in which we indulged very improperly and taught to ask and depend upon guidance in little things as in great, and to trust that in them also goodness and mercy will follow us all the days of our life.

Dr. and Mrs. Harris passed Friday evening with Mary and Wistar and Miss Harris, and we of course participated in the pleasure of their company and accepted their kind invitation to join their relatives at tea at their house on Saturday evening.

On Saturday morning we all sallied forth to see the wonders of this Queen city, The Bride of the Adriatic, so fascinating to all who claim to possess the least infusion of æsthetic taste.

As we passed the hotel your uncle Wistar and aunt Mary went in with Friezier, while we walked on to the Plaza, and when they joined us again they told us they had made arrangements for apartments in the hotel instead of those we were occupying in the supplemental building, and that we were to make the change immediately after dinner.

Our first object for a visit was, of course, the Piazza or Square of St. Mark, with its columns surmounted by Winged Lions, the arms of Venice ; and the column of Theodosius, all near the water front of the Piazza. The Palace of the Doges has one front on the water also, while the principal facade extends along the side of the Square and is divided only by the entrance court from the building in which the Senate sat, and that extends to the Church of St. Mark, which rears its majestic front, glorious in gold and rich mosaic work, each structure vying with the other in unrivalled splendour, and all combining to give grandeur to one side of the Piazza such as can be found nowhere else.

The other sides of the Square are adorned with Corridors and shops and an extensive Library.

In the middle of the open space the Campanile or Bell-tower rises, a solid square structure rising to the height of about 150 feet. All the party except your Aunt Mary, your mother, and I, ascended to the top, from the platform at which point there is a wide view including on the one hand the snow-clad peaks of the Tyrolean Alps, and on the other extending to the shores of the Adriatic sea. They reported on their return that the wind was so strong that they felt themselves in danger, and we below felt it so icy cold that we were glad to shelter ourselves from its violence, and are not surprised to learn that snow fell at Trieste distant only a few hours.

When they rejoined us we all entered St. Mark's Cathedral.

What a wondrous sight ! Arches and domes in great number, each of overwhelming magnificence, shone in all the glory of burnished gold, or covered with paintings rich with all the exuberance of colour for which the Venitian school is so celebrated ; representing incidents in the history of the Republic or sacred or legendary subjects. The entire surface is thus covered with Mosaic pictures formed by coloured glass in small cubes of every shade of colour, while the interspaces all glow with gold. The style of the building is as unique and as gorgeous as the decorations ; the columns are of various style and every variety of stone, from the white alabaster shafts said to have been brought from the temple at Jerusalem, to those of red porphyry so hard that modern tools make little or no impression on it. This variety of material is equalled by the style of ornament of the Capitals of the columns, and the sources from which they have been derived.

Older Christian churches in Asia, as well as idol temples, have been spoiled of their richest treasures to enrich this church. The Venetians of the present day must not be too severe in their condemnation of their Austrian spoilers who in their turn carried away with them many things which the modern improved sense of justice has obliged them to restore.

Many objects of legendary interest were pointed out to us which failed to impress themselves on my memory, as my attention was almost wholly absorbed by the splendour of the Mosaics and the wonders of the columns and grandeur of the architecture. We will procure photographs which will enable us to talk over what we have seen, during the many opportunities of domestic enjoyment to which we look forward in the coming years.

Immediately adjoining St. Mark's church, lying between it and the palace of the Doges, is the Court of the same Princes, in which sat the Senate and the terrible Tribunal of the Ten. We were too wearied and the time was too short to allow us to attempt a regular visit to its splendid halls and several apartments rendered famous, or infamous, by the scenes enacted in them, or attractive by the pictorial adornments; so we went only to the bridge which connects it with the prison whose iron-grated windows grin horribly across the narrow channel by which it is separated from the Palace and Court. We trod the stony floor which unites the proud mansion of prosperity to the abode of despair. The entire structure, floor, walls, and roof is of marble, divided longitudinally by a septum also of marble. By the passage on the one side prisoners were carried from the cells for trial in the hall of the Palace appropriated to that purpose; by the other, if condemned, they were transmitted to the hopeless dungeons of darkness in which the victim of political or personal jealousy was literally "immured," without light, air, or hope, their food passed by a mere opening through the wall; or to the place of execution, a doom more merciful as that transferred them to the hands of a merciful God and released them from the torture of the cruelty of man. But let us not dwell on subjects so hateful, which have furnished themes for poets and writers of romance, but are, alas! only too true and too horrible in the nakedness of truth.

We were thoroughly exhausted by the morning's work, and glad of an hour of quiet rest after having settled ourselves in our new quarters, which are much less commodious than those we have left. But then we may balance the account by the honour of being in the same building with Dom Pedro, some of whose suite occupy an apartment adjoining ours. I am inclined to suspect they are servants, judging by the sounds we hear.

We are also nearer the Square of St. Mark's, and other objects of interest. So soon as we were sufficiently rested we took a Gondola

and went to the apartments of Dr. and Mrs. Harris with whom we passed two or three hours very pleasantly.

They treated us to a nice *home-like* entertainment of chicken salad, and tea and bread and butter, while we all enjoyed a quiet talk over affairs here and at home.

The sad fall and crime of Major Hodge was one painful theme, affecting as it does so sorely one so dear to us all ; the good Hugh L. and his brother Charles. May God of His grace and mercy preserve and defend us from yielding to similar temptation. His father and uncle would appear to have cultivated in themselves and him an ambition for riches, and thus have added another to the already too numerous instances which prove the truth of the divine word that " the *love* of money is the root of all evil." Let us seek to be content with that which God gives as the reward of honest toil, and set our " affections on things above." This day has been consecrated to worship and rest ; and we have seen nothing but what has been presented to our observation on our way to and from church.

One very striking peculiarity of Venice is the absence of all animals except human beings, and a few dogs.

Contrary to my expectation we can go to any part of the town on foot. But it is only by narrow ways along the rear of the dwellings, chiefly, which all have their front on the canals, with not an inch of space between the step and the water of the canal. These footways are all very narrow, only sufficiently wide to permit two to pass ; with small shops on either side, like mere stalls, in which there is room only for the seller to stand, while the buyer stands on the street as in the bazaars of the East.

These foot-ways are all very clean, having no muddy streets from which dirt or dust can be carried into them, and no animals to defile them ; and are neatly paved with flags. They lead by tortuous courses from one open space to another.

These open spaces or Plazas, are of small size but numerous, and are all connected with some Palace or Church which stands fronting one side. But while the buildings both private and public are all grand and generally spacious, everything wears the aspect of decay. This is due not only to the lapse of time since their erection and the decline of commercial prosperity, but the noble owners of the palatial residences were so restive under Austrian domination, that they removed to other parts of Italy, choosing rather to suffer the privations of restricted incomes and inferior comfort than to submit to the indignities which galled their feelings in their more commodious residences, which were rented to strangers for fabulously small prices. These palaces were of course neglected and allowed to fall into ruin and dilapidation.

Meanwhile they have formed new attachments elsewhere, and inter-marriages with the noble families of other States and countries.

and are reluctant to return to these with which they have no associations of childhood or early life, and to which they are bound only by ancestral pride.

To-morrow we have allotted to the Palace of The Doges and the Glass-works, the products of which have so long enjoyed an unrivalled reputation.

Your loving father,

CASPAR MORRIS.

We have learned one instructive lesson from Dom Pedro during our association under the same roof ; we have had no personal intercourse with him or any one of his suite.

He is an energetic, *earnest man* ; rose early, acted independently, and when he left we saw him carry in his own royal hands his personal luggage ; a travelling bag of good size, and apparently heavy, in the one, and a bundle of umbrellas in the other.

VENICE, October 17, 1871.

Seen by sunlight, and without the annoyance of a cold North-west wind—a really wintry temperature—Venice is certainly less repulsive than we should have considered it had we left this morning with only the experience of Saturday and Sunday, by which to form our judgment.

To-day the sun rose brightly, and soon made the temperature warm as midsummer with us, though fire would have been most acceptable last evening. We have passed the morning in sitting for photographs of the several members of the party, by a celebrated artist ; in selecting photographic views and copies of pictures to be sent home ; and in visiting celebrated pictures contained in some of the numerous churches ; and at the Palace of the Doges. All this is a great weariness to the flesh, and in many things to the spirit also.

The Palace of the Doges is a large quadrangular structure surrounding a court ; having four large halls the walls and ceilings of some of which are entirely covered with paintings representing scenes in the history of the great republic, in compartments divided by borders elaborately carved and gilded.

They are the productions of the brush of Tintoretti and other distinguished artists of the Venetian school. It would be an absurd waste of your time as well as of my strength to attempt to give a list of the artists or their subjects ; and I could do no more. Mere verbal descriptions of them would be no better. It is better to rest satisfied with assuring you that wearied as I am, I yet rest dwelling with delight on the impression made by some of the works of Tintoretti. His pictures are perfect in drawing and the definition of the figures, and in richness of colouring are unrivalled. Some of them are too

crowded, but even these give evidence that they are the production of an artist of no common ability and the familiarity with them causes me now to turn away with dissatisfaction from many other pictures which I should have looked at with pleasure before having been taught by his works properly to judge of true merit.

Some of the richest treasures of art, both in sculpture and painting, in Venice, were burned by the priests, a few years ago. Among others one which was considered the *chef d'oeuvre* of Titian, together with some sculptures of which the photographs prove that they were of the highest order of art.

This was done to prevent their falling into the possession of the Kingdom of Italy which had sequestered the property of the convent to which they belonged, and appropriated it to public uses. As I look at the vast collection of valuable books arranged in the palace of the Doges, in great halls decorated with the works of the great masters of art, commanding the admiration of every beholder, and think of how these treasures are wasted on the ignorant and inappreciative people around, or gazed at by the ever passing crowd of travellers drawn here only by idle curiosity, who look at them and go on, I am led to look into my own heart and cannot avoid the thought of the wondrous furniture with which God has endowed it, and mourn over the reflection how sadly it all lies wasted and dusty and confused; and in many of its most valuable endowments broken and spoiled; and I marvel at His long-suffering, and long for grace to enable me in some way to dedicate to his glory the additional treasures I am now acquiring as I enjoy the privilege of this tour among objects which so many, far better qualified to profit by the advantage, so long to see and are not able.

Among these triumphs of the power of Art are only too many which speak loudly of the degradation of our fallen nature, devoted as they are to the cultivation of the sensual passions, instead of being consecrated to the glory of Him who conferred the power to produce the true and beautiful; and alas! when that power is redeemed from the open service of sin, it is too often only transferred to the purposes of superstition.

Madonnas, Saints, and absurd legendary miracles, affording the most frequent subjects for the work of the greatest masters of Art. Then these crowds of pertinacious beggars! whether in the guise of venders of trashy articles of no worth which they force upon one's notice, ragged urchins tumbling and turning somersaults before you (their only means of procuring a livelihood.) One feels as though it were an encouragement of a wrong principle to buy or to give, and yet how else are the poor wretches to procure the means of purchasing the scanty mouthful, poor enough and small enough at the best, cold mush or roasted pumpkin, which is required to stay the importunate cravings of hunger?

Are not such, those whom Jesus is not ashamed to call brethren? and in His sight are we better than they? Are we with our refinement of culture and better knowledge truly devoting our lives to His service? or are not we in a more graceful manner merely, like them, begging and tumbling our lives away, idling away our time and misapplying the powers with which He has endowed us to be employed to His glory? May He graciously not only pardon past delinquencies, but quicken us now to newness of life.

We are getting very weary of the survey of the acres of canvas here, covered with the representation of battles in which the Venetians were victorious, and the miracles and martyrdoms of Saints, which constitute now the glory and riches of Venice. Many of them are worthy of admiration as works of art; but even the sense of the beautiful, as well as other avenues of gratification, may be satiated.

One may return day after day, to enjoy in detail the examination of the beauty of these works of art, just as one eats day after day of the same delicate and well dressed dish; but the perpetual hurry from one gallery of paintings, or from one church or chapel or convent to another all day long and day after day, produces a mental surfeit as surely as gormandizing, even on the most delicate and well prepared food, does on the organs of digestion.

18th.

Venice does not improve on more intimate and familiar acquaintance. The canals are rendered foul by the offal and garbage of a teeming population, for which the water is the common receptacle, and much of which floats offensively on the surface as well as pollutes the water. The atmosphere is charged with offensive odours, and if its houses are styled "palaces" and were once grand, they are now like the people, ragged, wretched looking remains of departed grandeur.

We spent the morning, yesterday, in visiting the glass-works of Salviati at which are made the material for the Mosaics in the Cathedral of St. Mark, which are now being renovated.

They make there also the articles of fancy glass-ware which are now in request by the lovers of novelty in the form of the antique, but they do not suit the taste of your mother and myself and we made no purchases. We think it is false taste and will be short lived, though we saw great quantities of it ordered for royalty in Europe and the representatives of royalty at home, our millionaire fellow citizens. The warehouse was filled with boxes marked London, Bombay, and St. Petersburg; and they said they had large orders for New York. The chandeliers are very splendid and showy, but I think gaudy, and it would be impossible to keep them free from dust and bright looking.

In the library of the palace of the Doges, we spent some hours in the examination of a Breviary on vellum, the illuminations of which are inexpressibly exquisite.

There about 300 services in the book, and each is illustrated by a picture designed to represent the subject of the Epistle or Gospel of the day. No miniature painting on ivory I have ever seen can approach the exquisite delicacy of the execution of each. It is considered of priceless value; and as such was retained at Rome for a century, and only restored to Venice after much negotiation.

It also contains a series of twelve pictorial representations of the Calendar, one for each month of the year, representing the pursuits appropriate to each.

These have a peculiar interest as they exhibit the manners, dresses and habits of the people of Holland five centuries ago.

It is the work of the two brothers, Van Eycke, and was executed at Bruges, in Flanders. The flowers, fruits and shells and insects, introduced into the ornamental borders, are exquisite as works of art and have the same interest as the costumes of the people in the pictures.

But Venice is *a nasty* place, from which we shall be glad to escape.

The streets and alleys are well paved, and there being no animals or vehicles in them they are of course clean. But the canals! They are foul with the floating sewage of a great mass of people, and the atmosphere is poisoned by the foul effluvia. I feel as though I was saturated with the amount I have imbibed. After one leaves the Piazza or Place of St. Mark by the footways, one sees little to attract attention but fruit stalls and small shops for the sale of cheap jewelry and ornamental trinkets. The entire area of the island is occupied by the dwellings; and the supply of vegetables and grapes and apples and pears and other fruits is brought by the canals from the adjacent districts of terra firma, and distributed to the shops and private purchasers at a central market place on the grand canal, which is well worth a visit. The fish-market is close beside it and, though less attractive in the display, is equally important to the inhabitants; and the articles here disposed of in quantity, are distributed like the others to small vendors by whom they are cooked. Crabs and periwinkles are the common fare of the labouring classes varied only by bread and fruits.

Soon after our being settled at our hotel, which is situated on the grand canal near the Piazza, my attention was attracted by seeing men constantly busy beating something which looked like rough sticks of fire-wood on the tops of certain posts which stood as though to guard the edge of the footway. They used a heavy maul, and the column on which they beat whatever it was, was of stone and about three feet in height and they kept time in their strokes. The odour emitted was disgusting, and proved that the article thus being beaten could not be fire-wood, and on inspection and enquiry I found it was dried Ling, a coarse kind of dried fish, resembling Codfish, brought from Norway. It is a very coarse fish of the same family as the Cod, and so hard and

dry and tough that it could not be used till it is thus beaten and torn to fragments. Even then it requires to be soaked in water during twenty-four hours before boiling, but it can never be made tender nor fit for food, except to still the cravings of a hunger so intense that it ceases to be fastidious about what is eaten ; it cannot supply nutriment.

I could not induce myself to partake of any fish while in Venice which could by any chance have been taken in the canals. There were some so large that they must have been taken in the sea. But those which fed in the canals could not be good eating. I must have been very hungry indeed to take any of those which fed near by.

Meat shops were very infrequent, and I should think very little animal food is eaten except by the most affluent class.

Baked pumpkin was cried loudly by vendors on the streets, sold in small segments to the labourers and children.

Round melons were baked whole, and the long ones in halves, The slices were about four inches square, and were sold for the fifth of a cent each ; they were kept hot and the seeds were extracted.

Among the objects of interest in Venice one must not overlook one peculiarly its own, the numberless pigeons which build their nests, and have their roosts about the statues with which the facades of the numerous churches are adorned, and in fact on every spot on which a pigeon can find foot room about all the buildings, even the Cathedral of St. Mark and the palace of the Doges. Indeed they abound especially on these, and at 2 P. M. each day they are fed in the Plaza at the charge of the Municipality and at all hours by visitors ; little urchins dogging ones steps continually offering for sale " crumbs for the pigeons."

The legend connected with this is to the effect that the conquest of the island of Candia was due to information transmitted by means of Carrier Pigeons, sent home by the commander of the Venetian forces, and that they were adopted by the Republic and their progeny has been held sacred ever since and fostered and protected.

The *only clean* places we saw at Venice, were the narrow foot-ways leading in the most tortuous manner around the rear of the dwellings, and among the small shops which do not have any opening on the canals as the larger houses all have.

The Armenian Convent stands isolated, entirely surrounded by water, in the Grand Lagune and is exquisitely neat in all its appurtenances. It is a considerable distance from the other islands. It is a school for the education of the natives of Armenia as priests of the church of Rome, in order that they may extend the influence of the Papacy among their own nation.

The Propaganda has here not only a seminary of boys to be trained for this work, but also a very active Press from which books in the Armenian language are issued in large number, beautifully

printed. The Armenian characters are beautiful and the paper and execution faultless.

There are not only books of Prayers and school books, but the monks shewed us with pride a copy of the fourth canto of Childe Harold, the English text and an Armenian translation on alternate pages. Lord Byron made this convent his home in Venice and we were taken into an apartment, opening from the Library, which was occupied by him as his study and in which he composed a part, at least, of the poem which exhibits his power most strongly, and which is least deformed by the evils which render his works so objectionable; —a splendid monument at once of the great gifts with which he was endowed, and of the depravity of man's fallen nature. Nothing short of an irreversible decree of exile fixing this as the location, could cause me to take up my residence in Venice, but if as an exile I would select this Monastery as the place of imprisonment, and solicit the hospitality of the Armenian Fathers. They have a good collection of books and the apartments in which they are kept are pleasant and cheerful, the one only spot in Venice (so far as our observation extended), to which such terms are at all applicable or can even be appropriated by the utmost stretch of imagination or courtesy.

The Museum is a curiosity, on account of the exhibition it affords of their simplicity and ignorance of the most common affairs of the world, beyond their own immediate observation.

Among other objects of interest we found Chinese Puzzles and books of Tangrams.

They shewed us a gilded manuscript at Pâli; it may be a specimen of what is now supposed to be the oldest form of human language, certainly older than the Sanscrit, as evidence of which they informed us it was written on Papyrus, and came from Madras; but as papyrus is an Egyptian, and not an Indian growth, and I saw that it was engrossed on palm-leaves, I feel quite at liberty to believe that the credulity of the innocent fathers has been imposed on.

Immediately on our return from the monastery we took our last meal in Venice, thankful that it was to be the last, and with all our luggage in two gondolas, were rowed by the Grand Canal to the railroad depot, with cheerful anticipation of the delight of setting our feet once more on the main-land; and deep sympathy for Dr. and Mrs. Harris, who met us at the station to take leave of their nieces.

There were half uttered promises to see them again, next spring when we expect to be at Trieste on our return; but who can foresee what next spring may bring to any of us.

Trieste is only a few hours distant from Venice by either railroad or steamer, and we do hope to be there. While in Venice we saw Dr. Harris almost daily; I more frequently than the others, as Mrs. Harris took me to visit an American family in affliction. They were travelling in hope of the restoration of the broken health of the husband

and father. They arrived in Venice well, with an only child, a beautiful boy of fourteen months, who died very suddenly. I could enter into their sorrow with deep sympathy, and did what I could to mitigate their great grief, by striving to lead them to the only source of consolation; and attended them in the sad duty of committing to foreign earth the very beautiful body, the lovely casket in which had been enshrined the darling object of love and hope.

Some misapprehension led to a disappointment at the hour first fixed for the internment, which was made on a remote island almost out in the sea.

I was with them three times, and was glad that they left Venice immediately after the sadly solemn act, as every hour of delay would have added to the sufficiently difficult task of tearing themselves away from a spot to which, painful as are the associations with it (at present terribly agonizing), they must ever cling with the most sacred love.

They are named Roberts, from Elizabeth New Jersey and Trenton; and know the Hodges and Rev. John Hall of Trenton and the Keppeles and Latimers to all of whom, and especially the Biddles, remember me with warm affection when next you meet them.

PADUA, Friday.

Part of the forgoing was written here, this morning. We arrived here very late last evening, wearied, and several of the party having taken cold. I am thankful that all are able to be out of bed this morning, but Wistar and Holly were too unwell to go out with us.

As I wrote our names in the hotel register I saw that of Mr. Howet and Mrs. Howet immediately preceding us, and soon after, while conversing with a venerable Englishman, found it was he himself. I introduced myself and your aunts Hannah and Jane as near neighbours of young Alderson, his nephew, who married Miss Yarnall. We found them very simple and pleasant companions.

We spent the morning in visiting the church of St. Anthony the patron saint of Padua, him who preached to the fishes. It is a splendid building filled with fine marbles and bronzes and paintings; but I am ready to cry "*Ohe Jani Satis.*" The music was very delightful, but such absurd mummery of shifting robes and changing places during service, and bending knees, I never before saw in all my experience of superstitious observances. From the church we went to the Botanic Garden, in which Prosper Albinus taught in 1534, where we saw noble trees, venerable from their antiquity, as well as many beautiful new plants. We were delighted to pick from the ground a Black Walnut, redolent of juvenile and home memories; looked with equal pleasure at the familiar form of the Kentucky Coffee tree, and ate persimmons, tasting very good.

Your affectionate father,

CASPAR MORRIS.

BOLOGNA, October 20, 1871.

My Dear Children :

It is now 11 P. M., and we have just risen from the table which we have found spread and furnished with the materials for tea on our arrival from Padua, which we left at 6 P. M., having ordered the rooms and the meal (including some of the celebrated *sausage* deriving its name from this old university town) by telegraph, and now though your mother and grandmother is exciting peals of laughter at some of her witticisms in the adjoining room, I seat myself to renew my correspondence with you.

At Venice we all suffered from the cold weather, and also at Padua, where we were surprised to find the people were all protected with heavy overcoats and shawls, and to find that a large proportion of the shops were devoted to the sale of clothing; while the stock now exhibited was all of the warmest and heaviest material. Here we find in each of the chambers a box containing little bundles of the smallest twigs tied up in parcels neatly, each about a handful, the only fuel used here.

On the table there were two volumes marked "The works of Dante," which gave promise of some pleasant reading, but on opening them I found the contents were designed to give, not intellectual delight and animation, but material, consisting as they did of some light wooden substance, probably dried reeds saturated with sulphur, to kindle the fires. Not a bad practical joke, when one thinks of the subjects of his most popular poem.

Having left Padua about dusk we, of course, saw nothing of the character of either the rural districts or the towns through which we passed on our way hither, but believe it is a flat level country, watered and drained by the River Po, over which we crossed on a very long bridge.

The drive here from the station to the hotel carried us through wide well-paved streets, but it was too dark for us to form any notion of the character of the houses. We find however that the streets are lined on either side by lofty arcades fronting them. They are supported by strong and high columns and have an imposing appearance in the dim light.

But I must lay aside my pen as your mother has come to our chamber and wishes to retire, as we are to have breakfast served at 8 A. M. to-morrow. So good-night ! and may God bless you.

Saturday, 21st.

A good night's rest has refreshed us, and calls for the acknowledgment of the mercy with which our Father in heaven follows us day by day.

I find it will not do to indulge the habit of forming a hasty judgment about places or persons. The wood box to which I alluded

last evening, contains nice little billets of solid wood in addition to the bunches of twigs which I then supposed were the only material for making a fire, so that if it were necessary we could have a bright as well as a warm and brisk fire ; but though fresh and cool it is not cold enough to require that.

The hotel is a very good one ; the chambers spacious and clean and neatly furnished, and the beds good.

I have always said the height of my desire for comfort in the matter of bedding was "clean linen sheets every night" ; and we have had that great luxury ever since we came to Italy ; and thus far every comfort a traveller can have.

The meals are ample and the cooking good, and a saloon car at our own service justifies my assertion that we are enjoying the highest luxury of travel. The emperor of Brazil is content with a compartment in a common first-class car.

We have not yet seen the exterior of Bologna, but the superior elegance and comfort of this hotel gives a favourable impression of its character. Just as I had written the foregoing sentence, you aunts Hannah and Jane called us to their room which overlooks a public thoroughfare, to look at the *crowd* of people passing to and fro, all busy ; and donkey-carts mingling with the men and women, while a large force of men were busily occupied in sprinkling and sweeping, making the carriage-way as clean as our best kept footways. While waiting for the summons to the breakfast room, I will just record the pleasure I derived while in Venice from meeting, at Dr. Harris's, Miss Nevins, daughter of the Revd. Dr. Nevins of Mercersburgh, now pursuing art-studies as a sculptor. We saw her first original work though it is not yet perfectly finished, and had not been exhibited to any one but ourselves. It is a beautiful female bust, at the period of life at which the character is just established and the face has the peculiar charm of opening womanhood. The countenance is upturned, and the lips are uttering articulate sounds.

To the question "what is it" ? I replied, "Hope," but found she had designed it to be "Prayer." I felt as though I had not been wrong. There can be no prayer without hope. There must be not only faith that there is a God who hears, but that He answers, and hope that He will give that which we sincerely desire, or else our utterance will be not prayer but the agonizing utterance of despair. The bust will be sent to Philadelphia where I hope to see it again.

FLORENCE, Saturday Evening.

A busy morning at Bologna, followed by a hasty dinner and hurried drive to the R. R. station, terminated in an afternoon in a saloon-car which brought us eighty miles in about five hours, to this place by a railroad which crosses the Apennines at a point rising some 2000 feet above the level of the sea, and which penetrates the

range by no fewer than forty-five tunnels in a distance of some forty miles, some of them, it is true very short, but others more than a mile in length. The district is wild and the land sterile, intersected frequently by the wide dry beds of mountain torrents.

In our ascent we crossed one of them no less than twenty times. Night closed in on us soon after we reached the summit so that we did not see the beauty of the glimpses of the fertile fields of Tuscany, in the distance, which are said to appear charmingly through the opening gorges of the Apennines. I know of no place in which if I were exiled from home I should find so much to attract me in a City as in Bologna. I feel as though ever since I entered Italy I had been dragged through a field thickly set with ripe corn ; *snatching* here and there a straggling ear but leaving ungathered the rich harvest, and trampling and crushing, in the haste, much that would, if carefully garnered, furnish rich stores of future thought. The figures of Hannibal and Scipio and Cæsar and Cataline and Cicero and Pompey and Augustus and Anthony and Livy and Horace and Virgil and Dante and Petrarch hover around me in misty confusion ; reproaching me that when I enjoyed the opportunity I did not so study them that I should now be familiar with their works when I am passing, even though it be hastily, through the places of their birth and which they have made renowned by the association with themselves, and the scenes in which they acted, and in which some of them decided the destinies not of their contemporaries only, but of mankind in all succeeding generations and in which others of them wrote and sang, giving their names an honourable immortality.

But at Bologna I was most deeply impressed and instructed by a lesson from the tombs.

The Campo Santo of that city occupies the site of a very ancient monastery, "The Certosa" which was used as a mortuary chapel. A few months ago, in making some improvements, the workmen excavated a spot which had evidently been the burial-place of generations in ages long antecedent, even *prehistoric*, and many bodies were exhumed, and are now on exhibition in one of the halls of the Great Library of the University ; and also a collection of cinerary urns and other pottery, and ornaments deposited with the dead by the Etruscans, a people who had attained to such a high degree of civilization before the foundation of the city of Rome, that art has never, in any of the generations which have succeeded, nor in any nation by which it has been cultivated most successfully, surpassed or even equalled the point to which that people had attained, as manifested by their productions found only in the tombs in which they had been buried ; as had been almost the memory of the Etruscan people themselves. Some of the bodies of the dead were burned, and the ashes gathered and enclosed in vases of unrivalled elegance of form and adornment ; the pictures on them being representations of the habits and customs

of the times, others were simply buried in the earth, and specimens of both are exhibited now in the halls of the ancient University, just as they were disinterred. In some cases we saw the cinerary urn imbedded in the clay which has been partially removed; and in others the entire osseous frame of the body, every bone in proper apposition to its fellow, the entire skeleton lying in the hard clay in varying attitudes, as though deposited without any encasement, each crowned with "that ruined skull, once of ethereal fire full," the influence of which once gave it power over the earth and the beasts of the field. The crania are finely formed and well developed, and all have perfect sets of beautiful teeth.

It is a ghastly but most impressive spectacle; how many centuries have these perishable remains of the fleshly clothing of the imperishable soul lain undisturbed in the clay from which they were each moulded, to be brought forth for a lesson to the present possessors of similar forms, the same in stature and weight and, so far as we can judge, of similar figure and expression of feature; and undoubtedly of like passions with ourselves. Like us they hoped and feared; like us they toiled and rested, suffered and enjoyed; and like them we shall return in some way to the dust from which we all were formed, and await somewhere the sound of the call to awake to shame or glory.

One of the bronze vases is ornamented by well executed figures in relief, representing processions, each figure of which, evidently priestly, has on the head a hat of the identical shape and appearance of those worn at the present day by the priests of the Romish church in Italy. A tomb-stone of unquestionable antiquity has on it the figure of a winged genius, in all respects similar to the representations of Angels by Christian painters. This adoption of pagan rites and ecclesiastical costume by the corrupt church of modern times is very curious and affords a theme for careful thought.

The enclosed seeds are those of the Japanese Medlar, a delicious fruit produced by a pretty tree of the smaller size.

Your loving father,

CASPAR MORRIS.

FLORENCE, Monday, October 23, 1871.

My Dear Children:

Your mother has gone with the others to *see* the shops; what more they will do I cannot *foresee*; and I avail myself of the time to continue my efforts to impress on my own mind the remembrance of the things I have seen, by communicating them to you.

Bologna, our last stopping place, is a wonderful town; not only in its past history, but in its present magnificence.

Both it and Padua are rich in the honour of their Universities which were *foci* of light in the days of mediæval darkness. That of Bologna was the oldest as well as the most renowned.

It was founded in A. D. 1119, and is said at one period to have had on the lists of its students no less than 10,000 in a single session, coming from all parts of the then known world.

The ceilings and walls are now adorned with the armorial bearings of some 15,000 of these students who distinguished themselves in their studies, and brought honour to their Alma Mater.

Vain effort at immortality. Who now recognizes them as individual children, and how many of the present active members of the great Guild of Science and Literature thinks of the University as the great centre it was of Knowledge, and source of Wisdom. Vastly better, however, than the names scrawled on the walls of the homes of learning now, by the modern aspirants for future fame or the "graphites" on the walls of Pompeii.

I was deeply moved as I sat in the ampitheatre in which Vesalius, and Taliacotius, and Malpighi, and others who "bore immortal names which were not born to die" had examined, discovered and explained the intricate structure of the human frame, and the nature of the diseases to which it is liable, and the means and methods of relief and restoration.

The effigies of these worthies, well carved in wood, fill niches around the walls within which they once taught, and seem to beckon to the youth of the present time who fill the seats of those who drank wisdom and received inspiration from their living tones, and urge them, starting from the vantage ground gained for them by the labour of the ancients, to carry onward and upward the prosecution of the same researches, and thus pile up another stage in the scaffolding of the temple of knowledge, and prepare, as they themselves did, another platform for those who shall still follow.

Merged in such reveries I sat absorbed and entirely unmindful of the present, till I was aroused by the grating of the key in the lock of the door and found the others of the party had left and I was left alone with the illustrious dead.

A few rapidly given knocks recalled the janitor, and saved me from the fate of being "left behind the age."

Bologna was distinguished in the middle ages as the place in which Female professors taught the most abstruse sciences, and one of them was so beautiful that she screened her face with a veil while delivering her prelections. From the amphitheatre we passed into the library, on the well arranged shelves of which are arrayed no less than 100,000 volumes, most of them of great value, and 6000 MSS. We passed through hall after hall each filled with the literary treasures of ages past, carefully protected in neat cases, each neatly labeled with the subject of the works it contained; riches we could hardly imagine and could not estimate much less appropriate.

This library is constantly open for public use without charge, and in one of the apartments we found a score or more young Bolognese availing themselves of the privilege.

I had the curiosity to glance, as I passed, at the book over which one of them was intently poring, and found it was "par Alex. Dumas"! Such is human nature, seeking present amusement even in the presence of the trophies of the toil of the great. So was it undoubtedly in the days of their labour, and even now there are profound thinkers striving to acquire greater stores of knowledge and to kindle lights for their successors.

From these apartments we went on to those occupied by Egyptian remains, through which we passed hurriedly, only giving them a superficial examination expecting to have better opportunity while on the Nile, and pressed our way through these treasures, great as they undoubtedly are, to those which, if we now neglected we should never again have the opportunity to study, the various articles which have been recently exhumed in this vicinity, the remains of the people who occupied this very soil in ages so long past that their history is almost unknown.

We have been awe-struck as we have stood in the midst of the nave of church after church of the tenth century, kept in order or restored from ruin at the present day; we have been solemnly impressed by the ruins of Roman temples still standing though in decay; we have moralized on the fate of the tens of thousands who were seated year after year on the crowded benches of the arena to witness gladiatorial shows; all these emotions were feeble in comparison with those which were excited in us as we stood face to face with the forms of generations who lived and moved and had their being, on the very spot on which we were then standing, at a period lost in the dimness of antiquity and of whom we know nothing literally, but that they had attained a perfection in the ceramic art which has never been exceeded; nay which cannot be equalled at the present time either in delicacy of material, beauty of design or exquisite taste in ornament, and which still excites the admiration of the world just in the proportion that we have advanced in the cultivation of the love for the beautiful.

Case after case in the museum of the university at Bologna, is filled with ornaments of gold and bronze, and beads of precious stones and *coloured glass*, which have been taken from the graves and tombs of these prehistoric people; and the floor of one apartment is covered by cases containing the skeletons, lying undisturbed, imbedded in the clay to whose keeping the bodies were entrusted in those long past ages, now carefully protected by frames so as to transmit to still later times these tokens of mortality.

Beside them lie the vases and patera and cups which were interred with the hands which had used them. In other cases are cinerary

urns of various form, size, and material ; terra cotta, glass and bronze, containing the half-consumed bones of those who it is supposed were more affluent or in some other way distinguished in their day or among their co-evals.

The resemblance of the finger rings still clinging to the bones of the fingers, and the other articles of jewelry found with the skeletons, to those of modern art is so close that it requires one to be on the spot and see them still on the ghastly remains, to be convinced they are not spurious. We see inserted in the clay the Fibula, just like our shawl-pins of the present day, with which their robes were fastened in preparation for sepulture. These robes are displayed most gracefully on the figures which adorn the patera and other urns and vases, of which there is a very varied and rich collection in the museum at Bologna.

The art gallery is one of the most extensive we have yet visited and contains many very celebrated paintings. In others we have been wearied by the thousands of pictures, each doubtless good but mere repetitions of the same thought or sentiment, Madonnas, St. Josephs, and most numerous of all St. Sebastians ; with Martyrdoms and Adorations and Assumptions without number, till one turns from them with the feeling of absolute *satiety*, having jumbled in the memory "colouring," "composition," "design," "drawing," with an indistinct haze of "schools" covering them all ; ready to adopt the sarcasm of Goldsmith on the connoisseurs of his day, when he represents the meeting of the Club and says of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was deaf,

" When they talked of their Raphaels, Corregios and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff."

I have not yet taken the lowest degree in the scale of Art-lore. Bologna was the school of Raphael and his co-evals and though the collection is not large it contains some pictures of great merit. His St. Cecilia is very beautiful and I was tempted to covet a copy in *aquarelle* on vellum, which is being made by an American artist for some one whose name the artist said he could not pronounce. So far as he had advanced the work was beautiful, but the artist told us he should work on it at least two months before he should commence to hope to be satisfied. The price of the copy is only \$300.

There are here many Guidos, and among them the celebrated head of our Lord, crowned with thorns ; with the numerous copies of which we are all so familiar.

There are here also many of the works of the Caraccis which are undoubtedly very fine. I could have spent days among them with pleasure.

St. Petronius is the patron of Bologna and is represented in various acts and attitudes, and with many companions. There is one especially grand picture, in which he and St. Carlo Borromeo are united in an act of adoration of the Virgin.

I bought a volume of etchings of the pictures in the gallery which is better than photographs.

Bologna is a city of palaces, many of them being magnificent, and the number of new ones being erected tells of active prosperity at the present time. They still retain the peculiar plan of structure, having no excavations, and the ground floor is used for shops and ware-rooms. One may pass for miles under covered ways, like cloisters, in which are shops where are displayed the most elegant and costly goods, as well as those of more general necessity. The upper floors project over these arch-ways, the front wall of the building being supported on arches, and the size and proportions of the shafts of the columns and the workmanship of the capitals, are such as would be considered adapted to our best public buildings.

The fronts of the houses are wide, and they enclose court-yards with shrubberies and flowers, and the upper apartments are large and light. These arcades give a magnificent air to the streets and I bought several photographs of them.

On Saturday the "*agora*" was thronged with buyers and sellers and the ground piled with heaps of fruits and vegetables, and common goods of every day's demand. In just such surroundings it was that St. Paul disputed daily in the market with those who met him. But the oxen! the oxen! who can describe their beauty, their perfectly developed symmetry of form, their stately step, their intelligent faces, their pure color, and the soft silkiness of their sleek coats?

And then the beauty of their eyes! I never understood the force of Homer's description of Juno as "ox-eyed" till I saw these. There is a majestic softness of expression which conveys the idea of imper-turbable dignity and is at the same time full of gentleness. But I must turn out and see Florence, or I shall have nothing to say about it.

The early morning was cold; and now the heat of the sun is oppressive. The *dry* bed of the Arno lies before my window, wide and full of cobble-stones rolled there by the torrents of winter and spring, with here and there a sluggish pool left standing; while marks of the floods left on the walls of the houses fronting on the river, prove that the water sometimes rises to the height of 10 or 12 feet or even more, and it is spanned by many lofty and substantial bridges, the oldest of which has a row of houses along the middle, now occupied by shopkeepers for the sale of jewelry and other knick-knacks. The bridges of more modern date are constructed of iron and stone and are free from any obstruction on the road-ways; and are of fine proportions and well constructed.

Your loving father

CASPAR MORRIS.

FLORENCE, October 23, 1871.

My Dear Children :

Your mother and I have just returned from a delightful drive in the beautiful environs of this place, so celebrated in mediæval history and as the special home of art, and in more recent periods as the favourite resort of the seekers for health, and tourists in search of amusement and health or pleasure and instruction.

It differs widely from any other city we have visited before, in its style of architecture. There is less grandeur in the size and appearance of the houses, and the streets are narrower; and yet there is an appearance of wealth and an activity in the movement of the people one meets with on the streets which are befitting the recent Capital of the revived Kingdom of Italy. The magazines, or shops, are well furnished with supplies of all that is requisite to the comfort of man; and the booksellers' counters and shelves are supplied with a most attractive display of the choicest stores for the intellect; and paintings, mosaic-work, and other productions of the choicest art attract us at every turn of the eye. The fruit stalls are loaded with the most luscious grapes, figs, pomegranates, apples, pears and other fruits.

We drove this evening past the Pitti Palace, the residence of Victor Emanuel, the King of Italy, until the removal of the French troops from Rome (where they had repressed the wishes of the inhabitants, and supported the temporal power of the Pope) made the Eternal City the Capital.

The Pitti Palace contains one of the greatest collection of paintings and sculpture in the world. We have not yet entered it, though I did go this morning to the museum of natural history and physics which is gathered in one of the wings.

I was induced to visit it without the other members of the party on account of the report by Friezler of the extent and value of the anatomical collection, which could have no charm for them.

There is also a collection of stuffed beasts and birds, but it is not large nor well preserved, and the objects are common-place.

Our drive led us by a perfectly constructed road skirted by "villini," (as they here call suburban residences, surrounded by shrubbery and orchards and gardens) to the summit of one of the many hills surrounding the city and giving variety to the celebrated Val' d' Arno, itself skirted by numerous villages as well as villas, and bounded by mountains which rise in the distance on every side, not lofty it is true, but, as it were, protecting. The sides of the hills are clothed with vineyards and olive orchards, the vintage already gathered and the vines brown and dry, while the grey-tinted foliage of the olive trees is relieved by the dark purple clusters of the berries which hang richly on the trees.

On our way we stopped at the Campo Santo, the church of which is adorned by frescos representing incidents in the life of St. Benedict,

in some of which the Tempter figures largely, his black form contrasting strongly with the saintly white robes of the monk. We also called at the tower in which Galileo made his observations by which he determined that the earth moved around the sun in a fixed orbit, and was not stationary with the sun revolving around it. He lived near by, and the house is still shewn in which he received the visits of the "beautiful young Englishman" who had not then achieved the eminence which placed him second only to Shakespere on the roll of fame. Fiesole and Vallambrosa appear to have made a deep impression on the mind of the youthful poet, seen from this height through the wonder-working tube of the philosopher, which has since made us familiar with the mountains and valleys of the moon as it made him then with those of the earth.

How strange the contrast! Great Britain then struggling to throw off the tyranny, spiritual and temporal, of Charles and Laud; Italy with its Inquisitors compelling the philosopher, on pain of death, to swear that his theory was untrue (though in undertone he made the reservation, "still it does go round"), now that same England sliding with a steady though scarcely perceptible motion to the prevalence of the same superstitions she then repudiated, and Italy throwing off its baneful influence. Such is man!

Florence was also the birth-place of Dante, exiled by faction, now he is avenged; the posterity of those who then persecuted him desiring to do honour to his memory by repossessing his lifeless bones, while in every town of Italy they raise statues to commemorate the glory of his "Divina Comedia," and pictures of the immortal poet and his Beatrice adorn the libraries and drawing-rooms of the lovers of poetry throughout the civilized world.

Just as I had written that last line a card was handed to me, Monroe Mercer! How strange a meeting place for West River people! He was accompanied by his oldest son, a nice intelligent boy as thoroughly bred as any Mercer of them all.

I should have recognized the blood wherever I had met it. They are living near us; so we shall call to-morrow on Mrs. Mercer, who is still a great sufferer.

24th, 2 P. M.

We have just returned from the Palace and the Pitti gallery, and the Museum of Natural History. Cheston will remember his own experience and from that will understand in what condition we all are. I never prized so highly the beautiful miniature copy on ivory of Raphael's Madonna dell' Seggiola, which is among the very few works of art I possess, as I now do having just stood delighted before the original! It is worthy of its reputation as the greatest picture in the world; and that copy is the best I have ever seen; at least it strikes

me so now in the warm enthusiasm of the moment after having enjoyed the privilege of drinking in delight from the delicacy of the exquisite face of the Virgin Mother, the sinless purity of the lovely infant, and the rich harmony of the colour of the whole composition. I am divided in my feeling and judgment between the Madonna of Raphael and that of Murillo, both in the Pitti Gallery, though the balance rather inclines in favour of the Spanish Master. He has given a more intelligent expression with equal feminine grace and beauty of features to both the mother and child; and to my taste the subdued colouring of the Murillo is more agreeable than the higher tone and stronger hues of the Italian.

There was an *aquarelle* copy on paper which tempted me somewhat, but I must be content with a good photograph. It is a *lovely* picture. As I have more than once remarked it is worse than a waste of time to attempt to give descriptions of the treasures of these great galleries of pictures; such attempts fail in the hands of all but the most appreciative and highly cultivated taste, combined with the highest powers of word-painting. In any other they are no more than mere catalogues.

But the Madonna of Carlo Dolce is especially beyond all description even by the most gifted with artistic taste and power of language. The three stand on the same platform as works of art, without a rival to compete with either. Each is perfect in itself, and they stand side by side *pre-eminently*.

There are numberless other great works of art in the collection especially those of Raphael and Salvator Rosa.

One apartment is dedicated to the exhibition of the work of Benvenuto Cellini, in gold, silver, and precious stones.

He was the co-eval of the great masters in painting, and the exquisite beauty and grace of his designs, and delicacy of the execution of the work have given a celebrity as great in that expression of art as they achieved by the brush and chisel.

We saw also some very magnificent carved cabinets, and others inlaid with mosaic-work of precious stones and marbles, and ebony of the age of the Medicis, which were wondrously elaborate.

The most gorgeous and delicate specimens of Tapestry of the same period hung on the walls.

In one of the apartments we were shewn a table of Florentine Mosaic which cost 700,000 francs in money and fourteen years of assiduous labour. The design was very admirable and the patience and skill required to carry it out were very great.

There was also exhibited a table of Malachite which is of untold value, presented by the Emperor of Russia to the Grand Duke of Tuscany. He was a member of the family of Hapsburgh, and took the part of Austria in the contest for the power in Northern Italy and the formation of the revived Kingdom of Italy, while the people were

almost unanimous in favour of the unification of the Italian power, and he was compelled to abdicate.

The passion of the Florentines for the new kingdom was intense.

The Duke ordered one of his general officers to fire on a crowd of citizens who were expressing their devotion to the Kingdom.

The response of the officer was "They are Italians, so am I."

This sealed the fate of the Duke, though he is said to have been personally a good ruler, and he was compelled to make his escape hastily by a secret passage, taking with him nothing but what money he had about him.

The Pitti palace is a grand and very substantial structure, having a frontage of 500 feet, built of stone either dark in its natural colour or rendered so by age.

It was commenced by a merchant of the name of Pitti, a contemporary and rival of the Medicis who were also like Pitti, silk weavers and merchants. Pitti lost favour with the people of Florence, was unable to complete his palace, and the people, who during his period of popularity had bestowed on him many tokens of favour in the shape of costly gifts toward its ornamentation, reclaimed them on the loss of his affluence and his grandson was obliged to sell it, and it was purchased by those very Medeci in the attempt to rival whom he had exhausted his wealth and sacrificed the popular favour. Upon the extinction of the Medeci family in its turn, the palace passed into the possession of the Duke Lorraine, a foreigner, son-in-law of Maria Theresa, and through him passed by regular descent to the last Duke, and now with all its accumulated treasures of art has become, by the revolution which established the revived kingdom of Italy, the property of the people of that kingdom, and while Florence was the capital, was the residence of Victor Emanuel who had also married (I believe) a daughter of the last Duke of Tuscany, who had been compelled to abdicate the dukedom.

Such are the episodes which illustrate the history of human greatness and pride.

As a practical evidence of the present tendency to popularize the benefits and diffuse the advantages of modern progress in science and art, we met, as we descended the stairs from the galleries of natural history and painting, quite a crowd of labour-stained artisans and peasants, going up them to avail themselves of the opportunity afforded them, by the perfectly gratuitous admission, to gratify their innate taste for the beautiful, or satisfy their thirst for knowledge. It was a very pleasant incident; they looked intelligent and appeared happy, and some at least, could appreciate and profit by familiarity with the various objects of interest collected there and enjoy the sense of joint proprietorship which as fellow citizens they shared with the wealthiest and noblest.

We had been impressed with the earnest countenances and intelligent deportment of the great masses of the common people we had seen gathered at a political meeting of citizens held in the great square, The Plaza Signoria.

In the afternoon we drove to Fiesole, the site of an old prehistoric city of the Etruscans, and the predecessor of Florence as the chief town of the region before it passed under the sway of Rome, by which power it was subjugated under Scilla about a century before the Christian era. A portion of the old wall still stands after the lapse of not less than thirty centuries since the massive stones, of which it is composed, were laid together for the defence of its inhabitants.

Various remains of antiquity have been recently disinterred in the neighbourhood. Florentia, as it was called by the Romans, was not a colony of much importance and is not associated with many incidents in the history of the empire but it possesses an inglorious notoriety as the place to which Cataline and his co-conspirators retired on the discovery of their nefarious projects by Cicero. As a frontier town it was exposed to the incursions of the Northern Barbarians in their invasion of the plains of the south and seeking richer spoil in the sack of the Imperial City itself.

Its greatest eminence was reached as the centre and birth-place of the revival of art and literature known as The Renaissance, which here attained its point of culmination about the middle of the fifteenth century, under the fostering auspices of the Medeci family who as princely merchants fostered them, and by the favour of the people, won by their liberality, were made Dukes.

Fiesole, with all its claim to honour for its antiquity, has none so enduring or nobler than the fame it has derived from our own great poet Milton, when he uses the view from this point over the Val d' Arno, with its wide spread bosom thickly studded with villas and villini, and its undulating hills covered with vineyards, oliveyards, and orchards of every kind of fruit, and stretching out to Vallambrosa "thick strewn with fallen leaves," as the type of the survey made by Lucifer of his discomfited host. The view is indeed a grand one, and worthy of being thus immortalized by the blind bard on whose memory it left its impression ere yet the visual orb was quenched by "drop serene."

The drive was full of delight, over a well made road rising by successive gradations to a height of more than 1000 feet above the level of the Arno.

The entire valley, mile after mile stretching away in the distance, looks like an immense city with large gardens, more densely peopled about the great centre, marked by the Duomo around which the population is most thickly clustered, but still thickly set with suburban residences over the entire area; the Arno shewing even at its lowest stage, like a silver thread amid the clustering trees which shade the

houses, and the whole enclosed in a glorious frame of loftier mountains shutting it in on every side. As we descended from our lesser height the sun went down behind the western range, leaving a golden space beneath clustering masses of heavy dark clouds, while the softer light of the moon cast its silver sheen over all below just as it did when Galileo, through his newly applied telescope, first descried its mountain ranges from the height before us ; on which yet stands his tower of observation, in an apartment in which are exhibited the very instruments consecrated to science by his use.

A special room is dedicated to their preservation, in which there is also a life-sized marble statue of the Philosopher, while the walls are adorned by good fresco paintings representing incidents of his life. In one compartment he stands in youth watching the vibration of the lamp which suggested to him the uniformity of the swing of the pendulum. In another he is surrounded by a group of students to whom he is demonstrating the time occupied in the falling of a solid body from a height, while older philosophers stand looking on with scornful expression. In still another he is represented in the blindness of old age demonstrating his astronomical problems to his friends. These are all fine paintings, and full of interest to us. In the vestibule is a fresco representing Leonardo da Vinci to whom are attributed discoveries in light and colour antedating those of Sir Isaac Newton, and observations on other points of natural philosophy which sustain the claim made for him as a forerunner of Galileo.

I did not give my sanction to the sacrilegious act of the admirer of the great astronomer who stole a finger from the body of Galileo at the time when his remains were removed from the obscure corner in unconsecrated ground, to which they had been consigned by superstition at the time of his death, to a consecrated burial place, even so much as to look at the relic, which is displayed here beside the instruments it had so triumphantly employed. I found much more congenial gratification in examining the paper tube with its simple lenses, brought from Holland by the Venetian ambassador, and fitted together by the philosopher's own hand, of which, living, that finger had been an essential part, through which he made those explorations in the boundless regions of space, and which have furnished data which have been stepping stones over which science has advanced in its onward progress into infinite space, till she is almost lost in the sublime contemplation of the incomprehensible grandeur of "the heavens, the work of God's hands" ; and the story becomes overwhelming.

Little children amusing themselves with the glasses of their father's spectacles, by an unintentional (is it rational to say accidental?) combination of their power opened the gates through which all this grand spectacle has been displayed, and from which such floods of wisdom have been poured on man ; making manifest the glory of the Creator and monarch and ruler of all.

As there can be no conceivable boundary to space, so neither can there be any perceptible limit to the advance of human knowledge. Each successive generation has the advantage over that which preceded it, in the more elevated standpoint to which that has advanced it, from which to make further progress ; so that though the power of each individual mind is finite, the progress is unlimited.

26th.

Yesterday was a day of wasted energy ; wasted by the excess of indulgence in going from flower to flower.

Entering in the morning, by the Uffizi Palace into the Uffizi galleries, we went on, and on, and on again, from one hall to another and from saloon to saloon and from room to room, each filled to repletion with paintings and drawings and designs and studies by the great masters of the art, and statues and mosaics and gems and tapestry, literally by the mile, covering the walls of the long passage-way by which the Uffizi and Pitti palaces are connected.

What mortal power can store away in proper order for use the vast accumulation of products of art during the centuries from every land in which it has been cultivated by the proficient in so many schools as are here represented ; or draw the wheat from the chaff, or the true jewels from the spurious imitations ? Amid the great number there are two pictures of which the images are strongly impressed on my memory. One is by Gerard dell' Notta illustrating the assertion of our Lord "I am the light of the world." The spectators gather around the infant Saviour in the arms of the Virgin Mother, their faces beaming with holy joy as they gaze upon Him, each bathed in the pure light which emanates from His body and irradiates the outer gloom.

The other is a Madonna by Corregio, which is deserving of a place beside those of Murillo and Carlo Dolce which we saw a few days since. Separate rooms, each opening out of one long corridor, are devoted to the several schools of art, so that the student may here compare the various styles of drawing and colour and composition of different ages and stages of art development in each. This requires more time and thought than we have to devote to the subject, attractive as it is.

There is one gallery containing only the original sketches and rough drafts of many of the greatest painters, out of which their grandpieces were gradually developed, and the more elaborate and finished Cartoons or drawings on paper, from which they themselves worked on canvas, with oil, or which were entrusted to their pupils from which to work. Some of these studies are very interesting.

We have not yet seen the collections in the Vatican, and I may therefore be allowed to express my gratification at the sight of some ancient marble busts of emperors and statesmen collected here, as

well as the mythological figures which call up in my mind the dim shadows of forgotten studies of boyhood.

There are also contained in the Uffizi collection, many modern pictures. One of these just now rises before me. It is a German painting, a portrait, with a cap of wool and a cape of fur so exquisitely represented by the brush that one is tempted to blow up the delicate fur, or pluck a lock of the wool. The skin of the face is so accurately rendered that it really looks as though it were the living tissue really stretched over a marble bust of perfect execution, retaining all the freshness and bloom and softness and elasticity of life, while the white of the eye retains its perfect purity, and the cornea seems really to glisten in the light.

The picture has all the delicacy of finish of the finest miniature painting. I think the name of the artist is Miers and that he is celebrated for this perfection of finish. We saw portraits of an old Burgher and his wife by the same artist in the gallery at Dresden in which the dry wrinkled skin of old age was represented with repulsive accuracy.

I think Mr. T. A. Biddle has fair copies of those.

In one of the rooms of the Pitti museum stands in a corner, a glass cover as though designed to protect some object of interest, but under which I could discover nothing, and supposed the object it had been designed to protect had been removed, while half the shade was covered by what I supposed to be the dusting cloth of a careless servant left hanging on it. I looked again and again and could make nothing else of it and passing a second and third time was each time attracted to look, and wondered that that veil should be left there so carelessly.

I find on enquiry that it is the web of a spider woven as closely as a cloth, about the size of a common table napkin and having the texture of a lady's veil.

27th, P. M.

This morning has not been wasted. We have visited the Tomb of the Medicis, a structure planned and commenced by Michael Angelo. The building was designed purposely to receive the tombs, and these were designed to occupy it so that the whole is harmonious. The tombs themselves were completed by the great sculptor and are very celebrated, and have been described and engraved and photographed until everyone is familiar with the figure of Lorenzo, seated and absorbed in thought, and more especially with the allegorical sculptures of Night, and Morning, and Dawn and Twilight; each represented by colossal figures in marble, the work of the chisel of the great sculptor, as well as the design of his genius. An unfinished work of his has given the impression that he did not model his idea in clay but cut it directly from the block, as though the object already existed in the marble and he only liberated it from its imprisonment by the strokes of his chisel stripping off the enveloping layers. The

Poet Rogers, in his Italy, draws largely on his imagination in his description of these figures.

We also went into the chapel of the Medici. It is a wonder of mosaic-work. It is a dome, the walls covered with precious marbles, pannelled, and inlaid with vases and the armorial bearings of Tuscan cities, and the Medici.

This chapel was intended to receive the Holy Sepulchre, which was to be transported hither, and in the year 1604 an expedition was sent to the Holy Land to bring that which, in the superstitious faith of the day, was considered the most sacred treasure on earth and deposit it within these walls.

Returning without the coveted spoil, the then reigning Duke appropriated the building as a tomb for the Medici family.

It is octagonal, surmounted by a dome and the walls are covered with the most precious marbles arranged in panel-work enclosing the most exquisite representations of fruits and flowers in mosaic of precious stones.

One can not imagine from whence could have been procured such an infinite variety of shades of colour as are necessary to form the various groups which are united with such perfect adjustment that no junction is perceptible, and the shades of the colours of the flowers and fruits melt imperceptibly into each other as in the finest paintings in oil or water colours. They have the highest polish, such as only the hardest stones are susceptible of.

In the cushion on which rests the ducal crown there are set emeralds and topazes, and rubies of the largest size and greatest purity. I asked whether it could be possible they are genuine, and was assured they are.

We have seen such vast treasures of precious stones since we came into Italy that one would almost feel justified in believing the legend of the valley of jewels told in the Arabian Nights and that its fabulous riches had found a way into the treasuries of the Church. They are very beautiful but we can live without them, and also without many other things equally beyond our reach.

Your ever loving father,

CASPAR MORRIS.

NOTE.—*To this point the text has followed the letters as partially prepared for publication by our father. From this point the text follows the original manuscript letters.*—(EDS.)

FLORENCE, October 27, 1871.

My Dear Children :

We yesterday afternoon called on Mrs. Kennard after which we drove around the Park, "Casino" they call it here. It was a cold October day with a strong keen wind blowing; and the *lofty* trees, with a thick set undergrowth, which fill a large part of the ground (which must have an area of at least 1000 acres) made a scene very

natural in appearance. It lies along the Arno, and the drive of some five miles is in perfect order. We enjoyed it much, and were refreshed by it. Your Aunt Jane says it is worth all the pictures and churches in Florence. It certainly is a most attractive place of resort.

This is our *first rainy* day. Last evening's programme for to-day was a trip to Pisa and return. We have not yet met so I do not know how the weather will influence the plan for to-day.

We are not making any purchases of jewelry or pictures. Your Mother does not see any Mosaics she admires except some magnificent tables which are offered at the moderate cost of \$20,000 to \$50,000 each. One at \$20,000 is ordered for some Philadelphian. These are great sums to be paid for merely ornamental work, but they are only proportioned to the labour bestowed on them. Think of 22 men, each with a family dependent on him for maintenance, occupied 25 years on a single table, and now the \$20,000 will divide among them, leaving no surplus beyond a reasonable compensation for the art which designs, and the capital which is employed. The natural beauty of the shells and flowers and birds is *rivalled* by the colour and softness and delicacy of shade of the stones; and the accuracy of the adaptation of each is a wonderful effort of skill. The common Mosaic, such as we see at home, gives no more idea of the perfection of these tables, than do the coarsest pictures in gaudy colors, sold by itinerant venders, of the works of great Masters. The shells look as though you could take them up; and the flowers lack odor only. There was in one a pair of doves, which had a delicacy of shade and color, and softness of plumage, and perfect life-like position which I can never forget. And on another a wreath of white roses which a bride might covet.

As I sit now waiting for some of the party to appear it occurs to me that I did not mention the mode in which beads are made in Venice. The glass is taken from the melting pot in a soft condition, like dough, and rolled on an iron plate till the mass has assumed a cylindrical shape, about six inches in diameter and a foot long. This mass is turned rapidly round by the tube to which it is attached, in one hand (the mass still being kept on the plate), while with the other a tool is inserted into the opposite end. The turning of the mass with this tool in it, converts it into a *hollow* cylinder. All this is done with great rapidity, so that it shall not harden at all until another operative seizes the open end, and the two walk rapidly in opposite directions, and the molten mass is drawn out into a long thread, the inner and outer portions of the hollow cylinder drawing exactly equally. They stop so soon as the two masses at either end cool so much that the glass does not run off sufficiently fast; break the connection, and return the portion adhering to their tools into the melting pot. Those we saw made were black; and the long wires lay on the floor, side by side, just like so many iron wires, and the workmen walked beside them as

carelessly as though they had been so. A dexterous tap on each breaks them into proper length to be tied up in bundles about a yard long, which are placed in boxes and carried away. The next process consists in cutting these tubes into proper lengths to form the beads. This is done by a man taking into his left hand a bundle of these tubes, and laying them on a block which stands before him as he sits, having fixed on it an iron knife with a guard behind it which allows the tubes to be thrust across the knife blade only a certain distance, which is regulated by a screw so that it can be suited to beads of any size. The operative holds in his right hand a small knife, just like that used in our kitchens for mincing meat, with which, by a quick dexterous blow, he cuts off the little portion intended for the bead. The rapidity with which this is done is astonishing; and it must be quick and light, as a hard, or heavy blow would break them up into irregular fragments. These little pieces of glass tubes are then shovelled into vessels containing fine sand, and shaken until all the little holes are filled with the sand. After this they are placed with sand in an iron cylinder and exposed to heat sufficiently great to soften the glass, while the cylinder is kept in rotation. The sand prevents the little pieces of tubes from collapsing, while the edges, being softened, are rounded by being rolled about among the sand as pills are.

The twisted tubes we saw made also. A white glass strip already made is enveloped in a mass of molten glass and two men take hold of opposite sides of the mass and draw it out while they continually turn it around as though twisting it; other colors are introduced in the same way as the white are. These tubes are then laid side by side in the order selected and of the same length, on a tile and placed in the furnace till they are softened by the heat when they are welded into a mass and blown into any shape required.

We saw them make variegated bottles and cups and salvers, and would have bought some but for the difficulty of carriage; though they are only trumpery things after all, as well as the other Venetian glass.

2 P. M.

When we came in from our morning visits we were both disappointed and pleased by finding *Ledgers* of the 7th & 9th of October, but *no letters*. We fear something has befallen our letters. They are the first papers we have received. Our visits this morning were wholly uninteresting with one marked exception. This was the museum of Etruscan and Egyptian remains. With both we are familiar from prints and lithographs and descriptions, yet these do not make the impression on the mind of the reality. Some few years since at Orvieto and Chiusi formerly Clusium and other places in Tuscany, many tombs were opened which contained Cinerary Urns and other

objects of great interest. Among these was one tomb supposed to be that of Porsenna. If any of the younger members of the family wish to know who he was they can read Macauley's "Lays of Ancient Rome."

As I have mentioned in some of my hasty notes by the way, we have no records of Etrurians except scattered notices in the most ancient history of Rome dating far back in the mythical periods. But to-day I have entered through stone gates moving on stone hinges, into one of these Etruscan tombs, and seen the walls covered with—depicted on the walls—pictures representing the preparation of the funeral feast, from the slaughter of the oxen and hares and fowls, to the cooking them. The cook stands as far away from the fire as he can, holding a pan by a long handle, stooping forward and shielding his face from the fire with his left hand, while his right grasps the handle of his pan. On a ledge round the wall are arranged cinerary urns ornamented with bas-relief figures, and on the lids repose figures supposed to represent the person whose remains lie within. In the halls of the Egyptian Museum are many saloons filled with these Etruscan remains. Hundreds of chests for bones, dishes, vases and urns, many of them of exquisitely fine models. There are vessels having several compartments united by one handle, like our caster stands, only each compartment large enough to hold a pint, at least, and other vessels somewhat like tea trays, having in them a number of cups and plates of various sizes.

The jewelry is very beautiful and of various kinds. One pair of earrings is of *finely wrought* gold representing bird's-nests, with the bird sitting on them. There are beads of glass as well as of precious stones, and pins of gold of graceful shape and size. Hatchets, hammers, shears, needles and other implements for domestic service, are numerous; as well as tripods and lamps of many patterns. Some of the bas-reliefs on the marble *sarcophagi* are very good, and of subjects connected with classic study in its mythical periods. One I noticed had the carrying away of Helen by Paris; another the death of Troilus; another Ulysses giving wine to Polyphemus; another a chase of a wild boar. The jewelry and household and warlike implements, have all been taken out of urns and *sarcophagi* and tombs such as I have mentioned. The *sarcophagi* vary from those of the size of the human figure to small square chests with lids and are either of terra cotta or of marble. They prove the existence in Italy of a highly intelligent race before the time at which Rome was founded, and we are now moving about in towns which occupy the same sites as those of that ancient people, and these remains afford proof that in some of the arts of life they were our equals at least, and in others our superiors.

In the same museum with these are collected Egyptian relics of a period even older. Mummies and Mummy cases, highly ornamented

with hieroglyphic paintings ; statues of the Gods ; and pictures from the walls of their tombs, retaining their color and distinctness as though of recent date. But perhaps the most curious relic in that department is a perfect Chariot, made entirely of wood, with the yoke of the horses and all the parts perfect, and in it a bow, surely that of the warrior who rode in it. It is entirely of wood and ivory, and has evidently been covered with an enamel of some kind, parts of which are still resting on the hubs and tongue. It is supposed to be Scythian and to have been a trophy buried in the tomb of him by whom it was taken at the time of the Scythian invasion of Egypt. It is very light and yet looks as though it were strong. I procured a photograph of it.

28th, Evening.

We have just returned from a trip to Pisa. It lay along the banks of the Arno or at least the bed of that river. It is wide and stony, and in the rainy season is filled with a rushing stream, though now the water forms but a trifling brook. The wide pebbly bed supplies many of the coloured *stones* which are used in the Mosaic work of Florence. We saw children seeking them as we passed the wide spread beds of stones. They are brought down by the torrents from the Apennines. These mountains are *to-day covered with snow*. These long ranges of snow clad mountains running parallel with the river at distances varying from one to twenty miles have made it *very cold*. We require all our winter wrappings and many persons are clad in fur-trimmed coats. It is a very unusual spell of cold for the season and the contrast between the green wheat fields and meadows, and fig and mulberry trees, and the white mountains so near, is very great.

A day's observation impresses me with the truth of the description of Tuscany as *fertile*. This wide plain is very rich and very highly cultivated. It is perfectly level and the fields are all thrown *into ridges* even for wheat. This may be worth imitating on our level fields at Ivy Neck.

The banks of the Arno are lined by plantations of Poplar trees which reminds me of the use made of them by one of the poets (Horace?) who compares the gracefulness of youth to that of the "Populus;" they are tall and straight. There are great beds of reeds some ten feet in height—undoubtedly they are the same as those called "*Canorous*" which were used in making Pandean pipes and which Horace calls "*tenua*" when speaking of his earliest strains. Oh if I could only call up the rich associations of those classic bards. To think of being in the land of Lars Porsenna and know so little about him, and travelling through scenes on which Virgil and Horace stood, and not able to quote them.

At Pisa there is a large enclosure called Campo Santo, the soil in which had added to it thirty-three shiploads of earth from Mount

Calvary, in the time of the Crusades, in order to make it specially sacred and with the superstitious idea that the souls of those whose bodies were buried in it would avoid the pains of purgatory. It is surrounded by cloisters which are filled with *Sarcophagi* and other Etruscan and Roman remains ; altars and bath tubs of very large sizes, many of them with interesting bas-relief figures. Many persons are attracted by the *horrid* fresco paintings of judgment and purgatory on the walls of the cloister, the rude conceptions of a superstitious age. They may have produced alarming impressions in days of ignorance, but now provoke contempt and excite infidelity. There is a long series of pictures representing incidents in human history beginning with the creation and running down to the crucifixion. But I am wearied with the perpetual repetition of these scenes.

Pisa was once a sea port. The Mediterranean is now ten miles distant. It was once one of the Italian Republics, the rival of Genoa, Florence, and Venice ; and the University was only inferior to those of Salerno and Bologna. It boasted among its many distinguished professors, Galileo ; and it was the observation of the vibrations of the great lamp which hangs in the nave of its splendid Cathedral, that started his mind on the train of thought which terminated in the discovery of the principle of gravitation and the laws which govern the falling of solid bodies. His experiments on this subject were conducted from the top of the leaning tower of Pisa, which is more imposing than I had expected to find it.

Built of marble with a height of 179 feet, a diameter of 53 feet, and 13 feet out of the perpendicular. It was begun in the twelfth Century, and the foundation sank before it had reached half its present height. It consists of eight stories of arches and the architect sought to remedy the defect, caused by the sinking of the foundation at one side, by making a difference in the height of the columns of the arches of the two sides as it goes up. At the upper part it has certainly returned toward the perpendicular.

That the peculiarity is owing to the settling of the foundation is confirmed by the similar settling of the great Cathedral which stands besides the tower. It is a very stately and elegant pile of marble ; with a long and lofty nave ; the ceiling very richly and elegantly adorned with gilded compartments, and the walls adorned by *fine* paintings on the usual subjects of saints and martyrs. It is a rich and imposing sight. Adjoining these buildings stands the Baptistry, a very elegant structure of circular form, surmounted by a dome. The gates to it are ornamented by very fine bronze castings. There are some very fine bas-reliefs on the four sides of the pulpit. The slightest sound is reverberated by the dome in a way only equalled by the echo at Milan. A musical note sounded beneath the centre is prolonged and repeated, seeming to be taken up by an invisible choir and carried on till it fades gradually away in indefinite distance. Mr. Longstreth and

little Mary tried it repeatedly very much to the gratification of the older members of the party. The distinction between Mr. Longstreth's notes and Holly's childish treble was maintained by the reverberation some moments after they had ceased to utter them.

On our return to the station we stopped at the door of an imposing looking palace now occupied only by one servant who exhibits a grand picture by one of the great painters. I cannot retain their names even, much less the subject. We could not arouse him by all our determined rapping at the door over which was a motto in Italian which signifies "One day's labor." The story is that the palace was built by one of the old Pisanese with his share of the spoils of one day's attack on a Genese merchant fleet. Such were the shoddy means of getting rich in those "good old times."

Here there is a similar palace belonging to the descendants of a man who had agreed with his associates in business to start in the morning for an important fair and buy up all the wool on speculation. After they separated he determined to secure the whole profit for himself and started off at once travelling all night, and thus arrived before the others and forstalled them. He was not ashamed to perpetuate the memory of his dishonesty by building with the proceeds a palace on which he inscribes "*Per non dormire.*" Thus you see the "love of money" in every age "drowns men in destruction and perdition." May God deliver us from such "foolish and hurtful lusts" and make us content with the moderate returns of honest labour, fixing our affections on things which are above "where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God," having gone to prepare a place for us where it is better to have been Lazarus in rags than rich and full in the present life. These frescos which I condemn were constantly before the eyes of these very people, but did not hinder them from shameful deeds. We have Moses and the prophets speaking in God's word, not in rude pictures. Our responsibility is greater than theirs.

Sunday, 29th.

Sister Hannah has taken cold and is in bed to-day, I hope it may be only a temporary attack, but it is very cold. Mrs. Kennard sat with us last evening and says she never knew snow to fall so early on the mountains.

Your loving father,

CASPAR MORRIS.

FLORENCE, October 30, 1871.

My Dear Children:

We have spent another day in this place very pleasantly to ourselves though we regret that the sickness of your aunt Hannah will detain us to-morrow also. She was confined to the bed yesterday and to-day but will we hope be able to travel on Wednesday.

This morning your mother and I turned out to look at Mosaics and the result was the purchase of a table top, which I have directed to be shipped to "Israel W. Morris," direct to Philadelphia. Is. will please attend to it and pay the cost of transportation and send it to Mrs. Cope from your mother and myself, with our dear love. I would send it *unopened* that Mrs. C. may enjoy the pleasure of the first sight.

After having gratified ourselves by the purchase, your mother went with your aunts Jane and Mary to procure some necessary clothes, while I went with the Rev. Mr. Connelly to the studio of his son, where I spent much of the morning with great delight. He is at present working on the model of a very fine figure designed to represent Ophelia as she presents Heartsease. It is a lovely conception. The figure is fine and beautifully and gracefully draped; the attitude so expressive that if the head were lost the very body and hands are instinct with thought and expressive of feeling. The face is one of pure beauty. One covets the power to say "cut it in marble for me." There is another companion figure already finished representing the Lady Anne, of Tennyson, when informed she is not Lady Anne, but the child of her nurse. It is a beautiful conception. Still another is the figure of Desdemona, equally true to the spirit of Shakespeare in that character.

Mr. Connelly's horses are living creatures, not impossible quadrupeds in unattainable attitudes. They are modelled from a favorite animal of his own, so thoroughly broken that he will follow his master into his studio and follow him like a dog. There is one fine piece nearly completed in marble for Mr. Abbot Lawrence: St. Martin dividing his cloak with a beggar. The Saint is a youthful cavalier well seated on his horse. The beggar rising from a recumbent position by the wayside has hold on the flowing cloak which St. Martin cuts with his sword.

There are two fine groups modelled and cast in plaster, ready to be cut in marble when ordered, which have special charms to the consideration of Americans. The one consists of three figures; War, represented by a vigorous male figure, lies prostrate with broken sword and fettered limbs before the genius of Peace, represented by a lovely youthful female figure which is receiving the embrace of a colossal female figure, representing the genius of America, with a laurel crown and an olive branch, which she had just received from Peace.

The other I will allow Mr. C. to describe in his own language by enclosing one of his printed papers. I will only add that the figures are so perfect that each one of them might be detached from its fellow and it would be complete in itself. The horse on which Death rides is admirable and the figure representing Courage is equal to any of the remains of Grecian Art I have yet seen.

In speaking thus strongly I speak also deliberately having before seeing this said that sculpture had never, since the revival of art, produced anything approaching the remains of Antiquity. I could wish our government would order the completion of this work for the National Capital. Our own park should possess some work by this son of Philadelphia and I hope for once it will be found that an artist has honor among his own kindred and friends. Some of them have given him orders for busts and I recognized among the casts, those of fellow citizens and ladies with whose faces I have long been familiar and some of the works I have mentioned are being wrought for Chicago and St. Louis.

There are two busts which struck me as triumphs of art. I have often said that it was impossible to paint a smile or the hues of sunset, or the rainbow, so as to be agreeable, and have justified the criticism by the remark that their attraction was enhanced by their ceaseless change in nature, and that when fixed by art they became stale and unattractive. Mr. Connelly has given to two female faces the living changing expression of a passing smile in a way I could not have conceived possible. He should be commissioned to execute the statue of Mr. Merrick whether in stone or bronze. It could not fail to give satisfaction. I suppose Mrs. Lawrence's St. Martin, and a statue of the daughter of Mrs. Bloomfield Moore, now in process of execution after the model of that of the Duchess of Northumberland (I said in my former letter Devonshire by mistake) will both find their way to Philadelphia.

I spent the entire morning with Mr. C. and his father, greatly to my gratification; after which I went to the museum where I was interested by some antique bronzes and ivory carvings and superb Majolica ware, the painting on which was after designs by Raphael, and engraved glass of the Sixteenth Century, and long saloons filled with ancient armour and arms. Among these latter were eight barrelled revolvers, and machines which would fire twelve shots at one time, both many centuries old. It is probably the most perfect historical illustration of arms and shields and other means of protection to be found anywhere. One cannot imagine how it could be possible to breathe or move encased in such massive plates of steel, complete from head to toe. These *pedal* coverings were some square toed and others elongated and drawn out to a point, the scales working freely over each other like those of a lobster's tail.

In one of the rooms, among other ancient sculptures, was one which will interest Cheston & Murray more than any others of you, being a representation of the monstrosity which was exhibited in Philadelphia just before I left (and which I see has since died), so perfect in all the detail of heads, trunks and members, that one can hardly believe *two* such beings could have lived. In the calculation of chances it would be said to be next to impossible to have so perfect a reproduc-

tion of an abnormal living being. Yet there it was so, ancient that no date could be assigned to it, built into a wall some centuries old.

After dinner your uncle Wistar your mother and I drove round the "Casino" with quite as much enjoyment as we had found on Friday. The mountains in the distance still have their covering of snow, but the wind does not blow over them and the temperature is more genial than it has been, though still requiring all our wrappings; and the resident English and Americans have fires. In one of my visits to Mr. Connelly he asked my opinion of Mississisquoit water as a cure for cancer and said a friend of his had gone from here to America to use it. I of course denounced it as an imposture. He then asked me to recommend some medical adviser in New York and I suggested Dr. Markoe. Yesterday I met another friend of the gentleman's who told me he had consulted Flint and by him been referred to Van Buren, both whom I endorsed thoroughly and warmly. To my surprise this afternoon a lady called and introduced herself as the daughter of this gentleman to thank me for the relief I had afforded her and presented me a work of her mother's; "The Hon. Lady Duff Gordon's Travels on the Nile," a book your aunts have been earnestly seeking for and which they find very interesting. So you see pleasant friends and pleasing things follows us in our travel.

Israel will find I have drawn on him here for £10 sterling.

With much love.

Your affectionate father,

CASPAR MORRIS.

FLORENCE, October 31, 1871.

My Dear Children :

Your mother is busy packing trunks, and you know she does not admit any intrusion into her domain on such occasions, so I betake myself to you. I would gladly relieve her entirely but there can be no division, and she is not ready to abdicate. We trust that we have spent our last day in Florence, not because it has not much unexplored ground which would yield pleasant fruits, but because we have no time to loiter on our way to Brindisi where we must be on the 5th of December, and nothing but sickness will arrest our course. Your Aunt Hannah was too ill to permit our leaving this morning, as we had arranged to do, and we gave up the expectation yesterday, very happily for us, as your mother was quite sick during the night and could not have left this morning. She has improved during the day, and as the weather is again pleasant, joined us this afternoon in a nice drive to the "Chartreuse," a monastery beautifully placed on one of the hills over-looking Florence and the vale of the Arno.

It is a strongly fortified building, dating back as far as the 15th Century, designed for the reception of fifty Carmelite Friars. We

passed through paved court yards with arched passages opening from them, resounding to the tread of the horses and the roll of the carriage wheels, and were conducted into chapels, and sacristies and refectories and anterooms, and waiting halls, every inch of the walls of which are covered with really fine *paintings* by good artists; some fresco, some on panel, and some on canvas, each representing some conflict between a Monk and the Arch Fiend; some miracle performed by a saint or bishop; or the martyrdom of some saint. They are all suggestive and impressive pictures.

One pleased me exceedingly! a friar in his white robe and hood, with a most devout and lovely countenance, was seated at his meal and is interrupted by a vision of our Lord, as an infant. A Latin verse beneath records that "while he ate with thankful heart his soul was refreshed by the heavenly vision."

Everything was clean and pleasant. The *three* rooms of *each* father, afforded ample accommodation, and the garden attached to that we visited was very pretty. An orange tree in flower gave sweetness and beauty, and many thriving plants stood full-flowered in the borders. In the wall was a niche with a seat, commanding a grand view of the mountains.

I said to the father who, with his entire form shrouded in white cloth waited on us, "*Est Hortus jucundas—Est illa tibi?*" to which he replied, "*non est mihi*"; emboldened by this effort I pointed to the pictures and said "*Opera magna: sunt illa dilectissima fratribus?*" to which he replied with a vacant look, "*non intelligo*," and turned to Friezler and remarked in Italian that but few persons now study Latin. He had asked for a card before he would allow us to enter. I gave one having on it my name "Med. Doct.;" he took it from his pocket and read it over, "Philadelphus; Medicinai Doctor" shook his head, and put it in his pocket. I followed up my advantage by quoting David's Psalm as I looked at the sunlight on the mountains "*Levabo oculos meos montibus*," and looking at him, "*Beatus qui confidet in Domino: quando dormiet requiescat in pace Christus beatus da tibi pacem in die ultima*." He turned very pleasantly toward me and stuck closely to your mother and myself as he led us around. He was stupid looking, it is true, but he has a soul: and I do pity the poor deluded ones seeking for peace where it is not to be found. He took us into the refectory. Over one door was inscribed, "*Obedientiam*," and over the other "*Silentiam*." I suppose the one detailed to receive strangers has a license to speak.

To-morrow is All-Saints' Day—a festival—and the tables in the refectory were spread with neat white cloths and napkins—some placed two or three grouped together; at others each plate at a distance from others. The china was clean. A plate to receive a wine bottle; another for a water goblet; a plate for bread; and a cup for coffee, was placed for each one, with a cruet of oil and one of vinegar. We met

several other friars as we went about the various apartments, who all passed us in silence. It is a wondrous store-house of beauty. Every inch of wall and ceiling and window elaborately adorned. There were also some very fine marble effigies; full length figures of cardinals, bishops, and friars; the work of celebrated sculptors.

The buildings are amply large for the accommodation of fifty Monks and the revenues were abundant for their support. But the Government has appropriated the revenues and give annuities to the thirteen who remain, forbidding any additions. They get a new suit of clothes once in five years only. They raise their own vegetables, and have a large vineyard yielding a good supply of wine.

We met many carts loaded with wine on our way to the Monastery. It is evidently the season at which it is being sent into the towns from the country. The carts are two-wheeled vehicle of great length; and so nearly balanced on the axle that no weight rests on the horse. The shafts are short, not reaching beyond the saddle which rests on the horse's back, the shafts projecting high above the back and attached to a hornlike prominence rising from the saddle. The draft is by a band across the breast of the horse and in a line from below that of the shafts. The band under the belly of the horse is oftener tight than that attached to the saddle above, so as sometimes almost to lift the horse from his feet. They carry immense loads.

The roads are so smooth and well-graded that this is more easily done there than with us. What would we think at home of twelve persons getting into one carriage and having our twelve trunks piled on the top of it, weighing 1000 pounds, and looking out, finding ourselves drawn at a smart trot by *one little horse*. That was the way in which we were brought from the R. R. Station to the Hotel.

Our driving about has been in two carriages with two horses each which have been at our service at any hour, or all day, ever since our arrival. There is still much here that we have not attempted to visit and many things we have seen we would gladly visit again.

This morning, your mother and Aunt Mary and Aunt Hannah being all more or less indisposed, your uncle Wistar and I went to a photographers and spent a long time in selecting pictures of this place and Pisa. I cannot bring myself to buy any of the feeble copies of great pictures which are sold at small prices, preferring photographs of buildings and statues and places. After getting through that I turned out to shop for your mother; buying thread, buttons, ribbons and scarf and over-shoes, etc. Mongrel French, Italian and English with much pantomime enabled me to get through very nicely much to my own amusement and your mother's satisfaction. The people are civil and their stores good, and what one cannot supply himself he gladly aids you to get elsewhere.

But we have crossed the Rubicon and march on to Rome. Thirteen hours of R. R. without stoppage is our task for to-morrow commencing

with breakfast at 7 A. M. and ending with supper at 9 P. M. in the "Eternal City," from which I hope to transmit this sheet to you and where we fondly hope to be greeted by a good package from you. Other people here have letters to the 14th; our last were the 3d.

P. S. Nov. 2d, Rome.—We have not yet left our rooms and before entering on Rome I may just mention the pleasure of yesterday in passing through the numerous towns which, standing on the sites of those of Etruria, have undoubtedly much the same aspect as they presented in the days of Solomon or even earlier. No change in style of architecture is probable. The walls indicate the shape of the cities and neither during Roman days nor in those of the subsequent ages is it likely any modification was made. The habits too are much the same. We saw men trapping birds. An owl is tied down surrounded by a quantity of bird lime, he sits nodding and the little birds collect around him and their feet are entangled in nets and held fast in the viscid slime. The Italians eat all the little thrushes and other songsters.

ROME, November 1, 1871, 8 P. M.

Hotel des Iles Britanniques near Piazza del Popolo.

My Dear Children:

Did you ever realize the possibility that you should receive from your mother and myself a letter dated thus? The Eternal City. The mother of nations. The Mistress of the World. What other title of dignity and honor has been bestowed on her? By superstitious millions now regarded as the great centre of divine authority.

I shall not venture before I see it to utter any expression of judgment about the present city, but I do venerate her past history, though robbery and oppression may be laid to her charge in every age, from the time when the one twin brother slew the other for playfully leaping over the wall being erected for the defence of their common property. Like all other human enterprizes it was *marked by* corruption from its inception, but who can estimate the value of the good which has emanated hence in those ages in which the light of Egypt and of Greece was received and reflected on the dark nations of the North and West, by her Poets Philosophers jurists and historians. And then from her prisons issued those grand expositions of the Gospel which St. Paul sent back to Ephesus, and Thessolonica, and Phillipi; which have been the Charter of Hope, and message of Redemption to the wide, wide world.

We have but just arrived. I have got rid of the dust of travel rather more promptly than the others, and thus occupy my time till they convene for supper. I was tempted to date from the "Seat of the Throne of Darkness." As we drove to the hotel I was greatly

astonished at the wide streets, well paved, over which we were brought, as well as the distance between the R. R. Depot and this hotel.

It is raining; and the light shed by the few lamps only renders visible the surrounding want of it. I can just see that our windows open on a plaza, in which an obelisk rises before them; and find the room clean and comfortable looking. Your Aunt Hannah has borne the fatigue of the day better than we could have hoped. Your mother is wearied but has enjoyed the ride. The Apennines, *snow crowned*, have skirted the way except when we *thrust ourselves through them*. I had no conception of their grandeur. Those old Poets and Essayists knew what mountains were, and the Rail Road runs through them as I thought none did but the Pacific. Except when we thus passed through the Apennines from the valley of the Arno to the source of the Tiber, a pass wild and grand beyond description, our route lay along the bank of the Arno through a fertile valley varying in width but everywhere well cultivated. Lime stone abounds and lime kilns; and much manure was being spread on the fields, which are all planted with mulberry trees and grape vines. The trees are kept cut down, and each one has a vine trained on it, while the intervening space is devoted to wheat and grass. The wheat is all put in, in ridges.

Soon after leaving Florence we passed the celebrated Monastery of Vallombrosa, whose leafy shades were selected by Milton to illustrate the number of the fallen angels lying thick strewn in the regions of the lost. It is a very extensive and imposing building, standing like the Chartreuse we had visited yesterday, and Fiesole, on a lofty eminence overlooking a wide stretch of fertile vale. The valley widens and contracts alternately, but is everywhere beautiful. Olive trees clothe the hill sides and vines and mulberry cover the plains; the houses are comfortable, and here and there lordly mansions of modern appearance indicate wealthy proprietors, while the hill tops are crowned with mediæval structures and walled towns. Many of these recall by their names their Etrurian origin and Roman celebrity, and many Etruscan walls and gates and tombs remain to remind us that generation after generation has been fed from the soil, from times so far back in the dim distance that the torch of history only lights them sufficiently to shew them as dimly shadowed, with no well defined outlines, filling up the obscure termination of the vista of time, into which we vainly stretch our imagination, far beyond the limit of vision.

We passed the Lake of Trasimeno which still spreads its motionless bosom to the sun as it did in those days when on its shore Hannibal and the Roman Consul each earned a deathless name; the one by his courage in advancing into the heart of the country of so mighty a people; and the other by the firmness with which he resisted, in

hopeless fortitude, the well planned attack of his wily foe, and only by his death assured the victory to the invader. From my boyhood I was a Roman as against Carthage, however much I may have sided with other peoples against Roman aggression. I could see the manly forms of Roman legions, this morning, vainly facing the Carthaginian hordes as they rushed down from the hills and pressed their slowly yielding masses into the marshy margins of the sluggish lake ; and the air was filled for me with the shouts of victory over the silent masses of vainly resisting men, dying "*Pro patria pro ara, pro focis.*" Both are gone and the soil yields its fruits to other generations of other races. How many sad scenes have been enacted on this highway of the people !

Our road followed the "Flaminian Way" along which Goths, Huns, and Barbarians, time after time pressed on to the spoil of Roman fields, and sought the sport of Rome itself; not always as vainly as their Carthaginian leader. It is folly to talk of "Exhausting the soil." These fields now yield as ample a return to the toil of the husbandman as they are known to have done centuries before the foundation of Rome was laid. Ceres and Bacchus and Pomona once received the first fruits and libations which are now paid to the Virgin and Saints ; all equally robbing the God of nature of the tribute which is His due. It shall not ever be so. The earth shall yield its fruit to the glory of Him by whom it was created, has been redeemed, and is upheld. It has not diminished in fruitfulness while thus misapplied. Shall it not be more fruitful when He comes whose right it is to reign ?

We passed Etruscan tombs and Roman arches ; one very grand one, part of a viaduct of the Flaminian Way over a raging torrent, still standing in majestic greatness. Sabine Hills welcomed us to the neighbourhood of the little farm of Horace, the birth place of Numa Pompilius, of Tacitus, and of Mæcenas—" *Soracte-Statusque hodie,*" though not "*Alta Nive Coronata*" as when Horace sang of it—and ultimately Flavius Tibur—" *Uxorius Amnis,*" justified that title, conferred by Horace, still by kissing his banks as he meanders through the plain which gradually widens into the Campagna, spreading without an habitation, but animated by flocks of sheep, herds of milk-white steers, and horses, and asses pasturing around its unhealthy meadows.

Many of the mountain sides are clothed with wild olive, oak, and maple ; some of the oaks, deep green like live oak, or I believe are *ever* green. I was astonished at the *bright scarlet* of the maple, like our own. Some of the oaks are majestic and near Trasimeno the olive trees were mere shells of trunks with green heads, looking as though it were quite possible they were contemporary with the fearful day which has rendered that name so familiar to our ears.

But I must come down to the present reality. The chamber-maid has brought blankets for our beds, and it is time to lay my head on the

pillow, and seek for sleep. That the God who has ruled and governed, though unacknowledged as Lord through all these ages, keep you in His redeeming love, prays

Your loving father,

CASPAR MORRIS.

ROME, November 2, 1871.

My Dear Children :

Twenty-four hours in Rome! Little did I suppose it possible that I could have passed that length of time within sight of the Forum, the Colosseum, the arch of Titus, the Mamertine prison, and not yet have seen them. Certainly we are not our own masters and cannot order our own goings. St. Peter's we have seen the exterior of. It exceeds in majestic proportion my most exaggerated conception. The Colonnade, the facade, the dome, the fountains, are one and all in detail and in combination worthy of all the commendation they have received; and must be seen to be conceived of. I had begun to doubt the justice of the claim of Michael Angelo to the lofty place assigned to him. Now I must be greatly disappointed in the effect of the interior if anything can displace him. The obelisk, with its hieroglyphics, which rises before our window, that in front of St. Peter's, and one or two others we have passed in driving, seem too much like the spoil of conquest the property of other nations and another land. They would please me more amid the desolation of the desert; or, if they must have modern surroundings, transported still further to our own land. Here I crave Roman and Etruscan remains.

Thus far we have seen nothing but gay shops, brilliantly lighted this evening on the Corso, crowded with men and men only. Streets of modern houses and numberless churches with no special claim to consideration; a gallery of pictures, some few of which are certainly of incomparable beauty, and the Quirinal Palace, recently fitted out with great taste and at enormous expense to suit it for the central residence of the King of Italy! How indignant I have felt, as I have read Gibbon at the effeminate, luxurious, unworthy, successors of the Roman Emperors, who brought down to that limited scale the grand comprehensiveness of the Empire of the world from the river Euphrates to the pillars of Hercules, the source of the Nile and the Isles of the Sea. Now the kingdom of Italy is bounded by narrower limits than even the empire of the West, and the poor creature who boasts the empty title shrinks with superstitious cowardice before the old man who looks across the space between the Quirinal Palace and his so called "prison in the Vatican" on a neighbouring height—that space filled with men who clamor for the King to take possession of his Palace—and hesitates to yield to the popular will. It is a grand palace furnished in a style commensurate with its extent. The walls of a

hundred rooms are all hung with rich brocades ; each differing in pattern and color ; curtains of each to correspond ; and chairs, and lounges, and divans, and carpets, and bedsteads, and furniture, in perfect correspondence ; and all new, and all heated by warm air flues ; giving home-like comfort to the whole. We have visited no palace to compare with this either in size or magnificence. Some royal tapestries and frescos, which belong to the Pope, adorn the walls, most attractive home-like pictures. But one in the chapel surpasses all the others combined. It is an annunciation by Guido. The figure of the angel is very fine. The wings *are Angelic*, and the countenance and attitude of the Virgin are wondrously expressive of those emotions we all attribute to her who is "blessed among Women." There are also fine pictures of our Lord washing the disciples' feet, which would shame (one would think) the petty imitations of this wondrous act of humility, annually repeated by the Pope. The garden of the Quirinal is very extensive, but contains no flowers at present.

It is bounded and divided by massive square walls of box and laurel, cut with arches and niches, and enclosing labyrinths of trees and shrubs, and many fountains. Rome is still as it was of old well supplied with water ; not introduced into houses, but bursting out in fountains at every turn. Those in front of St. Peter's are truly grand, "living fountains," throwing up masses of spray descending in graceful curves. As we have been driven from place to place we repeatedly exclaim at the odd conceits of the figures which pour or spout or discharge water into basins at various points. One near us is the figure of a recumbent man, resting on a vase which pours out its contents. No feature of the countenance remains, time and weather having rounded every point ; and he lies, confessedly the "oldest Roman of them all."

A rainy morning rendered it expedient to confine our visits to indoor objects ; and we started for the Borghese Palace, designing to spend the hours before dinner among the pictures there. It is closed for repair, so that we were obliged to drive away to that of the Corsini, which occupied the time. We were obliged to hurry from room to room, not able to stay long enough before any one picture to transfer its beauties with indelible distinctness to our own minds. But among them a Holy Family by Battoni, a *small* picture, arrested our attention and drew back our steps again and again. The perfect execution is not its only merit. The composition is very fine. The infant Saviour is the light, not only of the lower world represented by Mary and Joseph, but of the world of unfallen spirits ; some of whom hover over, their faces radiant with the light shining from the beauteous form of the babe of Bethlehem, while their look is that which expresses "which things the angels desire to look into." It *can* not be copied. There is also a Madonna by Murillo which is very rich and sweet, as also one by Carlo Dolce. Each has its peculiar

merit but I cannot express them. There was one picture which arrested the attention of all of us from its close resemblance to your Aunt Caroline. In the catalogue it is given as the portrait of the wife of Luther by Hans Holbein, but in the hand book probably more correctly as that of Holbein's wife. Titian, Rubens, Albert Durer, Rembrandt, Vandyck and Teniers; all contribute to the treasures of this gallery. One picture by Teniers is very fine in his way. It is the interior of a dutch farm house. Husband and wife in their several duties are surrounded by oxen and sheep, perfectly represented.

The afternoon was one of disappointment also; and yet had its own pleasure. We drove to the Villa Albani, which is outside the walls and contains a large collection of antique sculpture. When we stopped at the gate it was opened by a boy of about fourteen with his little brother and sister, but he prohibited our entering. Friezzer talked fluently to him in Italian, both gesticulating strongly. We could not of course understand the words though the actions of each were highly intelligible. He placed himself before us and evidently said "not one step." Friezzer stormed and went forward. The boy sprang after him and caught him in his arms, and with a most imploring countenance begged him to desist. Friezzer handed toward him a franc, which he repelled with indignation. Friezzer talked again; and then left us while he went somewhere in the neighborhood to seek authority for us to enter. The boy was greatly relieved. We indicated, to him by our countenances our approbation of his course, and your mother took some cakes from those many capacious pockets at which we all laugh but by which we all profit, and gave them to the children, and when Friezzer returned and told us the Queen of Holland was within and no one could intrude, we got into our carriages but not before I had given the brave lad a *douceur*, assuring him that I thought he had "*bene fatti*." He saw us off with unfeigned pleasure and we substituted the Quirinal for the Albani.

On our way we passed the breach in the city wall through which the Italian army entered Rome in September, 1870. It is already rebuilt where it was thrown down. Many marks of shells are still seen on the adjoining wall. The name of the street has been changed to "*Via Vingt Settembre*" in commemoration of the triumph.

ROME, November 3, 1871.

My Dear Children:

Letters from *home*! received just as we were stepping into our carriage to drive across the Tiber to the Villa Pamphili-Doria on the "*Mons Janiculus*"; and that from West River, read just in time to fold it and put it in my pocket, and turn to look across the intervening valley to the ruins of the Colosseum, and the arches of the Temple of Peace. Can any such coincidence of events ever again mark our lives?

What thankfulness should fill our hearts for the mercies which have abounded to us and to you. Ours is great that we have been blessed with children so loving and true to each other and to us, and no prayer for earthly blessing is more earnest and sincere than that we may be preserved and reunited to comfort each other to the end. Each letter as it is read warms up our hearts toward each in turn, while the steady flame of love burns equally to all. Gladly would I write to each child and grandchild individually, but I find all the time at my command is consumed by my general letter. Tyson and Cornelia and Robert (I have acknowledged Effy's) have each an especial claim on me, which I thankfully acknowledge, and most reluctantly beg them to take a share of the general stock and *venture again*.

We feel deeply for Mr. McMurtrie ; Mr. Thos. Montgomery ; the Hodges and all our friends who are so sadly suffering. The Philadelphia letters in the *London Times* had informed us of all the sad events to which you refer. We are glad to have such an occupant of our house as Mr. Parrish. Before the six months expire, if our lives are spared we shall be able to form some idea of our own probable time for return. With such calamities as those which have marked the few months since we left home, who will venture to say what shall be done so long time before-hand? Israel will remember that I have some policies in the Enterprize, both Perpetual and Annual. The news which will meet Mr. Montgomery on his arrival at *St. Croix* will be very depressing to both himself and Emily. But the terrible destruction of life and property and consequent distress at Chicago and in the West leaves all other afflictions in the distance. Israel will please remember my previous request to give to the fund for relief of both classes.

Several of you refer to messages of friends. You may one and all respond to all such, in expressions of reciprocal affection from your mother and myself as though each were named but I will select Mrs. Buckley, Mrs. Ellis and our cousins in Spruce above Eighth.

This morning I spent sometime in the dentist's hands, and then all, except your aunt Hannah who was not able to go with us, went to the Pamphili-Doria Palace to see the pictures ; much against the will of *one* of the party who came here to see the Rome of his boyhood's veneration, and could have postponed other people's pictures till he had given reality to the pictures of his own imaginations. Still even that grudging, reluctant, assent, could not totally destroy the delight derived from some grand Roman *Sarcophagi* with perfectly preserved bas-reliefs of the boar chase of Meleager (does Cheston remember *that* wild boar?) the visit of Diana to *one* of the other gods, with Apollo whipping his steeds around the corner; and above all the *perfectly preserved* Centaur in red and black marble, which stands in the centre of one of the halls ; a gem of ancient art. It was dug up on these very grounds and is as clean and perfect as if new. Effingham and Caspar would

have laughed at the great woolly ram with Ulyses clinging beneath his body, escaping thus from the cave of Polyphemus; and a recumbent figure of an old man with Crocodiles lying besides him, in black basalt, represents the Nile as idealized by some sculptor of the age of Hadrian, the Roman Emperor who heard the song of the statue of Memnon. These had so far reconciled me to my disappointment, that I could find pleasure in some very good pictures. One by Quentyn Matsys "the Antioch Blacksmith," representing some misers cheating each other, is very strongly expressive of the power of that "basest of all spirits which fell from heaven"; who when he once gets possession of the human soul holds it most tenaciously in his control. Cheston will remember a picture, admiration of which I have heard him express—the "Adoration of the infant Saviour by the Virgin," from the pencil of Guido. It is a very fine picture. In the same room is a portrait by Leonardo da Vinci. There are a few so decidedly superior to all other masters of Art, that one singles out their productions so soon as the eye falls upon them. I find I am never deceived. Not that I can always say who has painted a picture, but I can, out of thousands, say at once this is *the one*. There is one by Delli Notte representing a girl catching a flea by the light of a candle, which is very wondrously true, and caught the attention of all the ladies of the party as expressive of their own experience. The peculiarity of this artist is the introduction of the light from a candle held so as to illuminate the face and leave other parts in shade. The pictures in this gallery which are most pleasing are landscapes by Claude Lorraine. One called Mouline or the Mill—from there being one in it—is *very beautiful*; and so is a smaller one, the figures in which represent Mercury driving off the Cattle of Apollo.

From there we went to a very different spectacle. The burial place of the Capuchin Convent; certainly the most disgusting sight we have yet witnessed, and such as I shall never repeat. In a crypt under the church they have placed earth brought from Jerusalem in which each brother of the order is buried as he dies; the last dying being placed in the spot which the remains of the one who had lain the *longest* had occupied. Those bones are then placed, clad in *Monk's garments*, in niches prepared for them in *walls of skulls and bones* of those who had still earlier shaken off the mortal coil. These sad relics of mortality and trophies of superstition have accumulated tier over tier, and room after room, till one sickens in thinking of the heap.

In the church above is one of the *greatest* pictures of the world; Guido's Archangel Michael triumphing over the arch fiend who is represented in a colossal *human* form, prostrate beneath the foot of the angel. The artist is said to have gratified his feeling of dislike to one of the Cardinals by giving the prostrate fiend the features of the man he disliked. The angel, like that of John of Bologna which I described at Munich in bronze, stands in the *majesty of power* with a face and

attitude expressive of a *simple discharge of duty*; with *no feeling of triumph* and *without effort*; contrasting the sublimity of calm virtue with the disappointment and mortification of impotent rage, displayed by the fiend. It is a grand and powerfully impressive picture.

Our drive this afternoon to the *Villa Pamphili-Doria*, on Mons Janiculus was very delightful; the day was clear and fine, the distant mountains glowed in the rich color of the autumn sun, the boundless plain of the Campagna stretched away toward the Tyrrhenian Sea, the ruins of Rome lay at our feet, around us were beautiful grounds, and beneath us St. Peter's rose majestically. As we drove slowly beneath the overarching boughs of avenues of evergreen oak, or through clumps of Italian pines, or glades and lawns with sparkling fountains and odorous shrubs, I could not but fancy Mæcenas, Horace, and Virgil, or Cicero, or Seneca, and some of their congenial cotemporaries, taking such an evening drive; and my heart rejoiced that they had such enjoyment, and a colossal figure in the attitude of addressing a crowd—while one foot rising, represents him as inviting them to accompany him in some arduous enterprise—a statue cotemporaneous with the days of Augustus, may have stood here to stimulate their ambition. We passed on our way an enormous shaft of polished variegated marble twenty feet long and six feet in diameter, which has recently been found on the banks of the Tiber, which after lying so many years in the mud is now to be erected in these gardens.

ROME, November 5, 1871.

My Dear Cornelia and Mary:

On our return from church this morning we were gratified by receiving your dear Mother's letter and those from yourselves, each of which gave us great pleasure, and added to the feeling of thankfulness we already overflowed with to our loving Heavenly Father, for the great blessing we had enjoyed, in being permitted to unite in worship with His children; and for the blessed instruction we had received from the clergyman's sermon on the text "Ye are complete in Him"; shewing us how those who are "in Christ," made members of his Spiritual body by the power of the Holy Ghost, are *wholly safe*; and calling on all who had not yet "put on Christ" to do so, as the offer was free to *all who will come*. But I do not design to repeat his discourse, but will only take the opportunity, while acknowledging your sweet letters, so precious to us now so far away, to invite you both to come to Him who has said He "is the life of the world." If he is the life, then all are dead who are not in Him. May He quicken you by His Spirit, and may we rejoice together as those who "love Him because He first loved us."

I was called away to dinner before I had concluded the last page, and have just returned from the afternoon service, in which another

minister made quite as strong an appeal to our hearts from the text "I am the bread of life." You cannot form any idea of the comfort and blessing it is to us to be thus fed by the bread which supports our souls while we are travelling in hopes of renewing the vigor of our bodies.

Your account of your pleasure in gathering chestnuts was very interesting; chestnuts form a large item of the food of the Italians. On the mountain sides are great orchards of the trees. The nuts are much larger than those in America and are roasted in pans by the road side and in the streets, and sold to the laborers and lower classes of people as they pass along. *We* buy them more or less every day. They are very nice tasted, and nourishing. We often have them on table for dessert and sometimes, as we had to-day, they are served with meat. To-day it was roast turkey. The nuts had been boiled or roasted and were stripped of the hull and the skin within that, and then boiled in the gravy, I think and laid in the gravy and among the pieces of the bird, which was carved at the side table.

Our windows open on a public square near a gate through the wall of the town, which opens on the fashionable drive. It is thronged every afternoon, but especially *this* afternoon, with pleasure seekers in carriages and on foot. In the centre rises an obelisk brought from Egypt covered with hieroglyphics, rising from the midst of the basin of a fountain. The water is poured into the basin from the mouths of four great lions. There are two other grand fountains in the same square; and, rising on one side above it, are the beautiful grounds in which are the drives. In these grounds are numerous fountains. Indeed no city in the world has so ample a supply of *pure* water brought from the mountains, a distance of fifteen miles, by subterranean channels. In the great days of old Rome there were aqueducts, laid on arches, bringing it I believe not less than twenty miles.

We have not yet seen the grandest ruins of ancient Rome, they are not in walking distance, but have seen some. Two great masses of white marble each weighing 100 tons, beautifully carved and ornamented, now lie on the ground though once they formed a part of the *upper portion* of the temple of the Sun, being raised at least 50 feet from the ground. It must have been a grand and imposing building as these great stones formed a very small part of the front, and the proportions of their buildings were perfect. These are all now left of it above ground. But the hillsides are full of such relics.

Thanking you for your letters and assuring you we do not forget you.

Your loving Grandfather,

CASPAR MORRIS.

Postscript by A. C. M.

We have just received two Newspapers up to the 20th; heartily welcomed they are.

My Dear Girls :

Tho' I do not write to you, you are not forgotten. Let us continue to have good accounts from and of you. We love to get your letters. Love to Sally and Carrie. If you have not Mark Twain ask Uncle Is. to send it to you. 'Tis a better description than we can write, and true.

ROME, November 5, 1871.

My Dear Brother : (Galloway Cheston—ED.)

Your most welcome letter of the 20th ult. greeted us on our return from church this morning. It was doubly welcome from our fears having been great that a letter from you had probably miscarried with a parcel of eight Brown, Shipley & Co. report to have been mailed for us, which we have not received. With many calls for thanksgiving, I do not know of any I more gladly respond to than that which comes from your report of dear Margaret and yourself and Mary Ellen. We had been comforted by the report made of you in a letter from Mrs. Valentine to her nieces. Please thank her and give her my love and Anne's, but there is no gratification greater than a letter from yourself.

The general news of fires and frauds and defalcations, which reaches us again and again in the public papers contrasts strongly with the comfortable accounts of our own children and friends and we trust that He who has thus far watched for good over us and you, may keep us all to the end and bring us once more together in His love and fear ; keeping us in the fellowship of the Spirit even while separated in body.

The sermons we have heard to-day would have delighted both Margaret and yourself as they edified Anne and myself and met the hearty approval of all our party. We have not yet found the place for rest and shall not before we reach the Nile. Rome is a peculiarly hard place. There is much from which Anne and I turn with a strong feeling of loathing—more than disapprobation—which is so mingled with what we wish to see that we cannot take the one without the other. We never know when we start out to what object we are to be taken. Sometimes find we cannot obtain access to what we started for and are obliged to substitute another. This compels us to go with the party and they are led by the courier.

You will hardly believe that we have been three days in Rome and have neither been in the Forum, the Colosseum or St Peter's. We have seen them all in the distance in our afternoon drives, which are most refreshing to us after mornings spent in churches and picture and statue galleries. These drives are very interesting. Those old Romans, with whom you and I formed some acquaintance through their writings, were as happy as men could be who knew nothing of

the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. I have quite revelled in delightful imagination of the pleasure with which Horace drove or walked over these same hills, and gazed on these beautiful mountains and wish he had been able to see something more than the "Pater," whose right hand cast down towers and flooded fields, as he drove with Mæcenas or Postumus and lamented that the lapse of years was destroying his power of enjoyment of wine bowls crowned with flowers, and kindred sensual delights.

The Etruscan cities and tombs through which our road has brought us have interested me greatly. The mystery which shrouds their origin has never been satisfactorily solved, though the beauty of their remains proves them to have been highly cultivated in pre-historic times; and the valleys they cultivated, and from which they drew the support of a numerous people, still yield a rich return to the labourer. It is absurd to talk of wearing out the soil. Give it a fair return and it will always yield fruits of increase.

Great preparation is making here for the opening of the Italian Parliament in a few weeks. The Pope still *holds himself* prisoner in the Vatican. Many of the Cardinals have had apoplectic and paralytic attacks and some are childish, yet he is not allowed by the Jesuits to appoint any new member of the college as they now hold the control. With love to Margaret.

Yours aff'tly,

CASPAR MORRIS.

ROME, November 6, 1871.

My Dear Brother and Sister :

I find it difficult to believe I am actually here, so far away from you all, but so it is and I am contented too, which is more than I expected to be, and am really looking now with pleasure to the Nile trip, which you know I had no fancy for when we left home, so you see there is no telling what we may come to. Perhaps one reason that I look with pleasure toward the Nile is that *there* we will have rest, which we find almost impossible, travelling as we now are, for even if a few days are spent in a city there is a rush from morn to night to see all that we can, which is I find, more fatiguing than travelling. Here of course there is very much to do, we expect to remain two weeks, then go to Naples; from there we are undecided whether to go to Brindisi to cross the Mediterranean or go to Sicily, but our expectation is to sail on the 5th of December. Sister Hannah has been quite poorly for a week; with that exception we are all well and enjoying ourselves; seeing *much*. Much to interest and much to disgust; nothing to make one desire to live here. The Dr. writes very fully to the children. He keeps no other journal but wishes them to take care of his letters. If you and Margaret would like to see them, do so. We think much of

you both and I now imagine you settled in Madison Avenue. We were very glad to hear from you yesterday and that on the whole both Margaret and Mary Ellen were doing as well as we can expect. I suppose the country is looking beautiful now with you. Here the foliage is changing but is not so rich as ours. We drive every afternoon and the grounds of some of the Villas and Palaces are extremely beautiful. Yesterday we took a long walk thro' an arbour of Lemon trees loaded with fruit ; also an abundance of oranges. The fruits are very fine, but I still think there is no place like home.

I was glad to hear James and Sally had been up to make you a visit, as I think it is nice for you both. From what I hear of Sam he has been very poorly tho' Mary tells me is better again. Mary and the children keep us pretty well posted in West River intelligence as she sends us a weekly letter. Not that I receive them as regularly. Once we received three mails at a time.

We have all felt much concerned for the sufferers in Chicago and those who suffer in consequence of the fires elsewhere ; and rejoice that so liberal an effort has been made for their relief. Cousin Emily is a loser; she had invested in the Insurance Company that Mr. Montgomery was Vice-President of. She sailed with Mr. Montgomery and family for St. Croix only a few days before the fire. He was ordered there by his physician and I fear his *all* was there also. He has seven children and is undoubtedly in consumption himself. We have barely time to mail this, so farewell with a great deal of love to you both.

Your truly attached sister,

ANNE C. MORRIS.

ROME, November 5, 1871.

My Dear Children :

Another twenty-four hours in this mysterious city ! Still the focus of the power which rules so widely over the destinies of nations ! Stripped of political influence, yet wielding a sceptre before which millions bow ; and arrogating a control not only over the wealth and power of mankind, but claiming the ability to determine their eternal destiny. To sit under the very shadow of the Vatican, and reflect that within its walls some fifty or sixty old men, some lying paralyzed, some imbecile through the decay of eighty to ninety years, several recently struck down with apoplexy, all exhibiting the mortality which they share with any other group of the same number in any asylum for old men in any part of the world, and think of the fearful influence they exercise—and their blasphemous assumption of power to elect from among themselves one who shall be the Vicar of Christ—nay that one among them claims now to hold the power over the consciences and wills of man which belongs to that office—and that he can in virtue of that power decree what is truth and must be believed ; what is good

and must be performed ;—relieve vice of its guilt ;—and exonerate crime from its punishment ; to realize that this *is now* an actual living power, not an historical reminiscence, does stir up my heart within me.

I saw a crowd gathered in the Piazza del Popolo, when I first opened my window, and tried long with my glass to dissect its shifting mass, and read the moving influence by which it had been gathered. It suddenly crossed my mind that it might be the preaching of the truth as it is in Jesus by some one who was commissioned and sent forth by *the* Power before whom all this must one day bow, and by which alone it can be subdued. “That day” is coming—blessed is he who surrenders himself to become the servant of that power, and who shall share in its triumph.

While I dressed the crowd dispersed, and now I look only on the people going in and out to their daily labour; the hacks and the omnibusses plying their daily tasks, and carts loaded with building material and hay and grain, and nothing to mark the holiness of that day which God has claimed to be set apart from secular concerns and “our own thoughts,” and devoted especially to His service, and our bodily rest and spiritual edification. Light is here certainly called darkness and darkness light, evil good, and good evil. Priests arrogating to themselves the power of the keys, to shut or open the way to Heaven, jostle the busy crowd, and elbow their way through its masses, and take no heed of the violation of the Divine law even if they know of its existence. Monks and friars of most forbidding countenances, and filthy in their raiment, are going and coming like bees (each with his bag) to rifle the flowers; sweet pretty looking boys with countenances so attractive that they win my soul and warm up my affections follow in groups, all clad in the long robes and peculiar hats and buckled shoes which mark them as destined for the priesthood. Some of them are of very tender age; taken while plastic and fashioned and formed by cunning craft into the material for the great edifice built up as the spurious counterfeit of that spiritual house, the church of the living God composed of lively stones which is being built in every place and among all nations.

Nov. 6th.

I had written thus far yesterday before being called to breakfast. The day was spent delightfully in joining with the people of Christ in worship and the Lord's Supper and listening to two most instructive and edifying sermons from clergymen of the church of England in a third story room near our Hotel, but *outside the Holy City*, and over stables. Another English Church; the American Chapel; and Scotch Kirk, are all in opposite houses; thrust out and despised. Immediately beside them the road to the public drive turns up the hill (thronged in the afternoon by splendid equipages) rising to the magnificent public gardens on the Pincian Hill.

Monday evening.

This morning we have seen Rome ; or rather the curtain rose, and the first act of the Drama was presented to our view in its scenery and arrangements ; but I do not feel that I am ready to have it fall. There it still stands with all the actors ; and I must take days to study out the detail before I am ready to dismiss the performers. It is the only stage I have ever seen, and the crowding personages are so majestic, that I have been compelled to seek rest from the excitement. I have been wearied and dissatisfied that we have been so long time in Rome without seeing anything Roman. Its churches and picture galleries, are only repetitions of those we find elsewhere and until to-day we have seen little else.

This morning we were taken to the Museum of the Lateran in which are grand relics of ancient Rome, and on our return suddenly we found ourselves beneath the arches of the aqueduct of Claudia ; under the wall of the Coliseum ; passing the palace of the Cæsars ; the Forum of Rome ; the Arch of Constantine ; and that of Titus ; and that of Septimus Severus ; skirting the Forum of Trajan ; and the ruins of the Temple of Peace. These are but unmeaning names which do not convey any idea of places or structures ; nor can they be made to do so. I was familiar with them all from photographs of varied size, and perfect in their representation. But to have the carriage drawn up suddenly, and stand facing them, was like receiving the warm grasp of the hand and hearty utterance of welcome from one of the great philosophers or philanthropists of whom one has read and for whom the heart has prepared a place among its most sacred shrines. It may be the sign of weak and unwise enthusiasm, but I have not yet recovered from the overwhelming impression of awe.

The palace of the Cæsars brings before me "them of Cæsar's household" who welcomed St. Paul and were "not ashamed of his Chain." The arch of Titus, with its bas-reliefs of the conquered Jews and the sacred implements of the temple borne in triumph along that very "via sacra" on which we stand, brings before one the sacred transactions of those courts in which Jesus talked with the doctors of the law, reasoned with the scribes, healed the blind and lame, "daily taught the people ;" and of which he predicted the very overthrow which Titus accomplished. The Forum brings up the image of Cato and Cicero, and Senators, and Emperors, and all the triumphs and processions of victorious hosts on the one side, and the anxious hurry of despair when Carthaginian or Gothic forces came insultingly to the very walls of the city, and Senators placed themselves in their curule chairs waiting the inevitable doom.

I came to my room and quietly lay myself down to rest ; determined that I would, alone, take time to enjoy the spectacle. The morning had been passed amid the bas-reliefs and statues which have been disinterred from the Forum and other places. Those old Romans were

men indeed, if their statues are not ideal. Germanicus and Agrippina are as noble looking in marble as their characters are grand on the pages of history. There is a procession of senators wrapped in their Togas, every face attractive by its noble features and beaming with high intelligence. They are of life size. There is a fine bas-relief, said by some to be the feeding of the infant Bacchus, and by others the education of Jupiter, which represents a noble infant drinking from a horn presented by a life size female figure, while branches wave overhead and fauns and satyrs revel in the background.

In another room are life sized marble figures of a cow and a deer which want only the vital principle to make them move. They are as life like as Rosa Bonheur or the Stag on the Mountain; and many busts, some of which are *smiling* and *laughing* as I never thought marble could. You must remember that all these are antiques; having been dug out of the earth in which they have been entombed for centuries. There are many *Sarcophagi*, covered with bas-reliefs representing the mythical acts of the Roman Gods; and one, which evidently was designed for a "Baker," having sculptured on it the various processes of ploughing, sowing, reaping, hauling to the barn, grinding into flour, and baking the bread, and drawing it from the oven. On another is sculptured the presentation of the meats of a funeral feast; composed of dishes of meats and vegetables like our own. There is a *majestic* statue of Sophocles; and many which illustrate the depraved morals of the times, just as the brilliant pages of classic authors are defiled by similar evidences of the truth that the apostle declares in writing to the Christian church of *this very Rome*, at that very time, that "not liking to retain God in their knowledge God gave them over to a reprobate mind" "because that when they knew God they glorified Him not as God, neither were thankful." There is great reason that we should "*take heed* lest we also shall be cut off"; for "we are in *no wise better than they*," and the cultivation of the same natural evil affections in ourselves, will lead to the like results as it did in them.

Both your mother and myself are firmly convinced that there is *much evil* results from the indiscriminate admiration of works which had an evil origin in corrupt affections, and *gender* like corrupt affections in those who cultivate a taste for them. Dancing Fawns, and Satyrs, and Appollos, and Venuses, and Cupids, are not images to help us "to grow in grace" and unless we do we *decline in life*, and incur risk of death. There is less that is objectionable however in these antiques than in their modern imitations which are now so frequently produced to gratify a spurious and corrupt taste, which I am sorry to find growing among our countrymen and women. Why should not the new born love of the beautiful in art produce a new era? I should be glad to see such statues as those of the Cæsars which we saw yesterday, adorning the park and squares and public halls of our own

country ; but pray to be delivered from the flood of evil which I see pouring into our picture and statue galleries, and the salons and boudoirs of our countrywomen.

The custom of ornamenting *sarcophagi* with bas-relief was a curious one, and has transmitted to us interesting records of habits, as well as specimens of the condition of art at various periods. There is in the Lateran Museum a bas-relief from a sepulchral monument, disinterred in 1848, representing a temple in process of erection. There is beside the building, an enormous drum wheel with figures of men treading on the inside as horses, with us, tread on the outside for the purpose of raising the stones. This would be an imperfect arrangement and no one can suppose that such blocks as those I mentioned as forming a part of the architrave of the temple of the Sun, weighing 100 tons each, could have been thus elevated. That is one of the secrets of time the tomb has not yet betrayed.

Among other life sized figures here, is one of the Diana of Ephesus ; a female figure covered with emblems of fruitfulness ; and a sarcophagus having on it Niobe and her children, more perfectly representing inconsolable grief than even the larger and more celebrated group we saw at Florence. There was a bust, which is in good preservation, of a medical man as is indicated by the serpent of an Æsculapius on which it reposes ; and another of his wife—good homely wholesome faces not to be ashamed of—I am sure they must have been honorable people. There is also a very interesting life sized full length figure of a “Captive German” frowning defiance still, as it stands surrounded by the inanimate statues of the Conquering race. It is not finished in all the detail, but the shaggy head of hair and stalwart form are sufficiently indicative of his barbarous race, though he is wrapped in a toga.

It is very curious that in another hall of this very museum we found a large series of life-sized, and *very life-like*, terra-cotta figures executed at Dresden representing our own native Americans in their native costumes and habits. Buffalo hunting, war parties, and medicine men. Their features and forms are very fine and life-like just as I have myself seen some of our North Western Chiefs thirty or forty years ago. They are evidently copied from Catlin’s book.

Among other most interesting and suggestive relics we found at the Lateran are *lead pipes* of various sizes, some with a calibre of six inches, and an inch or more thick. They are lapped together and welded, leaving a large projection like an overseam in sewing. But the most interesting point is to see the *name of the maker* in large clean well formed Roman characters still on these old tubes as those of Henry G. Morris now are on the great iron mains being laid down in Philadelphia. How closely did those old Romans touch the art of printing without applying it. These pipes must have been made by beating or *rolling* out the lead into plates and then joining the edges

and hammering them together, and these letters must have been first cut in a die and the lead beaten or rolled over it. One step more and the blacking the letters would have transferred them to vellum or paper.

In another story of the Lateran Museum are relics of early Christians; *Sarcophagi* of the same size, style, and material, but the bass-reliefs consisting of figures of the Saviour and Apostles and Prophets, and recording incidents in sacred history from both the Old and New Testaments. These are interesting as proving the affluence and elevated social position of the Christians in the 3rd and 4th Centuries. They are I believe all of a date posterior to that of Constantine, and correspond in this respect with the traces of luxurious habits and corrupt manners which crept into the church after it was adopted into the state by that Emperor. There is a *very* fine sitting marble statue of Hippolytus, in perfect preservation except the head, which has an inscription in Greek characters on the one side of the chair in which he sits and a church calendar on the other side which prove it to have been cotemporaneous with that saint who lived about 240 A. D. This proves the use of the art of the sculptor before the days of Constantine, in the service of Christianity; and undoubtedly that it was practised by Christian men. Who else would have executed a statue of a Christian Bishop? Several of the rooms are floored with old Mosaic representations in life-sized figures of gladiators, and there are very fine smaller portions of the floor of some dining-room, which represent the fragments of feasts; shell of fish; portions of claws of crabs and lobsters, and bits of vegetables and fruits as they may have fallen from the tables. There are the bones of a fish with the tail and head attached; and the "merry thought" of a chicken. They are all well executed and so shaded that they appear to stand up from the floor. Cherries look so natural that you might stoop to pick them up, lest they should be trodden on.

Tuesday morning, 7th.

A rainy day. Last evening we had a very acceptable visit from Mr. W. Rhen who is enthusiastic in his delight at all he sees now, the second time, after a nine years' interval. He says he enjoys it more than his first visit. Your aunt Hannah is better, but will keep in the house. I am quite refreshed by yesterday afternoon's rest. Your mother not quite so smart but sits, bonneted and cloaked beside me, mending my gloves while I thus fill up the time waiting for the call, which often comes very suddenly to start. To-day as it rains we shall go to the Capitol and the Museum and gallery of St. Luke and perhaps to the prison built by Servius Tullius which received Jugurtha, the fellow conspirators of Cataline and other traitors against the honor of Rome; and is consecrated by Christian legend as that of St. Peter.

This may or may not be. The other is capable of historic demonstration. Love to one and all and all our many friends.

Your loving father,

CASPAR MORRIS.

We yesterday received *Ledgers* of 19th and 20th Oct. only these two; no other papers yet and have reason to fear the loss of one mail about the 5th of October.

ROME, November 8, 1871.

My Dear Children :

The haste with which we are driven from gallery to gallery, and from one object of interest to another, absorbs our time, and exhausts my strength, so that I find that I pass over all the subjects on which I write most superficially, and omit to report to you many incidents which would interest you; and do not describe the pleasure we often ourselves, derive from objects which meet our view. Many beautiful plants adorn the gardens, quite new to us, and which we would gladly think might be introduced at home. *Mimosa* trees abound and look very flourishing; reminding us of Ivy Neck and the loved ones there. Like those they are now dropping their leaves. We see orange trees in the open air, loaded with fruit in every stage of progress, from the little green nob, just formed, to the rich golden ball almost ready to be plucked. Chrysanthemums have just the same golden and brown colors as those at home. Date palms, with bunches of pendant fruit, and other palms, are forerunners of the groves we trust to see in Egypt; while giant cactuses recall the plains of Mexico. I suppose if we had access to the halls of the college of the Propaganda we should find human representatives of as large a circuit of the earth.

Yesterday we were repelled from the entrance to the Vatican by Swiss guards in the extraordinary garb of the Pope's livery. So many colors in stripes on their persons that they remind one of a gaudy collection of tropical birds. His Holiness has always found it wise to protect his person—(that person which is infallible in judgment should be immaculate in morals and able to protect itself)—from the offence of his own subjects. We see scrawled on the walls "*A bas l'Infallibilitè,*" and "*Viva Dollinger Pappa*" and are told that hostility to the Papacy is the strongest feeling of the Roman mind.

The beauty of the people arrests our notice frequently, especially the boys; and Mr. Rhen speaks in strong terms of the change since he was last here nine years ago; manifested by new buildings erecting, old undergoing repair, and the general cheerfulness, contrasted with the sullen scowl which then proved their sense of oppression. The Italian government moves carefully but I hope steadily, for the good of the people. A store on the Corso in the most frequented

part has on it a sign of the British and Foreign Bible Society into which I must go. (I cannot separate from the party without producing disarrangement of the general plan for the day.) I have been, but found no one could speak English.

On Friday evening we drove through the Ghetto, the quarter in which all Jews are compelled to reside, just as the Sabbath was about to begin. The inhabitants are, without question, the lineal descendants of those who were brought here by Titus and Vespasian, and yet there was not one whose face had the type we are wont to consider specially Hebrew. They are very fair, more so than the Italians. It is a terrible *place of confinement*. Narrow streets, high houses and crowded population. Some relaxation has been granted lately, such as the permission *to a few* to open places of business on the Corso, and, more important still, they are no longer driven by the police into a Romish church adjoining the Ghetto, as they were every Sunday until quite lately, and compelled to remain and conform to the attitude of worship during the celebration of mass.

I find the beautiful Obelisk which rises before our window is that which Augustus brought from Heliopolis, (one of the old towns of Egypt, perhaps as old as Joseph even) after the defeat of Mark Anthony, and by him consecrated to the sun in Rome. And it is said the ashes of Emperor Nero were deposited near this gate. The spot is said to have been the resort of evil spirits from that time till they were dispossessed by the erection of a church about the year 1000. What varied scenes have been enacted around the silent shaft of granite with its mute emblems; mute as to us; but once telling their own story to the crowds which gathered around it on the spot which is now a solitary waste of sand; beneath which lie buried the hosts which were the terror of the world as they marched forth to the conquest of Assyria, taking Jerusalem in their way, or standing equally unmoved amid the insulting shouts of the hosts of Cambyses as they rolled on toward Memphis or Thebes; carrying desolation to their colossal monuments, yet sparing this, only to be the spoil of the Western *barbarian*; as in their pride of ancient history they regarded then the future monarch to whose power Egypt, Assyria, Persia, and Greece alike did homage, and before whose power they bowed themselves never to rise. That Roman power is *still* perpetuated by the influence of Roman law. That law, which emanating from the Forum and the Capitol, still lies at the foundation of our own jurisprudence, and holds its sway over the entire Christian world, modified by the principles of the Gospel 'tis true, but tracing its source to the Code of Justinian into which the older Roman law was reduced. Who can tell what Jewish Martyr has cast his loathing look on this tall stone, or what witness for Christ has pointed to its idolatrous symbols of things which could not help, while he has invited the surging crowds which thronged around, to seek the Lord while he

might be found and call upon Him while He was near ; warning them of the "desolation to come," which they scoffed at as an idle song ; while the busy people of this day look upon it as little moved by the solemn lesson, as by a tale that is told ; though it confirms the warning still uttered to us, that we too shall pass away. Thus these old stones may have sermons for us if we close not our ears.

M. November 8th.

One exclamation crowns every visit to the remains of ancient Rome "They were a great people!" This fact impresses itself continually more and more upon us, as day by day we penetrate more and more deeply into the mysteries of the past. Their statues of their Cæsars, their busts of their orators ; their beautiful figures of their wives and mothers ; all have the same attribute of majestic repose. As we entered one of the halls (it matters not which as I am not writing from the guide book nor for a guide book) I called *your mother* to look at the very personification of a happy mother, as we stood before a female figure seated with matronly dignity, while a boy of twelve or fourteen years stood at her knee evidently proud of the beauty of his mother. Your uncle, who had a book in his hand, *laughed* at me and said "Agrippina and Nero." What a lesson those statues utter ! She *was* the happy mother of one of the most promising boys ever born to the purple, trained too by the wisdom of Seneca. Yielding to his baser passions he became the type to all future ages of the basest being that can wear human form and features, capable even of strangling that very mother who thus idolized his boyhood ; and in this very marble of the artist is perpetuated her *vain hope* ! Such still is man !

On the Capitoline Hill stand two colossal equestrian statues **one** of Castor and the other of Pollux whose fabled appearance for the relief of the fainting Roman forces at the Lake Regillus is alluded to in the Tusculan Disputations as an undeniable proof of the existence of Gods ; and has been so finely wrought into one of his ballads of Rome, by Macauley. They are imposing from their size and proportions, and venerable from their undisputed antiquity.

In the centre of the Piazza in front of the capitol is an equestrian bronze statue, so perfect in its preservation that it might pass for the work of yesterday, but known as being that of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, one of the few who has transmitted to posterity the reputation of a good Emperor, and who lived about A. D. 160. There is still plainly to be seen the traces of gilding which proves that it was originally covered with gold. As we approached I said to your mother "that is the seat of a Maryland gentleman" ; and to your Aunt Jane "he rides like father." It is a perfect man on a perfect horse. When Philadelphia decorates her park may such a bronze find a place there.

Near it are colossal figures of River Gods, grand and impressive in art, like mountains in nature. There are also near-by some portions of hands and feet of a statue which must have been thirty feet high. I was interested in them by seeing that the fingers are in the position which is considered by our ritualistic devotees as *especially indicative* of blessing; and which is assumed by the Pope in that act. Alas for their wisdom! these are portions of a statue of Apollo, raised by Lucullus; thus, like the dresses of the priests in Etruscan processions, proving the adoption of heathen habits and forms into the declining church of the third and fourth centuries. May we be delivered from the worse than absurd mummery to which they belong. Rome is certainly a homœopathic cure for Romanism. If that fail the case is hopeless.

ROME, Nov. 8th, evening.

We have to-day visited two very different, but equally important buildings. The Pantheon and the church of *S. Paolo fuori le Mura* the first erected by Marcus Agrippa before the Christian era, and the second yet incomplete; being built, under the auspices, and chiefly at the expense of the present Pope, on the site of an older edifice which was burned some half a century since. The one, the grandest exhibition still standing of *ancient* architectural art; the other certainly likely to transmit to future ages the best idea of that art as it is practiced at the present day. The Pantheon is a circular building 142 feet in diameter within the walls, which are twenty feet thick. These circular walls of massive masonry are surmounted by a dome of brick work. The walls rise about seventy feet perpendicular, and the centre of the dome is about as much higher. These walls are still lined with beautiful variegated marbles; and the dome, which is now only brick, the same originally built more than 1900 years ago, was once lined throughout by Corinthian bronze, exquisitely wrought, divided into panels. Much of this bronze was removed to Constantinople by the Emperor Constans, about the year 650; but no less than 450,000 pounds were left, only to be taken down by one of the Popes; part of it being cast into Cannon, and a part used in forming the grand bronze columns which support the canopy over the high altar of St. Peter's. The outside of the walls were once covered with marble slabs as well as the interior. The doors are thirty feet high, and covered with bronze still; being co-eval with the structure itself. In front of this circular building rises a portico 110 feet long and forty-four feet deep, supported by massive monolithic columns of granite, with marble capitals. Were the dome removed, this grand colonnade alone would be a majestic relic of ancient art, and its grand simplicity and perfect proportions make it very attractive. It does not produce the awe of St. Peter's, nor the solemn feeling of Milan; but gives an impression of perfect beauty, with which you can associate yourself

on a footing of equality. *They* produce the impression of superhuman effort, this of being the highest reach of human power. Service, of some kind, was being performed and the priests were entirely concealed by a wooden screen, while the organ was a small one on a moveable stage. The effect was very good; entirely devoid of any sacred solemnity, and producing no more solemn influence than if it had been the rehearsal of a performance; and when we wandered to a position from which the priests were visible, their deportment and frequent changes of position heightened that impression. There are many recesses in the walls below, faced by marble columns, now occupied by statues and pictures of the saints, supposed once to have held those of pagan gods. Around the drum of the dome are other and more numerous recesses, now empty but thought to have been designed for heroes and demi-gods; but were probably occupied by statues of Nero and Emperors. As this building was contiguous to one of the great bathing establishments for which Rome was celebrated, and on which Consuls and Emperors expended millions for the gratification of the people, and to provide luxurious places of resort for the tens of thousands of idlers who collected at the seat of Empire, it has been suggested that this was no temple, but a grand hall of concourse, in which they sat and lounged, and discussed the scandal or of the important news from the provinces which, if it came more slowly, still must have daily reached the heart of Empire enriched by the spoils of the world. What a grand spectacle must have been presented here, when the accounts of some great triumph of Roman Arms in Dacia, Gallia, or Pontus, was first proclaimed by the sacred herald. How terrible the dismay when the destruction of the legions of Varus was whispered around!

The church of St. Paul is a purely modern structure, a long nave with four rows of twenty columns each of red granite from the quarries near Baveno, on Lago Maggiore where we saw them being dressed. They are sent, unpolished, on rafts down the Po to the Adriatic, thence by sea to Ostia at the mouth of the Tiber and from thence here, by railroad. We saw one on its way to the church drawn on planks laid on the road side, by cable and capstan worked by men. A post is fixed some hundred yards in advance of the point at which the last one was placed, and it is inch by inch warped along. They are polished at the church, which is situated a mile and a half outside the wall, in the midst of pestilential marshes. No stronger picture of Papal superstition could be presented. I believe \$1,000,000 would not cover the expense of the last twenty years on this building with its massive columns, rich marble, and gilded walls and ceiling, and malachite and precious stone altars, and tombs, and statues; and this only because tradition represents it as the burial place of the great apostle to the Gentiles, the tent-maker who, rather than be a burden to any, laboured with his own hands. *No one can worship here.*

There is a monastery adjoining but even the monks are compelled to vacate it during the Summer months. It is therefore merely a costly mausoleum. It contains the body of Raphael who made provision for his interment here and in one of the recesses is a marble Madonna and infant executed at his order to surmount his tomb.

November 9th, evening.

Did ever any of you think when reading St. Paul's salutation to the Church of Philippi, in which he says, "they of Cæsar's household salute you," what a city of itself was the palace of Cæsar? or what position in that household these Christians held? I have spent the afternoon in wandering hour after hour, and might say with truth mile after mile amid the excavations which have recently been made on the site of Cæsar's palace. The area covered by these excavations is not less than—shall I say 100 acres?—certainly not less than fifty. Every part of which is covered with massive walls, and arches and pavements, and columns, all in confusion which is perfectly inexplicable to *me*, though those who are familiar with the various points in classic authors which refer to these buildings, have been able to trace the several departments and apartments, and have given plans which enable the visitor, who has time to follow them, to understand their connection with each other. A few years since and the Palatine Hill was covered with gardens and orchards. Some few indications of subjacent ruins led to explorations which are still being pushed vigorously, and which have disinterred not only the most immense labyrinth of walls, twenty feet in thickness; and arches and passage ways, and stairs, and mosaic pavements, retaining all their original beauty, and marble columns; but also chambers whose walls are stuccoed, and frescoed, and elaborately ornamented; and balustrades of white marble beautifully carved; and arrangements for conducting heated air beneath the marble floors; and walls coated with polished marble; and floors of variegated marble, laid in rich and varied patterns. A theatre with its niches for statues and vaulted dome; a dining-room capable of seating a thousand persons; and a fountain with all the arrangements for flowers around it in a room opening by wide passages from the dining-room. A large library and lecture room with its rows of seats. We stood on the mound amid these ruins of the luxury of the emperors and gazed on the glories of the setting sun and were lost in the strange mystery of our situation, plebian citizens of the Great Republic of modern days standing among the excavated ruins of the palace of those Cæsars who had overthrown the Republic of eighteen centuries ago. These frescoed and ornamented walls rise like the Cæsars themselves on the ruins of preceding greatness. Down, down, down we look and find the massive walls of the buildings of the early kings—unmistakeable—and their solid work composed of

great stones laid upon each other without cement. One age has piled its gorgeous arches over the ruins of that which preceded it and now we are digging down to the foundation of them all in the house of Evander and the wall of Romulus. This is a jumble, but so are the ruins. Yet they are grand! not in their decay—they are indestructible.

Your mother was as enthusiastic as I.

Your loving father,

CASPAR MORRIS.

ROME, November 10, 1871.

My Dear Children:

I am afraid to write just as I find things lest you should think I exaggerate. But everything is so grand as to defy exaggeration. I thought the palace of the Cæsars was on such a gigantic scale that nothing could surpass it, unless it might be the Coliseum; but both are dwarfed by the ruins of the baths of Caracalla. This emperor reigned about the 200th year after the Christian era; and only three or four years; and yet, in that short time caused to be erected buildings, called baths etc., so massive and extensive as to defy description now, in their ruin. What then must they have been when entire? As we stood in one of the great halls and looked up some 80 to 100 feet to the massive remains of domes and arches of brick work still standing entire, and then looked down an equal depth into wells which lay open at our feet, we felt like pigmies inspecting the works of giants. Each of these vast areas of hall was floored with mosaic of varied patterns, all beautiful, many of them still as fresh and entire as when laid down, and from the lofty domes fragments have fallen, covered with mythological figures also in mosaic, composed of small pieces of colored marble.

These masses of brick and mortar have accumulated on the floors; and are now being removed, thus disinterring huge columns of marble and not unfrequently statues also. The area covered by these ruined walls and arches is very wide. To secure sufficient space, Caracalla found it necessary to cover that occupied by the house of one Asinius Pollio; and in making excavations they have recently exposed the walls, still standing, of this house at least fifty feet below the lower floor of that of Caracalla. There lie now exposed to the heavens, at that depth below the present surface of the earth, mosaic pavements of great beauty, and in patterns of various colors, margins of exquisitely graceful figures such as are still employed in ornamental work and always admired. The work of exploration is still progressing at the expense of the Italian government and under the care of intelligent officers appointed for that special purpose.

With some difficulty we obtained access to the Forum as they are now busily and earnestly extending the area there. Crowds of Romans

as well as foreigners, collect around the margin, which is guarded by a railing; and cart loads of rubbish are hourly drawn away. If free access to the Forum itself were granted it would not only be difficult to prevent the spoliation of light articles which might be disinterred, but the crowd would materially impede the labours of the workmen. As I remarked when alluding to the Palace of the Cæsars, I found it impossible to trace the outlines of the various structures, or disentangle the confusion of the labyrinth in which I found myself. But I could walk on the stones which *still mark* the course of the "Via Sacra," beneath the triumphal arch of Septimus Severus, and ascending by its sinuous course the Capitoline Hill; and while walking there my heart was moved, more with sympathy for the noble unfortunates who had graced the Conqueror's triumph, than with the great spoilers of the world who gratified their vanity by the public exhibition of the riches they brought back from ruined peoples. And I almost forgot the blessings they conferred, by the extension of the protectorate of Roman power over nations torn and rent by the fratricidal strife for the crown, in the feeling of sorrow for the personal wrongs and sufferings of those who, like the Queen of the East, were compelled to walk behind the car of the Conqueror.

Doubtless it was "He who sitteth upon the circle of the heavens," and who "Setteth up one and pulleth down another," who ordered the progress of the Conquerors and the subjugation of the Conquered; and "made the wrath of man to praise Him"; thus preparing the way before the coming of our Lord; and providing for the dissemination of the truths of the *Everlasting Gospel*; though neither the pride of the one nor the mortification of the other recognized the importance of the part they unwittingly performed in the great drama of the earth.

We are too prone to forget the dependence of all human events on Divine appointment. The Anastasis of these great, buried, records of events which made the world turn pale as they occurred, should not be wasted on us, as it will be if we only look and wonder. The same Judge now holds the scales of Justice; and the nations are "but the dust of the balance." We have no more "fee simple" of nationality than had the peoples of old, who successively sent their subjugated generals and kings to grace the ever recurring processions of the "via Triumphalis." Are we stronger or better than Rome herself over whose fossil remains we moralize?

The very newspapers of the day which reach us here from home, filled with stories of trusts betrayed and official power prostituted to personal gain without even the redeeming trait of columns and arches and temples erected by the spoil, bid us take heed lest while we "judge others, we condemn ourselves." Such was the train of thought and feeling excited as I looked at the still perfect figures of captive Kings, and triumphant Generals, and trod the very stones over which they

trod, still lying along the old Roman way from the Forum to the Capitol, over which so unwillingly pressed Zenobia, Arminius, or the hundred others whose names are less familiar to my mind.

Saturday evening, November 11th.

Everything is heaped around us. Mr. Rhen called this evening and asked "how we are getting through Rome," to which I could only reply "We have only just entered Rome"; and I might have added we feel lost in its immensity, and overawed by its majesty.

To-day among other things we have explored the palace of Nero. It is difficult to believe what is presented to our eyes. Nero began to reign about 54 A. D. and died in 69; during which time he had erected a palace so stupendous in extent, and enriched with such treasures of art in its various forms, as have excited the admiration of the world, since they have been recovered from the entombment to which they were subjected by Titus; whose reign of only eleven years, commenced only one year after the close of that of Nero. We wandered this morning *for hours* among the halls, and chambers, and bathing apartments of Nero; the floors adorned with Mosaics; the walls with stucco; and the arched and vaulted ceilings, at least forty feet above the floor, still covered with frescos so beautiful as to have been copied by Raphael in his works; and were shown the places in which the celebrated group of the Laocoon and the great Porphyry vase in the Vatican stood, and where they were buried for centuries in the earth and rubbish with which these vast halls had been filled, *in order to form a platform on which* Titus erected his baths! That one Emperor should thus *vie* with another in the splendor of his structures for the increase of the glory of the Imperial City is not surprising; but that he should *fill up* the splendid halls of his immediate predecessor, and thus prevent the comparison of the works, is strange. Stranger still that such works as the Laocoon and Meleager and the Vase, etc., should not have been removed before filling in some forty or fifty feet of earth above them. Yet such was the mode of proceeding. We see still, where the excavations have stopped, perpendicular walls of material just as if the whole of our Chestnut Street house had been filled with earth, brickbats and rubbish, shot in from Mr. Wistar's roof next door, and that which filled the three *stories front*, had been taken out and the back chambers and back building were still left filled up. Only you must imagine Nero's bed chamber to have been so large that our entire house, roof to cellar could be put *within it*; and his bathing-room of half that size, the same height; and other rooms and passages in proportion. The place in which the Porphyry vase stood is at least twenty feet in *diameter*, and is surrounded by a raised wall with a depression on the top, evidently designed to contain earth in which flowers could be planted; so that it is probable that

water fell into the vase and over its margin into the basin below. The frescos are shown by wax tapers elevated on long poles so that we can see the grace of the figures and the beauty of the color.

On the surface above these stands a church, *S. Pietro in Vincoli* the floor of part of which is still composed of the rich marble mosaic just as it laid in the floors of the Baths of Titus.

Rome must have been as crowded as an over stocked bee-hive, that no place could be found for a new structure but by filling up that occupied by one of so recent erection. The thousands of Jewish captives doubtless furnished the labour necessary ; but what is to be said about the burial of such works of art ? It is to such acts that we owe their safe transmission to modern times.

Monday evening, Nov. 13, 1871.

You will none of you have forgotten that yesterday was the 42d anniversary of our marriage. To think of our having spent it in Rome ! Well, we passed it with as little ceremonious observance as we do at home. Your Aunt Mary surprised us with a nice bouquet of flowers and we went to church and were both delighted and edified by excellent sermons. In the morning, on the assurance of Faith derived from personal experience of the love of Christ ; and in the afternoon, on the hope which maketh not ashamed which springs from the tribulation which worketh patience and experience of love ; starting from different points but reaching the same conclusion. We fear that we are now passing out of the region of Christian instruction, but we know the sufficiency of the Spirit who can take of the (*things*) of Christ and shew them to his people ; and in His word is our Trust.

To-day we explored the ruins of the baths of Caracalla and visited the church into which Michael Angelo changed one of the halls of the baths of Diocletian. Eight vast monolithic red granite columns still stand in the church as they did in the room of the baths. Other vast halls of the same structure are occupied by troops as magazines of various kinds. They would appear to have been capable of holding as many as those we visited before. We also spent some time in the studio of our country woman, Edmondia Lewis, sculptor. She is a nice smart looking little body, dressed in a tow gown, covering her from her neck to her heels ; moving smartly about her studio, and directing the operations of several journeymen who are executing in marble the figures from her designs and casts. Her mother was an Oneida Indian, and her father an African ; but the Indian predominates in her character as well as features and color. She is really attractive in her appearance ; but I was disappointed in her work. There are two groups of Indians, illustrating scenes in Hiawatha, which are *fair*, but want expression and are defective in their proportions. A Roman Girl is better. Two little cherubs, designed to personate Sleep, are folded

in each others arms in an impossible position, and Abraham Lincoln sits more rigid than he ever did in his life. She seems happy and says she has many friends and orders, but I cannot anticipate a brilliant career for her, which I regret. I found myself greatly tempted to take one of her Hiawatha groups, but *only* as an expression of interest in her.

This afternoon we spent in the picture gallery at the Vatican. The number of pictures is small but a few are *very choice*. I had told Friezler this morning I was perfectly satiated with pictures—nay more than that, and I could see no more. The Madonna of Sassoferrato was enough to cure me entirely. Do not accuse me of becoming a convert to the “*similia similibus*” doctrine as applicable to bodily disease, however successful it may have been in this mental disorder. Your mother thinks it the *most beautiful* picture she has seen. I bought a good photograph and should have been glad to take more if there had been any. There is there also a good Murillo Madonna; the marriage of St. Catherine to the infant Jesus; but far, far inferior to this. The Raphael pictures in the Vatican disappointed my expectations, and the great picture of the Last Judgment by Michael Angelo would have been passed without notice but for the absurd story connected with a figure in the lowest pit, in painting which the artist gratified his dislike of one of the Cardinals by making a perfect portrait of him in the coil of a great snake. He was so annoyed by the taunts of his friends that he applied to the Pope to order Michael Angelo to alter it. The Pope asked where the painter had placed him and on being told replied “I can do nothing for you, I could order you out of Heaven or deliver you from Purgatory, but I have no power where he has placed you so you must stay where you are.”

Among the frescos of Raphael in the Vatican is the “School of Athens” which I described from the Cartoon, from which this fresco is copied, which I saw at Milan. The Cartoon is much more impressive and effective than the finished picture. I have enquired everywhere for a photograph of the Cartoon but cannot get it.

In one of the halls in the Vatican is an immense battle piece in fresco, the design by Raphael, but executed by his followers, representing the celebrated conflict between Constantine and Maxentius, which took place a few miles from Rome and decided the fate of the Empire. It was then the celebrated vision of the cross with the motto *Ἐν τῷ σταυρῷ*—(I cannot recall the Greek word for conquer which is in the picture) appeared. It is a very spirited work, full of powerful action and of strong contrast as between Constantine calmly and steadily leading on his forces, mounted on a horse which moves majestically onward, and Maxentius struggling in the Tiber, his horse making frantic efforts to ascend the bank. There is one horse in the picture which is the highest expression of energetic action in the midst of the fight; while in a corner near is a veteran stooping to raise the

head of a dying youth. This picture though designed by Raphael was executed in fresco by his pupils. In one of the rooms are three pictures only; considered the greatest in the world: Raphael's Transfiguration, with which you are all familiar from photographs and engravings; the Madonna Foligno so called from its having been the property of a convent at Foligno; and the Last Communion of St. Jerome by Domenichino. I think the last the best; St. Jerome old and emaciated by long fasts and vigils, and barely clothed, kneels and is supported by several devotees, while St. Ephraem Syrus, in the rich garb of a Greek Bishop, stands offering him the symbols. Attitude, colour, and expression are all in strong contrast; and I think it one of the highest works of art. This picture too has a story. The monks for whom it was painted quarrelled with Domenichino and put the picture away in a corner and sometime after applied to N. Poussin to paint an altar piece for them, offering to supply the Canvass, and sent him this picture to be painted on. He recognized its superior value and refused to destroy it, and it is confessedly without a rival.

You will I fear wish I had not taken the homœopathic dose in art. So I will relieve you by assuring you we have now done with pictures and shall hereafter confine myself to Ruins and Statues till we leave Rome which will be probably on Thursday next. We have much to engage our attention still here. I send an *adiantum* from the Coliseum, hoping it has some spores which may grow.

With ever growing affection for you all.

Your loving father,

CASPAR MORRIS.

ROME, November 14, 1871.

My Dear Children:

As the time for leaving here approaches I feel as though *one great* object of our excursion were being *accomplished* and almost as though I had been to some distant planet and were about to return again to our old sphere, the Earth. To have looked on the effigies of Romans, and the ruins, even, of their palaces and senate chambers; to have stood on the very pavement where stood Virginius, and Coriolanus and Regulus, and Brutus, and Pompey, and Julius Cæsar (the pavement now just uncovered in the Forum looks old enough to have been trod on by them); to have entered the house of Mæcenas and journeyed through the regions governed by those "*Atavi reges*" from whom he sprang,—*Atavi*, before Romulus and Remus drew their ferocity from the breasts of the Wolf of Alba—to have laid one's hand on the very bronze figure which transmitted from one generation of *Republican* Romans to another the *Myth* on which they so prided themselves, and which did so much to form and mould their character; to have trodden the Via Triumphalis, still paved with the same enduring

stones which resisted the hoofs of triumphant Consuls and Emperors, or were moistened by the blood and tears of captive foes, worthy of the prowess which had overwhelmed their resistance (often noble, if unsuccessful); to have driven over the roads travelled by Horace, and Virgil, and Mæcenas, and looked on the grand views which kindled their enthusiasm; to have stood on the very Mosaic pavement on which they may have sat, in the halls of that friend, so lovingly addressed as "*præsidium et dulce decus meum*," (we were in the house of Mæcenas, the Mosaic floor still perfect); to have wandered by the shores of that *Flavus Tiber* still rolling his muddy, very muddy, waters through the same channels as those whose restraint he overleaped when Proteus drove his flock to unused resting places among the branches which were the natural haunts of birds of the air, rather than of the fishes of the stream: "*Omne pecus egit, visere montes.*" Caspar and Effingham can translate the ode beginning, "*Jam satis terras*," which I remember puzzled me somewhat when I was their age, but which I can now understand, being on the spot and seeing marked on the walls *above our heads* as we ride about "Diluvione 1870," proving that it was no poetic exaggeration which spoke of "the fishes sticking in the trees," and the overthrow of the Temple of Vesta.

15th, evening.

I had written to the bottom of the other page early yesterday morning. The fatigue of two days of steady *driving through* the halls of the Vatican, under the pressure of being told "Sir, you cannot stop"; "you must go on"; "there are *more* interesting things before"; "you will never get through at this rate"; till one begins to wish there *were nothing more interesting* that one might be allowed to enjoy the comparatively *uninteresting* things which absorbs the present interest. This fatigue has brought me down from all rhetorical flights, so *flat* that I have not been able even to *plod on* with any description of Rome as it is, much less to soar among figures of Rome as *it was*. And now having been *dragged* out of the carriage on our return from our farewell visit to that treasure house of Statuary, and MSS. and records of antiquity—and having taken some hours "rest in sleep,"—I resume my letter, only to say that where so much is to be told nothing can be said.

In the Egyptian Hall we have been taking preliminary lessons in Hieroglyphics, among Mummies and *Sarcophagi*, and colossal figures in Porphyry and Basalt, which can scarcely be included in the idea of things in heaven above or in the earth beneath, so *monstrous* are they in form. In addition to the large number which are genuine, there is one hall filled with imitations, which were found in the Villa of the Emperor Hadrian, and which he had made for a memorial of his visit to Egypt. It is easy to distinguish them from the true.

There was one bronze vessel found in a tomb with the inscription as fresh as if made yesterday. Even these however were less interesting, to me, than the immense Etruscan Collection which fills hall after hall with its wondrous Vases, and Urns, and *Sarcophagi* and Jewelry, and household implements; which a life time would not suffice to describe in detail. They excite wonder even after having seen the remains I have already alluded to in previous letters. On many of the patera and vases are representations of scenes and implements, which are so accordant with modern habits that it is difficult to believe they have been buried some 3000 years. One scene arrested my attention. A female figure appears at a window, below which stand two male figures, one with a light the other with a ladder, which he is about to place against the wall. Another represents a woman filling a smaller bottle from a larger, using a modern funnel. Another represents a gentleman lying on a couch fearfully sick, while his wife stands by his side and supports his head. Most of the figures are Mythological; or illustrative of games and races and gladiatorial shows.

Not the least interesting objects were *glass* dishes and vases and bottles, disinterred from these old tombs, made in the same manner as the modern antique glassware we saw them producing at the works of Salviati in Venice a few weeks ago—patterns, shapes, colors, *all the same*.

The Etruscan race was extinct as a nation untold ages since. If they had a literature the only remains are the illegible inscriptions on their tombs and cinerary urns. One race after another—Greek, Roman, Goth, and Vandal,—has occupied their seats; through them all this art has been transmitted unimproved to our day, and I might pass the little bottle your mother has in her trunk for an Etruscan relic, if it were but dimmed a little by some rubbing with emery, and a short deposit underground. So on some of the Vases are figures called Ulysses and Agamemnon playing at a game over which more broils have their origin in Rome *to-day* than in any other cause. In one of the rooms is a *bronze* bier or funeral couch with six legs, looking much like a modern iron bedstead. There is a figure of a boy seated on a horse which is perfect in its proportions, and proves *they knew how to sit a horse*. In the case containing gold jewelry are female ornaments for the head and fingers, which would be now prized as much for their beauty as for their antiquity; and glass beads of very many patterns and colors, formed into necklaces, bracelets, and armlets. Some of the chains are so flexible that one may still fold them up as one would a silk cord.

17th.

Among the *Sarcophagi* in the Vatican museum is one of Scipio Barbatus which was taken from the Tomb of the Scipios on the Appian Way just without the gate of the wall of Aurelian. It is perfect and there is no question about its genuineness and antiquity; dating at

the time of the Republic. He was the great grandfather of the Scipio whose conquest of Carthage gained him the name of Africanus. The Sarcophagus was opened in 1781, and a distinguished antiquarian who was present says "The skeleton was entire and on one of the fingers was a ring, which the Pope gave to me." He gave it to one of the English nobles, I forget which. His descendants still have the ring. The bones crumbled into dust. The Sarcophagus is a large, brown stone chest, with rude sculpture. I stood yesterday at the gate of the tomb from which it had been taken. A solid arch with two columns, one at either side above and around a mole of brick and stone and cement: the exterior coat of marble or stone, having either been used for other buildings, or wasted before the corrosion of time and weather. Before me stretched the Appian Way, straight as the flight of an arrow, visible at least twenty miles as it crossed the plain of the Campagna, and then lay over the top of the mountains, and thence straight on, toward the southern parts of Italy even to Brundisium. By this way Horace journeyed as he has recorded in his well known epistle; and by it the great apostle of the Gentiles came under guard of soldiers, "in bonds for the Gospel" to accomplish the Divine purpose by which he was sent "to the Gentiles," and which prepared the way for his labour by giving him favour with "Julius the Centurion," who having saved the other prisoners from the slaughter to which they were adjudged by the soldiers (who in those days had generally everything their own way), was doubtless strengthened in his "desire to spare Paul" by the miracles he witnessed in the house of Publius, and among the people of Melita. Having allowed him "to tarry at Puteoli seven days with the brethren" he brought him along this Appian Way to Rome, where he was suffered to dwell by himself with a soldier that kept him receiving all that came to him. How wondrous are God's ways! Paul had designed "to preach the Gospel to them in Rome" but who should open him a way to "them of Cæsar's household?" I never before realized the difficulty. It is difficult to get access to the house of modern sovereigns, but these ruins of Cæsar's Palaces, so gigantic and imposing, tell us that provincial "citizen" though he were, Paul would find little opportunity for entrance there; much less for the introduction of a faith regarded as a contemptible sect by the Jews themselves, who said "it is everywhere spoken against" while *they* were considered by the Philosophers and Poets and Historians of the day so superstitious, that the name Jew was adopted as the symbol of credulity ("Credat Judæus") and they were soon after commanded all to depart from the Imperial City as unworthy to reside there, except in slavery.

A furious mob, in their blind rage, arouse the pride of the Captain of the Temple, who with no other design than to maintain the dignity of Roman rule, rescues, he knows not whom, from their fury. Their wicked and treacherous purpose to take Paul's life by subtlety

excites his interest in their victim, and leads him to place him out of their reach. The "hope that money would be given him" induces the corrupt Governor to keep Paul bound, until that Wisdom of God which is ordering all things to accomplish His own purposes, brings Felix and Festus and Agrippa, each in his appropriate sphere, to combine to bring about that, "*I appeal unto Cæsar*"; which was the hinge on which turned such great events, by which the way was opened to Cæsar's household.

As I have walked amid these ruins, and during the night watches have meditated on my bed over their magnificence in decay, I have gone back still further to the scene on the Mount over against the treasury of the Temple of Jerusalem, when the disciples said to our Lord "what manner of buildings are here." His reply, that the time was coming in which there should not "be left one stone upon another," might with equal propriety have been applied to the Palace of the Cæsars, though not then built. Its shapeless ruin serves only now to show how inconceivably grand it must have been. Spoiled kingdoms, ruined provinces, rifled temples, beggared peoples, each contributed to swell the enormous pile, and covered it with polished marble, ornamental stuccoes and frescos, and wondrous mosaic floors; and to fill these niches and arches, and recesses, with marble and bronze statues of heroes and gods, and treasures of skill, "graven by art and man's device." They now stand, the piles themselves shapeless masses, and their treasures broken and distorted ruins of beauty, to read us a solemn lesson.

Who in the day of their glory would not, with the disciples on the mount, have associated with their overthrow "the end of the world?" That end has not yet come—*will it ever come?* So surely as these ruins stand, mute yet eloquent witnesses of the just judgment of God on those who forget and deny Him, so surely shall that day come with regard to which we so frequently utter the prayer that "the stewards and ministers of God's word may prepare and make ready the way, that at His second coming to judge the world we may be found an acceptable people in His sight—" and it will add to our condemnation if we who now roam amid this decay, fail to lay to heart the deep and solemn sound which issues like the still small voice of the cave of Carmel, with a power greater than that of rushing winds or rumbling earthquakes, or reverberating thunder, telling us that "Heaven and earth may pass away but the word of Him who made them shall not pass away"; and bidding us prepare to meet Him when He shall come to judge the earth and to prepare new Heavens and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness. If righteousness dwell there no one who is *unrighteous* can partake of its joys. May we be found of Him in peace in that day, without spot and blameless. *Are any of us so now?*

Surely St. Paul told "them of Cæsar's household" that he counted all the righteousness *he had* by the obedience he had rendered to the law, "but dung, that he might win Christ" and be found in Him, "not having on *his own* righteousness which is of the law, but that which is by faith" even the righteousness of Christ which is *unto all* and *upon* all them that believe. He that hath "this righteousness of faith" will surely "strive so to walk as He walked"; "his faith working by love and *purifying the heart.*"

We are soon to place another sea between ourselves and you, whom we so love; and to pass beyond the limits of the frequent intercourse we have thus far enjoyed. It will still be our prayer that one and all, from the youngest infant to the oldest son, our family may be kept by "the power of God through faith unto salvation." This going further away is a very sore thing to do and I often shrink from it. But it would be unwise to return now. I think I see a progress in the attainment of the object which brought us to this side the Atlantic and fear it would be imperfectly attained were we to stop here or return. Your uncle and aunt are both better;—endure more fatigue than I can;—and appear to enjoy themselves greatly.

Your mother is most wondrously supported and really is a spring of life and joy to the whole party. She and I spare ourselves as much as possible without interfering with the plans of the others. She did enjoy the ride on the Appian Way yesterday delightfully. We did not go beyond about eight or ten miles from the walls, beyond the tomb of Cæcillia Metella and the Circus of Maxentius.

The entire route for thirty miles is lined by a continuous mass of ruined tombs standing side by side like the houses on one of our city streets. A city of the dead; the rich and great and noble dead. In holes and pits near the tombs of their masters lie the masses of undistinguished and undistinguishable remains of their slaves—by tens of thousands—equally awaiting the call of the Archangel and the trump of God, together with the blessed company of the martyrs whose ashes lie in the catacombs by which we passed. What a surging multitude shall people this vast waste!

By the way, I am thus reminded of the feeble and childish attempt of Michael Angelo to portray the last judgment on the wall of the Sistine Chapel in the Vatican. It can have no other influence than to strengthen the natural unbelief of the corrupt heart and to excite the disgust of every believer in the solemn truth that, "God hath appointed a day in which He will judge the world by that man whom He hath appointed"; and I almost wonder that the Popes who did attempt some improvement, did not obliterate the entire blasphemous conceit. The truth is I have lost all respect, even for his artistic power. His Moses is a plain plagiarism, as to the *head*, from an antique figure of the River Nile; and the arm, which from its attitude should be in perfect repose, has the strong muscular contrac-

tion of a great effort. The dome of St. Peter's is as he said "the Pantheon raised in the air." His "night and morning," and "dawn and twilight," at Florence are mere masses of heavy marble, without a particle of that life of soul which beams out of the bass-reliefs of Thorwaldsen. And unless his features, as transmitted to us by his own hand, fail to speak the character which wrought within, and "*does make the body speak*," he was not the great man so idolized by lovers of Art. All this may be superficial judgment. I have never read his life except in the works I have seen, but they have disappointed me.

A few days since I spent an hour in the studio of our fellow townsman and *old neighbour* Buchanan Read. He has some beautiful pictures. One, "Abou Adhem's dream of the angel's visit," is a poem on canvas. The "Marys at the Sepulchre" with light beaming from the open tomb on the angel who sits there, himself shedding a softer light, is a very fine conception and the execution beautiful. The "Angels appearing to the shepherds," and "Suddenly there was a host," is admirable, shepherds and sheep as well as angels. The light of the little fire, and the angelic glory, the adoring awestruck wonder of the shepherds, and the calm joy of the angels, furnishing fine contrasts. He has been offered \$5000 for the Abou Adhem by a Californian, and has sold the Christmas picture to a Mr. Christman of Brooklyn. The "Angels" and "Marys at the tomb" have not been purchased. I wish they could come to Philadelphia. He has a very fine "Sheridan's ride" for sale.

Your loving father,

CASPAR MORRIS.

NAPLES, November 18, 1871.

My Dear Children :

We left Rome this morning feeling very sad at the thought of going further from you. I have always thought of the Apennine Range as the wall of division between the East and the West, and though we still have that barrier beyond us, we have taken the step which involves the necessity that the next should be across. That is what we came here for so, as we used to say as children in the great bath tub beside the creek at Green Hill, "warning once, warning twice, here we go" ; and took our plunge. This figure has not been inappropriate to-day. It has rained, is raining, and threatens to rain more. I have rarely known a more unintermitting fall than we have had ever since we left Rome until about one hour before we reached here, when the sun broke out enough to furnish a most glorious bow on the cloud just as we entered the "Campagna Felica ;" so well named. It is a beautiful and fertile vale into which we enter at Capua, and we could not wonder

that Hannibal wintered his forces here, nor that they preferred its delights to the hardships of Alpine passes or lost, amid orange groves and vineyards, the determination which gained the victory at Trasimene and enabled them to limit the Roman power to the narrow circuit of its own walls.

The journey has been through a district rich in historical associations. We passed across the Campagna Romana; beside its aqueducts, some still supplying precious water to the fountains of the "Eternal City"; some standing like great skeletons in magnificent decay, telling the story of fallen greatness. The wide expanse is dotted with masses of ruined brickwork; tombs, temples and palaces; the remains of that great city of more than 2,000,000 inhabitants, which has been reduced to 200,000. The fertility of the soil remains, but not a habitable dwelling is to be seen till we approach Albano on the first outlying spur of the Apennine range, along which the road ran all the way. The valleys are cultivated, the hills crowned with Castles and Monasteries and Cities; the miserable wrecks of Veientian and Samnite towns, retaining the same names nearly, and often honoured by ruins of their aboriginal glory.

Wheat seems to be the staple production and the fields are brilliantly green with the young growth. Here and there the road lay so high that we got into the range of olive and grape culture for short distances. Much of the distance the railroad excavations exposed a layer of lava a few feet beneath the surface, and the rocks were generally of Volcanic origin, though an occasional vein of marble would protrude. A bright day would have rendered the entire ride charming. After we crossed the Vulturinus and emerged from the valley between the Volscian and Veientian hills, the sun emerged from the dense pall of cloud, cast a glorious bow from mountain to mountain, and revealed the *iron clad* range beyond in glittering brightness; while *orange trees loaded* with golden fruit, directly on the road side, assured us that the frost never ventured from its mountain recesses into these plains, an assurance we required for our comfort, since we were sitting in the car with all the windows closed not only dressed in the warmest winter clothing, but wrapped in all our blanket shawls; and *cold* with that. It was a strange combination of incongruous elements.

It was *dusk* when we reached the environs of Naples, and I was not able to convince some of the party that the very modest hill which rose beside our way with a veil of vapour about its brow, was the Vesuvius of which they had read so much, and *imagined* so much more; and it was only when they found there was nothing higher or more formidable looking, that they yielded a reluctant assent, and abandoned their hopes and fears. They certainly did *hope* to be *terrified* by "Chimeras dire." We have yet, of course, seen nothing but the splendid well lighted shops which lined the streets through which we drove from the railroad depot to the Hotel des Etats Unis, which lies at

the extreme opposite end of the town. It was like the drive through London, we thought we should never get here. Our parlour overlooks the bay, so universally acknowledged to be the most beautiful in the World, and will enable us to enjoy the sunsets should the cloudy weather terminate during our stay here, which we have decided to limit to one week in order to have the greater fulness of the Nile, which is already nearly at its highest, and falls rapidly.

Among other interesting visits made at Rome one was to the studio of an American artist named Tilton who spent last winter on the Nile and exhibited to us his portfolio of drawings made on the spot. They are his studies from which he paints to order pictures of great beauty. We saw some on his easel which made us quite covetous. He estimates his drawings at thousands each, and their beauty justifies it. He advised us to go immediately as every day's delay diminished our comfort in the voyage.

21st.

The 20th we spent quietly as possible, going twice to church ; in the morning to that of the Scotch mission, and in the afternoon I alone to the English church, more distant ; in both edified, in the last comforted by a sermon on the loving kindness and power of Jesus, from the text "I am the resurrection and the Life" ; not will be, but *am now*. If He lives in us now in resurrection power giving us newness of life, we need not fear to trust Him in the hour of death and the day of Judgment ; may such be the happy experience of each of us at home and abroad.

I was obliged on my way to pass what I then thought the place most confounding of all confounded places since the day of the dispersion at Babel, the Chiaja. crowded with every kind and class of vehicle, carrying representatives of every grade of human life, from the ragged beggar to the noble prince, all driving at the utmost speed of their several animals from donkeys and ponies to splendid turnouts.

The bay spread its calm bosom to the soft light. Capri reared its huge misshapen rocks in the midst, looking as though it were still the residence of the gloomy Tiberius, surrounded by voluptuous beauty even in the midst of his morose withdrawal from the duties of Empire. Misenum thrust itself out into the blue Tyrrhenian Sea on the one side, and Vesuvius raised its cone, capped with sulphurous vapour on the other. The entire circuit of the shore was lined with houses which in the distance looked beautiful, while the heights above were covered with villas and gardens. Such, only more thickly peopled, more highly ornamented with costly temples and gorgeous palaces, it was on that August day, nearly 2000 years ago, whose morrow was ushered in by the wail of lamentation over buried homes and lost loved ones ; while dark clouds of ashes still obscured the sun, and

thundering noises and frightful oscillations of the earth asserted the unexhausted power to destroy which still threatened to overwhelm those who had escaped the living burial of so many.

On our way to the disinterred remains of Pompeii we passed through the "Piazza Lazaroni" with its teeming thousands, its crowding donkey carts, its cracking whips, its market, its cook-shops, its money changers' stalls, its scribes, its jests and its laughter; where everything betokens poverty and gloom, its children licking from the stones of the street that which had been dropped by some careless passer, all jostling each other like so many ants around their hill and what with the cries of the several venders of their various wares, the bandied jokes of the jostling crowd, the cracking of the whips of the drivers (they are wondrously skilful in cracking loud and long and frequently), it was enough to fill our hearts with sadness at the thought of so many immortals, ignorant and unmindful of their responsibility, and with wonder at the power of endurance which man possesses. How do the children survive and live and thus keep up this hive from age to age? I shall leave Pompeii till another letter.

Your loving father,

CASPAR MORRIS.

NAPLES, Nov. 21, 1871.

My Dear Children:

Here am I seated in a window opening on to the bay, catching the last beams of the parting sun, while your mother and the other members of the party rest themselves from an afternoon drive. I declined going, as the object was merely to see the people of Naples on a fête day, and I was convinced that would not compensate for the weariness of sitting to be driven around the same circle. Their experience confirms my judgment; though your mother says the first impression was very striking, but much the same as that I saw in the Chiaja on my return from church on Sunday.

This morning we drove along the Chiaja to the tunnel through Mount Posilipus; and through that most ancient excavation to the Lake Agnano, evidently the crater of an extinct volcano. The tunnel is half a mile long; cut through *hard lava* and must have been a work of great labour as we have no record of the time at which it was made and suppose that those who executed it had no knowledge of any explosive material, and must have accomplished it by dint of patient cutting with picks and chisels. It is lofty, and wide enough to permit carriages to pass each other readily. The view across the bay, terminated by snow clad mountains, everything being excluded but those points which were immediately opposite the end of the tunnel, was very impressive. At Lake Agnano there are caves in the lava

hill, the sides of which are so *hot* that my fingers smarted for hours after having thoughtlessly thrust them into a crevice; and we found it impossible to remain long in them. The openings in the roof, like chimneys, carried out the heated vapour which was condensed as it reached the open cool air, while the sides of the caves are encrusted with sulphur. Though we have dined since, the taste still adheres to my mouth. Stamping on the floor makes the whole ground shake; and gives a hollow resonance, proving that we stand on the vault formed over a vast Volcano, which though dormant now, is not extinguished; and mephitic gases exude from chasms in the earth at various places. One was long celebrated as the "*grotto del cane*," into which it was the habit of guides to thrust hapless dogs till they were suffocated by the carbonic acid gas and then resuscitate them by dragging them into the fresh air.

In returning we drove across the promontory called Posilipo, and enjoyed the unrivalled beauty of the view. It may well be called unrivalled even now, and I do not wonder at the old Grecian, *long before the days of Roman conquest*, who gave his villa here the name of Pausilypon, said to mean "Beyond trouble"; from which the modern name is derived. Where else can one look at the same moment on the broad blue sea, across the smoking volcano to the ranges of snow clad mountains, the intervening country filled with vineyards and gardens; and the entire circuit of shore covered with beautiful villas? Naples itself rising tier above tier at the one side, while on the other Capri and Ischia and Procida lift their picturesque rocks from the blue sea, studded with the sails and smoking steam pipes of vessels coming and going.

As Magna Græcia this Southern Italy was one of the great centres of civilization in the earliest periods of human history; and in the golden age of Rome it was the chosen resort of her nobles and princes and poets and philosophers. Virgil is said to have written his *Æneid* in this neighbourhood; and Augustus to have frequented its beautiful retreats. Near the sight of Virgil's supposed residence stands a modern villa surrounded by beautiful gardens and trees, called "*Mon Caprice*," of which I said as we passed it, "what a delightful spot!" I never saw one so modest yet so attractive in itself and in its outlook.

Yesterday we spent in visiting Pompeii. We drove to it as I mentioned in my last, through the most densely populated and especially *Neapolitan* part of Naples. The road lay along the margin of the bay passing above Herculaneum and skirting the foot of Vesuvius. It is one continuous line of dwellings, some of them palaces, some churches; more of them houses consisting of one room, an arched vault with a door. This stands open all day and *all the* pursuits of life are carried forward at its entrance or on the road side. Some of the palaces and large residences have ranges of dwellings of this kind on

the level of the street. I mention this now as it will enable you the better to understand the ruins of Pompeii.

Vesuvius had not been an active Volcano at any previous known period, and in the year 34 after the birth of our Lord the entire district lying between its base and the sea was densely peopled and cultivated and occupied by three large cities, Pompeii, Herculaneum, and Stabiae. In that year violent earthquakes shook them all and ruined many of the houses and temples and theatres. This devastation was being repaired when in the year 79 in the month of August, the day was obscured by the immense amount of ashes suddenly thrown out of the summit of Vesuvius, which was then cultivated on all its sides, and crowned with villas on its summit. The Roman fleet then lay at anchor in the harbour of Misenum, at the opposite side of the bay, under command of the Elder Pliny,—the Naturalist. It is years since I read the letters of his nephew, Pliny the younger, in which he describes to his friend Tacitus, the historian, the terrible scene, but it is vividly impressed on my memory and as I now visit the spot comes clearly before me.

Ages passed by, Pliny was not read in Italy; Scoria lava, and ashes covered the cities and villas and vineyards; and new towns and vineyards were planted on the soil slowly formed out of the disintegrated molten stones vomited forth from the mountain. In digging a well in his vineyard a simple rustic opened into the buried town and dug up statues when he sought for water. I do not remember precisely the period but at various times since, the town has been explored and now it lies once more in the light of day, and we saw yesterday one of its mansions being emptied of its ashes which had lain in it nearly 2000 years. Many men and boys were busy with shovels and baskets removing the accumulation and three or four chambers were opening as we stood there, the walls as clean and fresh as though they had been occupied; and covered with rich and beautiful frescos of animals and birds. We have seen none better in all our visits to the works of the masters. The birds were flying, the animals browsing. There was an elephant, a buffalo, a cow, a goat, a peacock life sized and with a beautiful and graceful tail, monkeys. The walls were colored deep purple and divided into compartments by festoons and wreaths of beautiful flowers, looking fresh and wonderfully well drawn. It must have been the residence of taste and affluence.

We had sauntered for hours along the well paved streets still marked deeply in ruts worn by the carriage wheels, crossed at many places by raised stepping stones like those of Baltimore, only many times larger and more convenient; and skirted by well curbed footways. We had stopped in wine shops (one of which has some dozen or more Amphora or earthen wine casks, each holding a barrel, still standing with the maker's name *clearly* stamped on the edge) looking as fresh as though they had been made recently; and baker's shops and

cook shops; we had wandered amid the columns of their temples and stood on the beautiful mosaic floors of their baths, and admired the luxurious arrangements for their frequenters; but nothing was so beautiful as this, *the last house* they have emptied of the dust of ages. In many of the others the figures and ornaments are such as prove the moral debasement of heathenism. In this there is nothing to offend the most fastidious taste. Wine shops were at many street corners; and so were fountains, the edges of the stone worn into depressions by the friction of the vessels which had been dipped into them.

One house, the villa of Diomedes was very extensive, and must have enjoyed a beautiful view from its pillared court yard, while the extensive cellars beneath, with the wine jars still standing in rows proving the purpose to which it was appropriated, shows that the occupant was a hospitable citizen. Tombs are near; on one of which is recorded the name of a priest, and on another the name of Domitia and the simple story "Vix XII annos Vixit."

But few remains of the inhabitants have been found; which is accounted for by the known fact that there was a fall of ashes of some foot deep which preceded the great and overwhelming shower; thus giving warning to the population, most of whom escaped from the town though they may have been overtaken in the fields. Some skeletons were found in various houses, and positions; and are still shown in one of the rooms which is filled with jars and vases and pans and lamps and braziers and various household implements. There are many loaves of bread which were found in the Bakers' shop, just the same shape and size as those that are put on our table here to-day. But most of the articles found are removed to the Museum to which we shall go to-morrow and the next day if nothing prevents. You may find it interesting to look at the book on Pompeii which used to be on the table.

Your loving father,

CASPAR MORRIS.

We have taken passage from this port to Alexandria to sail on Tuesday next stopping at Messina.

NAPLES, November 27, 1871.

My Dear Brother: (Galloway Cheston)

The crowding events of travel and visiting objects of interest do not expel from our minds or hearts those we have left at home nor prevent our taking a lively interest in all that concerns them. Our letters last evening have occasioned us much solicitude on your account and dear Margaret, knowing as we well do how keenly you sympathize with the trials of others and how heavy a load rests upon you. Cheston in his letter mentions that he was about going to the Hospital to visit

“ Young James Carey ” who was there, a patient. This leaves us in doubt as to the exact person thus afflicted. His allusion to the similarity of the case to that of Frank Murray would cause us to apprehend it may be your neighbor, but the term young would appear to exclude him and reduce it to his son or George's. It is a sore affliction be it which it may and we shall look with anxiety for further news at Cairo where we hope to find letters in about a week from this time. We have taken our passage for Alexandria in an Italian Steamer of some 2500 tons built last year at Glasgow and running from Leghorn to the East. She is said to be a fast and fine ship and well officered. We have chosen this route for two reasons. In the first place the Railroad trip from here to Brindisi is a long one involving fifteen hours in the cars, leaving here at 9 P. M. and not arriving at Brindisi till 12 or 1 P. M. next day, without stopping. It is very cold crossing the mountains and the cars are poor and dirty. Then while the accommodations are said to be good on the Italian line, the cost is only half that on the Peninsular and Oriental Company's line. Again, we reach Brindisi not knowing how full the steamer might be with passengers going all the way to India, who of course have the preference over way passengers, and as Brindisi is the last stopping place there is risk we might have imperfect accommodation.

A heavy storm which has been raging two days has caused a very heavy swell in the bay so that we suppose it may be very rough outside. I shrink from the sea; especially as it carries us further from home, and requires to be crossed again on our return, as the sanitary state of Constantinople is such that we must abandon our purpose of returning by that way. I believe the object we had before us in the journey is being accomplished and hope if we are favored to return to our homes we may be thankful for having ventured. We have enjoyed much pleasure and endured many toils and I feel daily that the term of our earthly pilgrimage cannot be far distant. In looking back I find everything to be forgiven and I pray for more faith to realize more fully the blessed truth that “ He hath borne our sins in His own body on the tree ”—and to exercise an abiding faith in the full perfect and sufficient satisfaction and atonement made for the sins of the world. Knowing the corruption of my own nature I feel anxious that my children, and children's children may be “ *kept*,” “ in the world,” “ from the evil that is in the world ” and would fain help them all I may, but God will provide the best means for the end, and I endeavor to trust His mercy truth and grace.

Anne and I certainly endure much more fatigue than I had thought possible for either of us. We do not go all lengths with some of the party. We did not drive up Vesuvius and, as all the others did, we are sometimes tantalized by reports of weird and awful grandeur of the immense ocean of lava which lies mile after mile thrown into strange contortions by the successive surging force of the molten

streams as they spouted out and ran over each other. We did visit the old crater, known as the Solfatara, and another, now a marshy lake, with caves beside it so hot from the volcanic fire beneath that you cannot bear your hand upon the wall. In the Solfatara there is still an opening of considerable size sending out a continuous flow of vapor so hot that one cannot put one's hand near it, and a stone thrown on the soil gives a hollow reverberating sound so closely resembling a subterranean explosion that I took it to be such.

The temple of Serapis was a massive structure which has been submerged and elevated again, and is now again slowly sinking in the water of the bay ; and a mound of some hundreds of feet perpendicular elevation was raised in a few hours some three centuries since. Everything around is volcanic.

The crowd of people here is wonderful. It is like a great ant hill. I am oppressed by a feeling of their wretchedly ignorant condition. They seem to enjoy their life like the animals. They live in cave-like dwellings with no fire places and no windows. The door admits light and permits them egress to the street in which all the domestic duties and all the pursuits of the artisan are carried forward. At night they must lie down in squads. We see as we pass, the bedding piled against the wall, where there is any. This remark is of course applicable only to the humbler classes.

The residences of the affluent are grand and beautiful. But everything sunk into insignificance when contrasted with those which have been exhumed from the tomb in which they have been so many centuries. The beauty of the ornamentation, and of the various works of statuary they contained are beyond description. I feel loth to tear myself away with so superficial an observation as our ten days stay has permitted. Yet it is very fatiguing work to stand hour after hour among marbles and bronzes and mosaics and frescos, each vying in beauty with the other. Then there are hall after hall of hundreds of feet long, filled with instruments and implements of daily use ; illustrating perfectly the habits of the people. Their overthrow was entire.

In the Amphitheatre at Puteoli, capable of seating some 30,000 persons, the mason work of the lower story is almost entire ; its arches cracked in some places, but still entire, looking so fresh that one can scarcely credit the assertion that they have been buried for centuries. Yet there lie the heaps which have been dug out of them, and there are still portions filled up, as those now open were. About the cleared spaces lie immense broken marble columns, large as those of our capitol, and we see their ends and angles protruding from the mass which fills to the top the yet unexcavated arches. By what force were these columns carried into these arches and the arches thus packed full? Wistar and I have endeavored in vain to solve the mystery. There they lie ; there are the arches, above which they

stood, still unbroken, and beneath them packed in Volcanic matter, the columns, weighing tons.

2 P. M.

The weather is finer than it has been since our arrival and we have enjoyed a drive to the heights overlooking the town. The trees have lost their foliage except the orange and lemon. The air is fresh and the sun warm. The entire population crowding the streets. It is the most crowded and noisy place we have yet been in. We shall long to hear from you and hope you may be able to give us good accounts of Margaret and Mary Ellen.

Give our love to the one and remember us most kindly to the other.

Yours affectionately and gratefully,

CASPAR MORRIS.

BAY OF NAPLES, 6 P. M.

Tuesday November 28, 1871.

Mr. Rhen has just come in and says give my love to Cheston and my kind regards to his wife, and also to your uncle Israel.

My Dear Children :

You none of you can appreciate you mother. You must have seen her within the last few hours to be able to do so. Cheerful and bright herself, giving light and life to all around her in the midst of discouraging and disagreeable circumstances. We are here at anchor when we had every reason to suppose we should have been half way to Messina. I made inquiry, in company with Mr. Rhen, not only of the agents but of the clergyman resident here, and received accounts of the character of the line (which starts from Genoa, stops at Leghorn, and this place, and Messina, and Alexandria, and on to Bombay), so satisfactory that neither your uncle nor myself had any hesitation in giving the decision in favour of this in preference to that by Brindisi, which involved a night and day journey by railroad without stopping ; across the mountains and in poor cars. The early hours of the morning were dawdled away because we were afraid to leave the hotel as we had been notified to be on board the "Persia" at 12 M. She lay in the harbour some distance from the mole. We left at 11 A. M. and in two boats were rowed out to her. You know your mother's aversion to such things and may judge how thankful I was to get her safely on board without any disturbance of her feelings. As we approached the steamer I saw her surrounded by a crowd of lighters laden with bales of hay, boxes of macaroni, casks and merchandise, bags and bales of every description, and a large number heavily laden with dressed stones for pavement. I said at once they could not take it aboard and

sail for several hours even with the two donkey engines which were actively engaged in taking it in. When we reached the deck we found others had the same idea for there was a regular bazaar opened for the sale of cameo and lava and coral jewelry, gloves, matches, etc., and soon a blind beggar, with two little girls and their guitars, boarded us and began a performance for the relief of the passengers who crowded the deck. There were English, Americans, Germans, Italians and Turks in the chief cabin. In the second and third class saloons a motley crowd of men, women and children, and as we sat at dinner just now we had very frequent evidence that there was a strong representation of the insect world such as I had been accustomed to combat on my voyage from Calcutta, proving very *unsatisfactorily* that she had made at least one voyage to the peninsular of hither India. Well! I have noticed that the sound of the donkey's braying had altered much since I began to write, and just now 6½ P. M. your mother sends me word "the anchor is weighed" so we are started at last. The agents when we took our passage assured us there was no occasion for anxiety about accommodation as there was ample first saloon accommodation for sixty passengers. When we got on board we found no captain, but the steward told us every state room was full! We were in a straight. By some management we secured one saloon or stateroom for the six ladies of the party and one other English lady, and one of the officers gave up his room for your uncle W., Mr. Longstreth and myself, so far as the *aborigines* would recognize the right of transfer by the bipeds. We loitered about the deck watching the process of loading, and talking over our disappointed hopes and encouraging each other in cheerful expectation till 4½ when we were summoned to dinner. Happily we had acted on my suggestion that a bit of bread and some Italian wine would be proper before leaving the hotel, as we might not be able to eat when dinner time arrived. Else we should have been faint before it came, though there was no heaving or rolling of the waves to impair our appetite. It was a good Italian dinner of some eight courses, keeping us occupied until six. The entire company, myself excepted, are now on deck and the undulations of the table warn me that it may be well for me to join them. The moon is just rising and I must take my last look at Naples and Vesuvius and not miss Capri and Sorrento. The paving stones of our cargo will keep the ship steady. They are for the streets of Cairo, Egypt. The Khedive does not spare expense in his efforts for improvements. I fear some of the people who supply the means may kneel, like those who are represented in the vase I described, and vainly declare they have no more to give. Our captain commands respect and confidence by his countenance and bearing, and the engineer, with whom I had several chats, is a highly respectable looking and intelligent Englishman. He tells me that the ships of this line were built at New Castle on Tyne, and that they have been accustomed to send them there for

repair. The strike lately among the engineers and mechanics there has resulted in the establishment of workshops at Genoa for building iron steamers. The Italian government encourages it by admitting the iron for the purpose without duty and it is under the superintendance of English machinists and promises success.

With much love to all.

Yours afft. father,

CASPAR MORRIS.

STRAITS OF MESSENA, Nov. 29, 1871.

The Autochthonous (that is not the name of the natives of the soil) did not demolish us. We did not strip to the contest and were agreeably disappointed at finding we had rested during the night. The morning claimed a tribute to the sea and we still find ourselves the worse for its exactions, though the sea is now smooth and the weather pleasant. We passed Stromboli with its mass of Pumice stone and sulphur, smoking at the top; and now see what we supposed to be Etna on our right and the Calabrian shore on our left. Your mother is lying down to rest. We shall part with our only pleasant fellow passengers, an English gentleman and his wife. (I do not refer to the Rhens, they are for the time as ourselves.) I shall entrust this to them to mail for you. You may make a note not to take passage on Italian Steamers in the Mediterranean if any other can be had. Meats Italian; no stewards; second and third class passengers about the deck eating Macaroni, etc., and the first class passengers not very mindful of elegance in their habits. Ship not so fast as we had expected. We should have been at Messina at twelve. It is now not probable we shall reach there before 4 P. M. But we acted as we thought wisely, hoping to escape a hard land journey. We shall not reach Alexandria before Sunday morning at earliest. It is now Wednesday afternoon. We will only pray for deliverance from storms and safe arrival. Cheston will please give my most grateful remembrance to my many kind friends, and patients, Biddles, Clarks, Halls and others whom I cannot enumerate. We were sorry to hear that Cousin Hannah and Mrs. Ellis had been sick. Our best love to them. Tell Dr. Hartshorne I found his letter valuable and am greatly obliged by his labour in preparing it. Remember me also to Mr. Welsh and if on duty at Hospital to Dr. Knight, Mr. J. C. Cresson, Mr. —— (I cannot recall his name, one of our best managers living on Arch near Sixteenth). You will see the influence of seasickness.

STEAMER "PERSIA," Dec. 2, 1871.

My Dear Children:

That I should be able thus before breakfast to take my seat at a table in the Cabin to write, will, to those of you who have had any experience of sailing, speak more clearly of our comfort than any

elaborate efforts at words. We have the smoothest sea, the purest sky, the balmiest breeze, that ever gave pleasure to the voluptuary. The mate in making an entry in his log yesterday used the date of April. So you see he is somewhat of an enthusiast about the weather, and knows how genial it is. I must add our name to the list of those who have made the vain effort to communicate an idea of the glory of the sunrise here. It is *almost* equal to that from our chamber window at Ivy Neck, where I have so often watched the *deep lake* color of the clouds which curtained the windows of the East, yield to the paler crimson of the living gold, as the horizon on the bay of Chesapeake gradually descended, till, with a bound "rejoicing as a strong man to run his race," the glorious lord of day sprang instantly into view, throwing his horizontal rays into our chamber. Just such was the vision which greeted my eyes. Yesterday we skirted the southern shore of Crete, the land of Minos, and saw its *snow-clad* peaks—Mount Ida I suppose among them. (Ida was the birth place of Jupiter and the home of the gods in Crete, was it not? I am sadly rusty and have no manner of rubbing up.) It is an *inhospitable* shore now; void of a dwelling place for man so far as we can trace it; and we were near enough all day to see them if there had been any. Some parts were so savage and inhospitable that the question was discussed how far it would be a refuge to be desired by any one wrecked, even leaving out of the question the character of the Turkish lords for barbarous cruelty, and the consequent degradation of its poor Greek dwellers. The shore was precipitous and naked except a few poor stunted shrubs clinging here and there to the cliffs.

It is now Saturday morning and we have been on board since noon Tuesday. As you will have inferred from my letter from the roads of Messina, we have had some discomforts; but the smooth seas of yesterday and to-day with the cooling breezes and soft temperature have reconciled us to a lot which, if it did not cause murmurs of discontent, did cause your mother to determine that however loudly we may whistle on the Nile, we were "*paying* for our whistle" *now*. The cabin of the steamer is a fine one, but the peculiarity of our party, having so large a proportion of females has subjected *them* to great discomfort; as the part appropriated to their service does not afford proper space for more than four or five and there are six of them. The English lady who left at Messina made a seventh the first night. Your Uncle and Mr. L. and myself have a very comfortable state-room, but we cannot make any change with your mother and aunts which would not involve still greater discomfort to them than they now have.

We have a careful and skilful engineer and gentlemanly captain; but as the harbour of Alexandria cannot be entered at night, and they thought we could not reach it before six this evening, they are saving coals, and making slow speed, so as to make it at daylight to-morrow.

Meanwhile we have recovered our stomachs enough to tolerate Italian cooking ; take a cup of coffee and a biscuit when we first rise ; a breakfast of courses of meats and macaroni, and fine pears and grapes, with nothing to drink but Italian weak wine at 10 A. M. ; and a *table d' hote* dinner, served in courses, from 5 to 6½ P. M.

Your mother finds her knitting an inexhaustable ally, and I catch from her the virtue of patient resignation, only abridged by a feeling of *repentance* at having subjected *her* to such trials from her love to me. I have often before wondered what could have induced her to accept such offers as I had to make even in the hopeful season of youth, but never before realized so fully how wonderful has been the constancy which endured, notwithstanding the constantly recurring disappointment of those hopes. She is the life and soul of the party, rising above every depressing influence.

We have found the Rhens quite an agreeable addition to our circle, and also a father and son named Morely from Boston, who came on board at Messina and are likely to join the Rhens in a Dahabayah on the Nile. It is delightful to see father and son traveling together ; the son not less than twenty-five years old. Mrs. Morely was left in Rome. She has previously travelled in Turkey and Russia and they are highly cultivated people. The other passengers (there are twenty-four of us in the main cabin) are German, Italian and Swiss ; well behaved people.

There are two other classes of passengers ; one in the stern cabin and another in the forward cabin. This arrangement renders the first class passengers uncomfortable by the intrusion on our deck of some very dirty disagreeable people. But we have decided to make the best of it and be thankful if our Heavenly Father "bring us in safety to the haven where we would be." And O how earnestly do I desire that, not for that only, but for all the unmerited mercies of His Fatherly goodness, our hearts may be duly thankful ; and that not with our lips only, but in our lives we may shew forth the praises of His grace and mercy in Christ Jesus.

There is a feeling of depression comes over me when I think of having turned our backs on those lands which possess the light of the truth, and being about for six months to wander among those who know not the Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ ; and I desire to feel more clearly that *He* is all our salvation and all our desire. No man cometh to the father but by "*me*" is his own testimony at the same time that He warns *us*, "children of the light, and of the day" that "they should come from the east and from the west and sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob in His Kingdom, while the children of that Kingdom shall be *cast out*." We are now the Children of the Kingdom, as the Jews once were. "Are we better than they?" Nay we are all under sin. It is all of grace that no man should boast.

Noon,

Your mother has just resigned her pen and taken her knitting. It is so warm and sunny on deck that we prefer the shade and coolness of the cabin, though most of the passengers are on deck. I have been reading up Murray on Alexandria while she wrote, and find as I had previously thought there is nothing to detain us there, so that on Monday I presume we shall go to Cairo.

Alexandria was once the seat of the largest commerce of the world under the Romans; as under the Ptolomies it had been made the home of science. The luxury and self-indulgence of its inhabitants is exhibited in the pages of Athenæus, a recorder of dinner table talk in the fourth century which is in the library at Ivy Neck, and proves that then as now wealth gives birth to idleness and luxury. The same record; whether read on Egyptian tombs, Etruscan vases, records of table talk of voluptuaries, or the sensational novels of our day. Man is corrupt, eats and drinks and is merry, forgetting the Giver of every good gift, and requires such lessons as that taught by the Egyptian herald who entered the banqueting rooms of their Kings to remind them "Thou too must die." The text in dear Mrs. Cope's book for to-day is apropos. "So teach us to number *our* days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

8 P. M.

A lovely soft evening, with multitudes of stars and a blue sky with here and there a cloud. A large steamer has just met us, probably the Peninsular and Oriental boat which leaves Alexandria on Saturday morning, thus proving that we are within a few hours of our haven. Your grandmother sits besides me closing her sheet and I will just add God bless you all from a pure heart and fervently.

Your loving father,

CASPAR MORRIS.

It just occurs to me that I have not mentioned the *very* peculiar blue of the Mediterranean. Not the deep dark blue of our sea, but an indigo blue. It was very beautiful in contrast with the rocky shores of Crete.

ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT, December 3, 1871.

Lord's Day, morning.

My Dear Children :

When you receive this let it move your hearts in unison with ours at this moment when they overflow with thanksgiving to him who has prospered our journeying thus far. We cannot feel too thankful, nor commit our way too confidently to *His love*. As I sat down and mentioned to your mother the date she said "Dear Tyson's birthday." She afterward expressed a hesitation whether it was third or eighth. It matters not which, this will prove to you all, and to him especially,

how we carry you individually as well as collectively in our hearts wherever we go. We are away from home—we are in *Africa*—we are in *Egypt*! all at once as my eyes rested on the shore it flashed across my mind “The land of plagues”—the land in which the power of God was displayed in wonders; where “He made His power known”—even now it is a wonderful land. What was then its grandeur?

We have landed; I will not now pause to say how, or in what a crowd of Arabs, Turks, Italians, Greeks and Armenians. We have had our trunks *turned out*; and our pockets searched by men with colored faces, turbaned heads, long gowns, and petticoats pinned together at the hem between the akles; and, amid all this, have been put into an *omnibus* in which we have been driven through crowds of donkeys and *camels* to the Hotel de l' Europe, where English speaking men have served us a good honest breakfast of bread and butter, coffee, mutton chop, and fried potatoes; by which our animal nature has been comforted; and now I leave your mother having taken opium camphor, etc., lying on a *divan* to rest, while I go to English Church, amid these Mussulmen in their “den.”

Mid-day.

St. Mark's Church, Alexandria, from which I have just returned is a neat substantial structure and has a settled congregation of English residents, most of them in the service of the Khedive or employed by the P. and O. Steamship Co. There was no service this morning, only morning prayer and the Lord's Supper. Oh, it was so delightful to see a settled homelike congregation of young men and maidens, old men and children “in the house of the Lord,” and to unite with them in public worship and here to “show forth the Lord's death.”

Monday morning, December 4, 1871.

Your mother had taken cold which, together with the discomfort of the berths and other accommodations on the steamer, caused her to be very unwell all day yesterday, requiring liberal use of opium camphor, etc., and rendering it necessary she should be kept quiet; so that neither she nor I saw much of the strange spectacle passing in front of the hotel; a spectacle which can neither be conceived nor described. Everything is strange though we are of course in the Frank quarter. Red caps with long black tassels, cover all the heads; around the greatest number of these are wound white cloths, some larger and some smaller according to the ability of the wearer to buy, and some clean and white, others dirty and ragged; some in loose folds, others rolled first into a rope and then coiled around. These are never removed from the head; respect in the East is shown by the removal of the shoe from the foot, and not of the covering from the head. Hence Moses is directed to take off the shoes from his feet in the presence of the Lord in the burning bush.

Beneath the head the costume varies greatly. All is loose and flowing ; but in shape, and color, and material, there is every variety from pure white to glossy black ; and every condition, from that just put on to the rags which scarce hang together. No idea of shape and style can be given by description. There are loose jackets, many colored bornouses, wide sashes rolled around the body ; but the lower limbs are *all* clothed in loose plaited petticoats sewed together by the hem, leaving on either side a hole just large enough to allow the foot and ankle to pass through.

But few women are on the streets and they of the poorer classes. Their bodies are dressed much as those of the men, but their heads are covered with a hood down to about an inch above the eyebrows. In the middle of the forehead a brass ornament hangs down to the bridge of the nose, on which is suspended a black veil by a stick or rod which runs across the face just below the eyes. Thus the entire forehead and face is covered except the space occupied by the eyes. They carry babies *seated astride* on one shoulder resting their arms on the head of the nurse or mother. The streets swarm with these people.

In front of our window is a large basin with a jet of water. It is amusing, as *our* supply of water is *not* drawn from it, to see men washing their dirty feet, and women the dirty children, while beside them others are kneeling down to drink, and carts are being filled to haul it off for sale in other parts of the town. I have seen them wash and then drink at the same spot.

Mingled with these motley groups of human beings are donkeys with immensely long ears, short legs, and small bodies. Many of them are white—but more, closely shaven, showing a mouse colored skin, and some shaven in *rows* and figures as if tattooed, making them look like pigmy Zebras. A man clothed as I have described, is generally mounted on each donkey sitting *directly over the hips* of the beast ; while behind runs a boy or man urging on the donkey, whose gait is a quick trot or canter so that often the driver runs like one of our old time fireman. I saw a lady riding (European) with a “*syce*” running before her just as I used to have in Calcutta ; always just in advance of the horse no matter what gait the rider chooses. So much for the crowd.

Palm trees rise majestically in sight, and *great trees* of Euphorbia Poinsetta hang their scarlet tips at the end of every branch, forming a very showy ornamental tree.

The arrival at the custom house was a time of great amusement. We had no sooner landed than we were accosted by Dragomen, offering their services ; one telling me he had been with Dr. Newton ; another with Mr. Lehman ; another with Dr. Camac. They had already discovered we were Philadelphians. Mingled with them were custom house officials, in the flowing robes and turbans of the East ; and Othello like complexions. They overhauled our trunks, and bags,

and bundles ; and examined *my* pockets with the most imperturbable gravity, notwithstanding the great amusement we all felt and freely expressed by our laughter as one article after another of female attire was unrolled and left for us to replace in the trunks, as best we could —no trifling undertaking, as you may suppose when I tell you that the packing of *our trunk* had been the work of several hours ; and it was so full as to require my weight on the lid to bring the clasp down to the lock. Your *mother's pockets* escaped inspection ; but the officer looked astonished as he drew the silk hood dear Mellie gave her, out of mine. By the way it has been a *most* valuable gift.

12 M.

We have just returned from a drive of two hours through scenes as varied as the people about the doors of the Hotel. In the Frank quarter are elegant houses, built like the Italian palaces, enclosing court-yards, entered by an arch way, with offices on the ground floor and elegant apartments.

In the Arab quarter the houses are one storied, with flat roofs and no windows ; crowded together like the cells in the honey comb. Intermediate between these are others two or three stories high, each story projecting above that below it till they nearly touch from the opposite sides of the streets, which are so narrow that nothing but donkeys and men can pass along them. Little closet like places, with shelves around them serve for shops ; the owner seated, cross-legged at the door which is as wide as the shop, no room for any one to enter ; all the goods in which are exposed to view. Special squares are occupied by the venders of each article ; all the fruit in one place, all the fish in another, all the meats in another ; and so on through every variety of article sold and we find collected here the product of the looms of the East and the great factories of the West.

In the Frank quarter are large and elegant stores, with the usual assortment of goods from China and Europe and America ; and good stocks of them too.

The groves of Palm trees, and clusters of Bananas carry me back to India, while some of the showy ornamental shrubs are quite familiar to my eye from their resemblance to those I saw there. Another familiar object is the water carrier with the skin of a goat filled with water, thrown diagonally across his shoulders, the legs and tail tied up, and sticking out, perfectly filled with the water ; and the neck standing stiffly out, and grasped in the right hand. It is filled and emptied through this ; and the man walks about stopping to fill the buckets and pots of his customers as they call on him. An aqueduct brings the water of the Nile here and there are many places, like our fireplugs, at which they fill their skins. There is now nothing remaining of *ancient* Alexandria above ground. Its grand Museum

and Serapeum with their libraries of 700,000 volumes are no more. We did see one fine granite column lying at the corner of the street ; and stopped before two fragments of what must when perfect have been *very* admirable statues of Colossal size ; a Hercules in repose in white marble, and a seated figure of some Roman in red porphyry. The attitudes of both are excellent, but they stand by the way-side amid the crowding Arabs and Turks ; looking sadly out of place. We leave to-morrow morning for Cairo where we hope to find letters from our dear ones.

Your loving father,

CASPAR MORRIS.

The appearance of Alexandria is very imperfectly described in my letters from that place. The Harbour, which is divided by a mole running through it to the light house on the site of the old Pharos, is crowded with vessels of every size from the large Steamer of the P. & O. Company to the felucca of the Ionian and other Greek Islands. The site of the celebrated Pharos and the mole which sheltered the Commerce of the World in ancient times, still lifts its light and provides shelter for the largest and more costly vessels of modern traffic and few places so accessible from the scenes of modern Civilization present so much that is novel to the eye of the voyager.

The still water of the basin affords an opportunity for the service of countless lighters and skiffs carrying passengers and merchandise between the landing place and the shore.

All passengers must land at the Custom House in order to superintend the care of their luggage. The boatmen crowd around the Steamer, men of every shade of color and variety of language and all importunate for employment and struggling for an opportunity to impose upon the new comer. In the conflict they manifest little regard to each other's rights and we saw one deliberately throw another overboard, and leave him to his own efforts to escape drowning. When one has been amused and worried by passing through this Babel of sounds and Pandemonium of strife, and lands upon the Quay, it is to pass into a still more exciting turmoil in which he is no longer a passive observer but must become an active participant. Custom Officers seize upon trunks, boxes and bags ; and turn out the contents with an intensity of determination to give as much trouble as possible, or extort as large a fee for exemption as they think commensurate with the pecuniary ability of one who has so much money that he wastes it in running about the World to gratify an idle curiosity. Nor is the traveller safe when he has gratified the cupidity or satisfied the curiosity of the first official. Another and another as he passes on asserts his right to inspection, and resistance is not only useless but perilous.

We were not a little amused at the astonishment exhibited at some of the unimaginable articles pulled from our pockets or dropped from

our bags. A large collection of letters of the alphabet, designed for spelling—games for your Cousin Mary which your Aunt Jane had in her bag—excited no little suspicion of being some contraband matter ; and the silk hood of your Mother which was found in my coat pocket was thought a very extraordinary article of male attire, by the man whose attention was caught by the projection of my breast pocket.

Patience and good humour carried us safely through and we emerged from the shed in which we had been inspected to find ourselves the prey of a horde of the same genus as that represented at our own points of change in routes of travel, by the clamorous hackmen shaking their whips in your face, soliciting our patronage with a pertinacity far from pleasant. Donkey drivers and owners of camels take at Alexandria the place of cabmen with us, and are not a whit behind their congeners in their anxiety to serve you.

These furnished the action of the strange picture ; while scowling Arabs in long woolen garments thrown over the head and falling down to the limbs, their heads bound by ropes by which the robe is retained on the person, stood grouped in the background, a repulsive looking crowd. They were pilgrims on their way to Mecca. One would reluctantly fall into their power. They recalled boyhood's memories of Capt. Riley's suffering among them.

Our way to the Hotel led us through crowded bazaars composed of little shops in which were exposed for sale all the various articles of food from the carcasses of sheep, with tails weighing nearly a fourth of the entire weight of the body, to the filberts and walnuts and semi-tropical fruits and vegetables which are used, though sparingly, instead of the garden vegetables which enter so largely into the consumption with us.

Camels swung their heavily laden bodies or their crooked legs while their ungainly necks raised aloft their large heads, shaking from side to side as they shuffled along, with vicious looking eyes and disgusting mouths from which there issued from time to time the most discordant growls. One did not wonder at the complaints when one looked at the rude arrangement by which their loads were supported on their backs, which appear to be furnished with a hump as though to render it impossible to make them beasts of burden. Saddles consisting of rough timbers crossed like a wood sawyer's horse, were fixed astride the obstacle and stones and rubbish, sugar cane and clover freshly cut from the neighbouring fields were piled upon this primitive arrangement and the animals filed along the crowded way utterly regardless of every obstacle. It was truly "*sauve qui peut.*"

A seaport and an entrepot in several lines of Commerce, one finds grouped in Alexandria the representatives of all the various nations surrounding the Mediterranean Sea. Jews of course (where is traffic active and they not engaged in it) Turks, some of them fine looking men of light complexion and well formed shape, set off by

the well fitting collarless frock coat, which resembles so exactly the recently adopted clerical costume that one wondered to see so many priests with red fezzes and blue silk tassels on their heads—Moors from Barbary, Copts from the valley of the Nile ; Arabs, the descendants of the hordes brought to the west by the Saracenic Conquerors—Greeks, the floating population of the Mediterranean Cities—Syrians, the modern dwellers in the old land of Phenicia—with their immensely wide skirts plaited and gathered in at the waist and tacked together between the feet at the hem below.

It was through narrow streets and between dark and dirty hovels and crowds such as these that we were drawn in an omnibus to the Hotel de l' Europe where large and well furnished apartments received us, and we were waited on by Italian and Swiss upper servants assisted by well trained Orientals. Shops and dwellings in European style spread out on either side of us and we found ourselves in comfortable quarters.

No one can associate modern Alexandria with one's ideas of the Ancient town built by the great Greek conqueror, nearly 400 years B. C. and said to be the place of his entombment. He did not terminate here his career of conquest, but after his death his body was brought here by Ptolemy Lagus, and enshrined in a golden case for which one of glass was substituted by a needy successor.

The scene of the abominations of successive Ptolemies and Cleopatras, as well as the location occupied by the great Library collected by one of them, for which he procured the translation into Greek of the Hebrew Scriptures ; and the Museum and Serapeum, grand endowments and lofty buildings devoted to cultivation and dissemination of the science of the period, it is not less distinguished as the scene of the struggles between Christianity and Paganism in the early centuries of our era and the often bloody conflicts between rival sects of the Christian faith at a later period. Origen and Athanasius each found refuge here.

The table-talk of Athenæus exhibits the fact that in the 4th. Century it was the seat of luxury and the resort of the wits of the period, while the philosophy of Philo and the school of Plato refined and cultivated the intellects but enfeebled and perverted from the simplicity of its earlier faith, the doctrines of the Church of Christ.

Of all the grandeur which made it in the days of Cesar and Anthony as attractive, or even more so, than Rome itself, not a trace remains except the mutilated statues I have mentioned and the solitary shaft called Pompey's pillar and Cleopatra's Needle and another obelisk which lies dishonored in the dust trodden by crowds of fellahen clamorously demanding " backsheesh " from every visitor. These obelisks formerly stood in the Temple of On at Heliopolis and bear the hieroglyphic emblems of Osiris which gives them age as that of 1500 years B. C. They were brought to Alexandria by one of

the Cæsars. That which stands is seventy feet high, of a single stone of red granite. The fallen one was given as a trophy of its conquests, to the British Government which has never been willing to incur the cost of Transportation, though France has placed that given to it in the Place de la Concorde at Paris. It is now sadly mutilated and exposure to the air of the sea has caused such manifest disintegration as proves that the preservation of the monuments and Temples of Egypt is due to the character of the atmosphere rather than to the material of which they are built.

Our visit was too hurried to allow of more than a hasty drive to these remains of the ancient grandeur of the City which lies buried hopelessly under heaps of rubbish. Indeed they are sad memorials of a greatness once beyond conception and their corroded angles and battered sides accord with the crowds of naked and ragged semi-savages who gather about them daily to prey upon the curious visitors and make one glad that there is nothing to induce a prolonged exposure to their rude importunity. They call up visions of Pompey, Cæsar, Anthony and Cleopatra with all their splendor and luxury, but they are visions only. All traces of the glory have vanished truly like the baseless fabric of the dream. They stand at the portals of the shadowy realms we are about to enter—appropriate specimens of the greater ruins we are about to visit.

St. Mark's Church is a beautiful new Gothic structure surrounded by neat grounds, and a drive through the suburbs led us past some very pretty modern villas occupied by Europeans in some way employed by the Khedive or transacting business on their own account. There are many nice shops in the Frank quarter.

SODOM, PARIS, CAIRO, which shall I use? Dec. 5th, 5 P. M.

My Dear Children :

At 8 A. M. we left Alexandria by railroad and reached this place a distance of 130 miles at 3 P. M. We *left* the Oriental world at Alexandria; passed through *Egypt* on our way hither; and *now* find ourselves in the midst of scenes as novel as those were, and *differing* from them as widely as they from each other and all from any previous experience. The Khedive is bent on making this city an imitation of Paris. The hotel, in which we are, has a front equal to one of our squares and though the style of architecture is Oriental, it is *imitation* Oriental, looking as much like the original as English blue willow pattern ware does like the ware of Canton or Nankin. Immediately *vis-a-vis* is a public garden, the Esbekeeyah, in which a band is discoursing Western Music; a circus of modern style and large capacity rises beyond it, and within view a grand opera house as large and fine

looking as that on Broad Street, offers its attractions to those who desire to forget God and live their life in this world, unmindful of that which is to come for which this is only the great school in which character is to be formed. A large placard upon it announces "Othello the Moor of Venice" as the subject of the evening's entertainment. Did Shakespeare suspect for a moment that he was writing for Cairoians? Wide streets are opening straight through the town, and as we learned on board the steamer, the Khedive is importing from Italy stones to pave them. Our steamer was laden with them and hay for his horses.

It is a large place; has more than 200,000 inhabitants, and its native bazaars and markets lie in other parts so that we have not yet seen them. On our way to the banker's we passed through an intermediate quarter occupied by what are known as Franks, being a mixed population of German, French, Italian, Maltese and other peoples; the houses many stories in height, and each story projecting beyond that below; so that, above they nearly meet. In some cases the street is roofed over, or a floor thrown across. Even in these parts however the people have very little of the Oriental character. There are more black coats, and the costumes are less flowing, and the number of Europeans is much larger in proportion to that of the Egyptian than at Alexandria.

There are beer houses and restaurants in imitation of those of Brussels and Paris; and even the horse shoers have signs "*Atelier a la Fraucaise.*" Your uncle and I walked this afternoon to call on Rev. Dr. Lansing, the American Missionary; Mrs. L. is sister of Rev. Dr. Dale, Mary Gibson's minister. We found two boys schools in their house and they have two female schools elsewhere. Here, as in Alexandria they have difficulty in keeping the children long enough to make a permanent impression. So soon as they acquire a little knowledge of the English language the boys can get employment and leave school. They therefore communicate their instruction through the medium of the Arabic tongue. Their scholars are of various nations—Musselmen, Copts, Syrians, etc., but all use the Arabic.

Cairo, we learned from Dr. Lansing, is the seat of a great University having 6000 students many of whom spend years in the prosecution of their studies here; and the Khedive has collected a library of many thousand valuable works in Arabic, which is free for the use of all residents. He has established Military and Scientific and Medical schools in this University which is supported by the Mosques; to which wealthy people leave large sums, as in Papal countries they do to Monasteries and churches. What we may find as we advance further up the Nile I cannot anticipate but one cannot conceive it possible that students of any subject can be produced by such a district as that through which we came here.

There is no want of people ; and they are all actively occupied in the culture of the land ; but their houses (can they be called houses by any propriety ?) are worse than pig stys ; without windows, and generally without chimney, they are merely a cell with a flat top, so low that no man can stand erect ; and so small that one can scarce believe a man can lie at full length on the floor, which is the ground itself, and the walls and roof are of mud. They may be described as Brobdingnagian mud-dauber cells, so closely do they resemble them. The walls are mottled by patches of manure kneaded into cakes and plastered on the sunny side to dry for fuel with which they bake their bread ; which is, with dates, their chief food.

Yet as I remarked they are very industrious. The entire distance between this and Alexandria is a level plain cultivated in cotton, wheat, maize and barley. The inundation of the Nile which reaches its height about mid-summer is just subsiding, and the people are ploughing and harrowing and sowing their fields with great energy. We saw in some places as many as a dozen ploughs at work in one field or patch. They have no fences nor hedges ; but the ditches, by which the water is carried through the fields, divide them into oblong squares. The *whole* country is irrigated from the Nile by canals running through it, from which the water is distributed by various modes. Sometimes one sees two men with a pan of earthen ware attached to two ropes, one at either side. The men swing the pan under the surface of the canal and toss the water out of it into a trough by which it is carried into the irrigating channel. At other times you will see a man with a jar attached to one end of a pole with a weight at the other end ; the pole supported on a post, like the fulcrum of a lever, (our old *draw* well arrangement) raising the water slowly. A larger amount is raised by wheels running through the water having rude buckets on the rim from the upper edge of which the water falls into the troughs. These wheels are worked by oxen or buffaloes attached to levers, like the old horse power at the threshing barn at Ivy Neck ; the wheel which lifts the water being vertical and turning like the *band wheel* there. The animals have their eyes bandaged closely so that they cannot see, and walk patiently and slowly but unceasingly round sometimes without any driver.

There need be no apprehension of competition with our own cotton growing States. The plant appeared to me to be very stunted, the boll very small, and the staple very short, yet we are told the staple is very good. The maize was a short plant, but the ears were large and well filled, and the new sown wheat fields looked beautifully green. As yet the entire country is like a marsh, as the river has not entirely subsided and they were plucking cotton and pulling up corn stalks wading in water or mud. The ploughs are of wood drawn often by a buffalo and a camel, sometimes by two buffaloes, rarely by two camels. The camels we see in the menageries at home are *beautiful* when com-

pared with the wretched looking ones we see here ; and the buffaloes are the most sorry looking quadrupeds I have ever seen. All burdens are carried here on the backs of Asses, buffaloes or camels—there are no wheeled vehicles of any kind, except the European carriages in the streets of Cairo and Alexandria, and the roads are mere tracks along the edges of ditches or the banks of canals. Along these we several times saw long lines of pilgrims from Barbary, Algiers and Tunis, winding their way to Mecca. A large number came by R. R. from Alexandria to the point where the road diverges to Suez.

From time to time as we rolled along on the rails through these cultivated fields we saw the desert on one side or the other, thus realizing how narrow is the strip of land rendered fertile by the deposit on it of the mud brought down suspended in the water of the Nile. At short intervals along the road there were cotton mills or other machinery worked by steam power, and wherever this was, there would be houses which indicated that there were Europeans (generally Englishmen or Frenchmen) living in them in the employ of the Khedive. We saw trains of cars loaded with cotton in bales ; and met often long trains of camels and asses carrying the produce of the fields to these mills to be packed or spun.

There were very many birds new to us ; some beautiful white herons or cranes or storks ; great flocks of pigeons having houses on the roofs of the huts. The hawks were plenty and Turkey Buzzards floated about in the air just as easily as they turn round their circles at Ivy Neck. This is a dirty place of course. Dust must rise where there is no rain, an alluvial soil, hot suns and a large population ; and that which rises will attach itself to every object which will retain it, *paper* for example, not to mention skins. Have not yet got a Dahabeyah.

Your loving father,

CASPAR MORRIS.

CAIRO, EGYPT, December 8, 1871.

My Dear Children :

It feels very unnatural to sit down to write to you with no idea of when our letters will be forwarded ; but that is only in keeping with the unnatural circumstances of our present position in every respect. Another planet with the inhabitants carrying their heads under the arms, as the ancients believed the inhabitants of the interior of Africa did, or walking as the little Bushman (who was in Philadelphia some years ago) was wont to do in order to relieve his feet, on his hands, with his head downward, would not be more contrary to our usual mode of action, in every way.

Dirt is the predominant characteristic of everybody and everything ; so that we feel dirty ourselves, not only from the deposit exter-

nally—but—morally and physically dirty. The hotel though not yet finished is dirty ; the servants are dirty ; when we step out it is into dirt ; when we go into the Bazaar it is more dirt.

Yesterday morning your uncle was busy with the Dragoman and we were left to follow our own devices which were not *devious*. Having no guide we wandered about the hotel and in the public garden. In the afternoon we drove by a good road, which had been sprinkled, and was therefore not dusty, beneath two rows of very large Acacia trees, with the fig sycamore, also a large tree, intermingled with them, to the Shoobra Palace, belonging to an uncle of the Khedive, now in disgrace and banishment. The garden is large and planted with trees, and shrubs such as adorn our green houses. But the grounds are neglected and the Kiosk or summer house which is in there is going to decay. The palace itself was not accessible as it is occupied by the wives of its owner ; but it looked forlorn. The temperature and the air are the only redeeming features. On our way to the palace we crossed the Nile, a large muddy stream, and also two great canals which are being excavated to connect the Nile with the Suez canal. It is supposed that by carrying the Nile water into the Desert, portions of it, once fertile now desolate, may be reclaimed. It is found in making the canal that beneath the sandy surface lies a deep bed of fertile alluvial soil ; the deposit from the river in ages long past ; so that so soon as the Nile water is turned on the sand it deposits the mud with which it is charged and produces fertility. The desert on the West is underlain by rock ; and is much higher than that on the East side. It can never be reclaimed and has never been cultivated.

The appearance of Cairo is very forbidding on account of its transition state. The Khedive has run straight wide streets in various directions directly through the thickly settled parts of the town built of unburned bricks and closely packed together. All the squalor and wretchedness of ages of oppression is thus exposed to view ; and the new buildings are not sufficiently advanced to hide it. They are in many cases, merely new fronts to cover the old delapidation. This and the other costly measures by which he is endeavoring to revive the power of Egypt, involve heavy expenditure and great indebtedness ; to meet which he " Appeals to the people," or extracts " Gratuties," or " Benevolence," from them. The rates or taxes are now paid *six* years in *advance*, he says, as the spontaneous tribute of the people to the merits of his government. Those who know the facts are better informed. The larger part of the wealthy landholders hold some government employment. If they make any hesitation about paying their taxes *in advance*, they are at once dismissed from office ; lose their salaries ; and, what is worse, find the water, necessary for irrigating their estates, is withheld from them. In this way they are ruined and their poor labourers suffer with them. No wonder they are *willing* to pay six years in advance ! Such is the *paternal* government.

Yet no one ventures a complaint and the newspapers laud the Khedive. They dare not venture on any censure. He is like the Pharaoh who acted under the advice of Joseph, becoming possessed of all the *land*. It *has been* held by smaller proprietors in tracts of various size from thousands of acres down to one or two. The larger landholders reside in the chief cities supported on their incomes derived from a stated share of the produce. But from the highest to the lowest they are subjected to oppressive exactions ; and the great improvements which are being effected are made by forced labour.

Copts and Mussulmen live harmoniously in Egypt in the same villages and pursue the same avocations. The Copts, who are the descendants of the ancient Egyptians, have been the secretaries of the Government and bookkeepers and accountants, and have thus secured considerable influence. They are said to have peculiar aptitude for accounts, and to possess some mysterious mode of reckoning, which is transmitted from generation to generation by which they solve very promptly intricate questions of numbers which we could only accomplish by laborious algebraic problems.

The crowds in the streets are of the most mongrel character, with a very large admixture of Europeans at this time, Italians, Germans, English and Americans. From the number of donkeys offered to us as "Yankee Doodle Name" we infer there are many Americans to be found, and on the marble top of our dressing table we find written the name of Mrs. Dennison, Kalamazoo, Michigan ; shewing that all parts of our country send their representatives.

Your mother and I will be the last of our tribe here, so far as our report will exert any influence, unless we find the Paradise on the *Dahabeyah* which has been dazzling our eyes so long, that as we approach it, we have sad misgivings that it is a mirage. Certainly almost any escape from Cairo will bring comfort. I have not seen your uncle since we heard last evening that cholera had appeared among the pilgrims ; and that the Khedive has ordered them to be sent back ; and that a Quarantine has been established at Alexandria on all persons from the East. I shall advise the abandonment of the eastern trip of course and personally would give up the Nile voyage also, and immediately retrace our steps to Italy and Winter somewhere on the Mediterranean ; Sorrento, or Mentone, or Nice, or Paris. But we will talk it over when we meet this morning. Your mother exhibits the strength of her character nobly. You know it always rises to the emergency and she is the most calm and cheerful member of the party.

We have had very pleasant visits from Mrs. Dr. Grant. Dr. Grant is *the* physician here. She was a Miss Torry of Honesdale, Pennsylvania. Her grandfather was my father's agent for back lands, she was educated at Miss Annable's school in Philadelphia ; a cousin of Henry M. Fuller who lived at the N. W. corner of Chestnut and Sixteenth Streets ; and knew the Mitchell and Burroughs families well and

Mrs. Eff. Perot. She was taken ill while traveling here of fever contracted in the Holy Land and attended by Dr. Grant; she returned home, and came back here and was married. The Dr. is a good physician and Christian man. Mrs. Lansing the wife of the missionary has also called on us. She is the sister of the Rev. Mr. Dale, Mary Gibson's clergyman. They are very intelligent pleasant people. Have been many years here; and are much encouraged by their success.

If you can procure Miss Whately's book just published in England, "The *Hut* and its Inhabitants" you will find much to interest you. Get Lloyd Smith to import it for the Philadelphia Library. It is illustrated by photographic pictures and must give perfectly correct views of the state of the people. Miss Whately was a daughter of the celebrated archbishop of Dublin.

The privations to which missionaries are subject are very great. Dr. Lansing told us that lately he was visiting a sick man. He sat half an hour on a chair on a broken *marble* floor in an old house only talking and praying with the poor fellow, and that on his return home no less than thirty-nine vermin were taken from his person. If that was the case in such an instance what must be the condition of those villages of mud daubers I described in my last letter, and what faith and love must inspire such persons as the Misses Whately and Mr. and Mrs. Lansing to forego all the comforts and nicety of civilized life to live and labour among them.

December 9th, 9 A. M.

Your uncle and I have discussed the cholera question, and while we think it will probably prevent our proposed Syria tour, he has decided to go up the River as we shall there be as free from liability to contagion as any where. We desire to commit ourselves, in faith, humbly to the care of our Heavenly Father and truly to trust Him.

I find on looking over this I have mentioned the Sycamore fig tree. It is a large tree with spreading boughs and much foliage but the fruit grows out of the trunk and large limbs, looking like figs stuck *directly* on the bark, in bunches all around and all over it, and of all sizes from a little wart like projection at first of a light green color, to that of a large ripe fig of a bright yellow color when mature.

They are eaten but are not nice to the taste and literally crowded with insects.

Your loving father,

CASPAR MORRIS.

"Among the Huts in Egypt," by Miss Whately is the name of the book.

December 9th, 1 P. M.

Every step is further into the mire or more correctly speaking into the dust and dirt. We have driven this morning to old Cairo through heaps of broken *pottery* and *debris* of houses piled at least 20 feet high extending for miles on every side a great part of the way ; though for a short distance the route lay through the quarter in which Europeans resident here (and some wealthy natives in imitation of them) are building *very* fine houses surrounded by nice gardens and shrubbery. They are built on speculation to be sold or rented to Europeans. Attractive as these are they only render more abominable the squalor and wretchedness of the old town.

When we reached Fostât or old Cairo, we were compelled to dismount from our carriages and follow the guide through torturous alleys so narrow that two persons pass each other with difficulty. The houses are three stories high, the lower floor being occupied by the closet-like hole in which goods are vended or wares made. The people squat to do everything. The turner sits with his work on the ground holding the tools with his feet while he works a bow with his hands and arms. The carpenter sits and holds his work with his feet while he saws or drives nails. They have but few tools. All the *shaping* is accomplished with an adze. The blacksmith sits with his anvil between his knees. Each trade is followed in a special street devoted to that.

The upper stories are occupied by the women. As you look up you see the fronts covered with projecting frames of wood ; like large bird cages, made of turned wood, in short pieces, joined together so that the spaces between them are only large enough to permit one's finger to pass through. They look as though they were made by stringing together small spools. Behind them live the poor women with no more light and air than pass these openings. In the houses of the affluent there are inner court yards in which they can see the heavens above them, and the very poor have the advantage in that they may go about veiled. On certain days in the week those of what we would call the middle class are allowed to exchange visits. Always closely veiled, and if they can afford a donkey they ride. If the husband keeps a carriage the curtains are shut closely and they drive in it. We saw some turn up the curtain and take a peep.

Through these narrow passages we followed our guide first to some of the Mosques ; large open squares surrounded by pillars and arches. One had 276 marble columns but all dilapidated, dirty, and forlorn. They are richly endowed and the funds are devoted to the support of the poor. Bread is distributed daily, and they lodge about the arches. In the oldest which we visited, built in the 7th century of the Christian era, there were many families squatting about the grounds in the area of the Mosque of Ahmed ebn Tooloon said to be the oldest in Cairo. Near the pulpit was a column said to be brought

from Mecca, worn by the friction of faithful hands, and near the entrance two are placed with a space of 10 inches between them. These are polished on the inner sides by the friction of persons who attempt to pass between them; the legend teaching that a true believer can, no matter how fat he may be; and none but a true believer can pass at all. The guide assured us that 10,000 Mussulmans had been in this Mosque the previous evening.

From this sacred place of the Mahometans we were conducted to an old Coptic Church said to cover the house in which Mary and Joseph dwelt during their sojourn in Egypt to escape the wrath of Herod. Nothing is too absurd for the credulity of ignorance and superstition or this silly legend would cease to be repeated. It undoubtedly *is* a very ancient church, with small rude pillars and very rude capitals. The chancel is partitioned off by lattice work like that covering the windows of the women's apartments, evidently of great age; and there are rude carvings designed to represent incidents in the life of our Lord, and also equally rude paintings of the Apostles. We could not but reverence the structure in which Jesus has been the avowed object of worship during so many centuries of bloody persecution and contempt, though we did not accept as true the legend, nor feel any interest in descending into the chamber beneath in which is shown the spot where the blessed Virgin rested and the child Jesus was laid.

In the afternoon we drove to the citadel which overlooks Cairo and realized more fully than ever before how "distance lends enchantment to the view." Cairo with its many hundred mosques, with each its dome or domes, and minarets almost without number, lay spread out at our feet. Beside us towered the massive square Mausoleum of Mohamet Ali, built entirely of Alabaster; dressed without and highly polished within and having Minarets of unusual height. Slippers were supplied to us on the threshold and we entered the sacred enclosure with its marble paved court yard and crossing it we entered the Mausoleum which is covered with one large central dome, surrounded by many smaller ones; all richly and elaborately ornamented with arabesque figures gilded. Glass Chandeliers and lamps protected by globes, are suspended in great numbers in concentric circles and are lighted every evening at dark during the Rhamadan which is now nearly at the close for this year. The floor is covered with rich Turkey carpets.

CAIRO, December 11, 1871.

I am ashamed to send you such wretched scrawls but we have no conveniences for writing and our time is broken up and frittered away sadly, and there is nothing to interest one in the midst of such squalid misery.

This place does not improve from familiarity. It differs in that respect from that monster vice, though the first impression leads one

to say "to be hated needs but to be seen"; and we are told it is one of the most vicious cities in the world. Your mother and I have tried a walk in the bazaar, scuffling with donkeys and camels and swarms of dirty Arabs, and obliged to watch our steps too closely to have any eyes for the objects in the stores.

We drove in carriages from our Hotel to the entrance. We were told of one store at which they speak English. To reach it we were obliged to dismount and walk through very narrow alleys a long way before reaching it and when we did we could not, even after our weeks' experience, but express aloud our admiration that such a stock of goods should be gathered in such an out-of-the-way place. Costly Japanese and Chinese vases, beautiful bronzes, were mingled with Cashmere shawls. So our banker's Counting house lies at the end of a series of dirty alleys through which a donkey makes his way with difficulty.

At 12 o'clock every store and place of business is closed, and the owners go to their midday meal. Even during the Rhamadan when they fast from 5 A. M. to 5 P. M. still they close their stores. They are opened again at 1 P. M. and kept open until sunset.

We hear but little of the Muezzin's call to prayer though it is repeated from all the minarets five times in each twenty-four hours. Nor do we see any indication of the strict attention to the duty enjoined by the Prophet, of which one reads. Very many of all creeds carry strings of beads in their hands and tell them over constantly while they are walking or talking. This however is a mere trick, or source of amusement without any connection with devotion. It is like the habit of whittling with a knife or playing with a string in which some people indulge.

Our Dragoman has returned from Alexandria having made his purchases of stores and we have this afternoon made a second visit to the Dahabeyah your uncle proposes to have for the voyage up the Nile. She is called the America and I think promises comfort for us. She is certainly not less than 100 feet in length. In the bow is the kitchen range, between which and the cabins is a low deck on which the rowers sit when they are obliged to use their oars. The mast rises near the bow, and has one immense sail of a peculiar triangular shape of which the best idea may be derived from some of the engravings in the books describing Nile voyages. The after part of the boat has a cabin raised sufficiently to permit us to stand upright without difficulty. As you enter it there is a state room on either side designed for two persons each, with good mattresses and washstands; passing between these we enter the dining saloon which has in the middle a table sufficiently large for eight persons to sit comfortably at meals with a wide passage all around their chairs. It is lighted by a skylight over the table and has twelve windows, six on each side and each two feet by three feet, with silk curtains, glass slide and Venetian

green shutters. On either side is a divan covered with brocade running the entire length of the saloon and having cushions on it to support the back. There are also "Etagers" and "What-nots" at either end. Beyond this, which is the Dining saloon and Sitting room, are three state rooms on either side, each with a single berth but larger and more commodious than those further forward, and behind these in the stern of the boat one very large cabin quite capable of receiving three or four persons comfortably. Each of these state rooms is lighted by windows of the size previously mentioned. The deck above is screened by a good awning covering it entirely and has on it four large wide sofas with very comfortable mattresses and pillows. The forward deck is also shielded from the sun by an awning, and there are large water filters on it. There is also good bathing accommodation. I do trust we may find not only bodily comfort on board but true peace with God through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Three months is a long section of the remaining time of our absence from home. We have an ample supply of books of various kinds. Cheston's contribution reached us here a day or two since and will refresh Italian memories. We had thought there were some discomforts *there*, chiefly climatic. Neither Florence, Rome nor Naples has a climate suited to invalids. *This* is delightful; but the dust and dirt and fleas of Cario are so great and numerous as to defy exaggeration, and the cooking of this Hotel is very indifferent. We all agree the bread and sardines are the best articles presented to us. The house is very large, very full, and very noisy.

I had hoped Egypt might present a place of refuge for invalids. But it must improve greatly before I would send one. The dust alone would render it improper for diseases of the air passages. The life on the boat may be free from these objections, but the absence of medical advice there would be a serious disadvantage. Dr. Grant, here, makes a favorable impression. I have no doubt that he will before many years remove to some part of the United States. I counsel him to wait till he accumulates here enough to make him independent in America. Your mother will describe a visit the ladies made yesterday with Mrs. Grant to one of the Doctor's patients.

Last evening the other members of our party spent at Mr. Lansing's where they learned, too late to profit by the information, that the Khedive had gone to the Mosque in the Citadel and that there was some imposing ceremony in progress there. Mr. Rhen had been there a few nights ago when the Dervishes were performing their dance. As a sight it is worth seeing, but must be very distressing too. The report made by those who were present reminded me strongly of the description of the excitement produced among our poor ignorant negroes under the name of religion. They spun round in a most surprising manner, with one hand elevated and the head thrown back until they became giddy, and unconscious, and fell on the floor.

Sometimes they become convulsed and remain insensible a long time.

The time is much occupied in various little arrangements necessary before sailing. A visit to the bankers where I drew for £30 consumed much time for myself. It is certainly the last place in which one would look for a civilized banking establishment.

We drove this morning to Heliopolis or On; once the great seat of learning when the Wisdom of Egypt was synonymous with the expression of *all wisdom*. It was the seat of the priestly power when that power was paramount to regal influence. It was there the once despised Israelitish Slave, transformed into the prime minister of the most mighty kingdom on earth, took to wife Asenath the daughter of Potipherah, and it was to the priests of the temple of the Sun there that the Grecian philosophers resorted for instructions. We drove through richly cultivated fields of Cotton, wheat, clover, vetches and other crops and large patches of garden vegetables, all watered by means of furrows dividing them into small squares. The water is supplied from wells fed from the Nile and is drawn up by wheels carrying round on their rims earthen jars like buckets which dipping into the water at the bottom of the well empty it into troughs which convey it to tanks and basins. These wheels are turned by camels oxen or buffaloes, having their eyes bandaged and walking perpetually in a circle. Wherever the water is applied there is laughing fertility—all around is desolate sterility, far as the eye can reach. In the midst of these fields, rises a solitary obelisk—the only indication that here was once one of the proudest cities and grandest temples of the world: that from hence flowed forth the fullest stream of science and wisdom, by some supposed to have been the fountain head from which Grecian sages drank. There it has stood since the year 2000 B. C. and the name of Osirtasen, by whom it was erected, stands as clearly distinct as though it had been cut but yesterday. Mud wasps appear to have found the Hieroglyphics on two sides very eligible places to which to attach their clay cells, so that they look like embossed figures instead of intaglia. On the other sides they are perfectly free and the edges sharp as though just cut. The obelisk is not very tall, and much of it is buried with the temple beneath the soil.

On our way we were induced to stop at a very ancient sycamore fig tree standing near a well and surrounded by a garden which tradition asserts to have been a resting place of the Holy family on their flight from Herod. It certainly is an old tree and is covered with names cut upon it by travellers in past years. It is now protected from such silly desecration. I enclose some seeds of an oboranche (very pretty violet colored, which grew near the Obelisk in a field of egg plants) I have kept more in case these do not vegetate. It is very like that which grows with us.

Your loving father,

CASPAR MORRIS.

CAIRO, December 13, 1871.

My Dear Children :

One does see strange sights in Cairo. Your mother and I were seated in the carriage this morning in one of the crowded streets of the Bazaar, while the other members of our party were working their way amid the crowd in *the bye* streets of the Jeweller's quarter, vainly bargaining for gold trinkets, which we thought were not worth having at any price. The patience of the people amazed us. Suppose some man with a turban and loose robes, and his wife looking like a heap of white muslin or black silk, with a little slit near the top through which two piercing black eyes were seen, were to take their seat in a carriage in one of our streets, thronged as much as you ever saw them when there was a procession, and obstruct the way so that there was a constant jam around them. Would there not be some vexation expressed? Some call to us to move out of their way? or some utterance of disgust? Yet though these people despise us as "Christian Dogs," there was not the slightest evidence of disturbance or ill will. Camels, donkeys and carriages jostled each other, and pressed by us, but no remark about our being in the way reached us. The keepers of little shops were busy selling their various wares; the people passed without even looking at us.

To-morrow is the beginning of the New Year, which *is the* great Holy day. Every one puts on some article of new attire, and it was interesting to see the children carrying home their new red or yellow shoes; which appear to be the most usual gift. What should pass us in the *midst of all this Oriental crowd*, but two or three large waggons, *drawn* by buffaloes, laden with square boxes marked in stencil, "Refined Petroleum, Phoenix Works, Philadelphia." All around were squatted Copts, Arabs and Turks. Men were selling dates; and women radishes; half a dozen were solemnly seated at the door of a coffee house; and above our heads were the cage like projections called lattices which cover the only access for light and air to their dingy rooms.

Wednesday A. M.

This is the Mohomedan festival of the New Year. The Rhamadan or annual fast of forty days closed last night; and this morning all is festivity. We had designed driving to the pyramids, but they demand thirty dollars, double the usual sum, for the carriages. Wistar has decided to postpone our visit till our return, unless we are disappointed in our arrangements to sail to-morrow, which depends on the wind. I found everything astir at an early hour and therefore dressed before 5 A. M., and turned out. A man with a donkey hailed me "you want Donkéé and on my replying yes, asked "where you go" I said merely "to see"; he whipped up the animal, and away I went at a gallop without the slightest notion where I was to close the course. Throngs of people in new red and yellow slippers, and clean turbans, pressed on the

same road. Some had new clothing also, especially the little children. They wore gaudy yellow chintzes, with large borders of colored crescents or scallops. Some had slips of purple or green silk; and some thin muslin veils thrown over their heads. It appeared a general day of childish gratification. There were not wanting the usual accompaniments on the other side, however, as I saw several little ones getting boxed ears, and other chastisement. As I pressed on the crowd became more dense; and *sais* after *sais* rushed past me with tight-fitting jackets richly embroidered with gold thread; loose surplice-like sleeves of muslin like wings as their arms were stretched at full length to either side, and their full petticoats of white muslin streaming behind like tails; while with head erect and chest protruded and carrying the long rod of their office elevated before them, they cleared the way for the carriages of their masters, who reclined in open barouches drawn often by splendid horses richly caparisoned, dashed on one after another; evidently all destined for the same goal. Most of these carriages were occupied by officers of the Egyptian army: some Turks; very many evidently Americans or Europeans; but all in the rich and showy uniform of the Khedive, heavily embroidered with gold, and wearing the Fez. Soon I found cavalry guards with long highly polished carbines in their hands, stationed in pairs at the way side at short intervals. We passed Mosque after Mosque into which the turbaned multitude was crowding; and many Cemeteries. Into these each one who entered carried green palm branches, of larger or smaller size according to their ability to purchase them, with which to adorn the graves of departed friends. We had seen large camel loads of Palm leaves brought into the city the day before and wondered to what use they could be applied, and now in many places the crowds looked like those coming from our Romish Chapels on Palm Sunday; only substituting the palm for the box. Some of them carried entire leaves, eight or ten feet long; others only bunches of leaflets. All seemed *jubilant*. You remember the use of the palm in Revelations.

At length I found myself passing between two lines of lancers mounted on fine Arab horses, each with the little red and yellow flag at the lance head, drawn up facing each other. Still the guide pushed on my donkey; and I could fancy the amusement of the Turkish soldiers at my ungainly appearance in my new character, with my sack coat filled out by the wind projecting behind the animal, and my feet within a few inches of the ground. Suddenly I heard the word of command, and, beginning at the rear, they fell into line, and galloped past me, each falling in behind the one that passed; and away they went like wild, up the hill, and following them I found myself the only Western man in Frank attire amid an immense crowd of Arabs and other Eastern people collected in the square of the Citadel at the door of the Grand Mosque. Dismounting I stood behind two ranks of infantry

among the carriages and servants of those who had already deposited their masters, and saw some hundred or more drive up in the same way to leave officers of the army, consuls or other officials, at the door of the Mosque. The carriage of the British Consul was very elegant, his servants, all English, with scarlet jackets and buff small clothes. Others were equally gorgeous, and all evidently new for the occasion.

Very soon my donkey driver took out his tobacco box, and a little book of white paper gummed at the edges like the packages of paper for artists, and rolled himself a cigarette. He then offered me one, which I respectfully declined. He asked me "you no smoke"? and on my saying "no" said "no drink"? And I am sorry for the sake of our faith that he appeared surprised when I answered with emphasis "no" and put in the supplemental query "never"? Thus, as of old, stumbling blocks in the way of the truth are laid by the sins of those who profess to possess more light and knowledge—who *do* possess more, but choose to walk in darkness rather than light and shall receive the greater condemnation.

After I had stood I suppose half an hour watching the arrivals there was a sudden salute with trumpets and "some small boy," the donkey man said (I suppose) "the son of the Khedive," drove up. Soon after there was a salvo of artillery and the Khedive entered by another door from his Palace in the Citadel; after which I mounted my donkey and rode quietly back; reaching the hotel in time to wash and shave ready for breakfast at 8 A. M. The view of Cairo from the Citadel in the morning light is quite as imposing as it was by sunset two evenings previously. I was in a different part to-day. Then we had been taken into the side which opens on the west of the Mosque. There is the large court yard in which Mehemet Ali assembled the Mamelukes some fifty years ago inviting them to a feast. When they had mounted their horses to leave he closed down the gates and gave a signal to fire on them. Five hundred were killed, one only escaping by jumping his horse over the parapet. The horse was crushed to death but he escaped. It makes one giddy to look down the precipice and if the fact were not well established one would not believe that the man could have reached the bottom alive.

It is now 9 A. M. Thursday the 14th. We have not yet heard from the Dragoman and can do nothing till we do. It is cloudy and cold and most insufferably dirty. We are all longing for change even though by staying over the Lord's Day we should enjoy once more the privilege of the public worship, and receive letters. That we may still enjoy the Divine protection and realize fully that God is love and that they that dwell in love dwell in God is the prayer of your loving Father,

CASPAR MORRIS.

DAHABEYAH "AMERICA," 6½ P. M.,

Thursday, December 14, 1871.

My Dear Children :

The last stage of our pilgrimage is fairly begun. At 10 this morning word was sent that the luggage must be ready by 11, when it would be sent for, and that we should dine at 1 P. M. and go immediately on board. Our hearts fluttered between hope and fear. We knew how dirty and uncomfortable we were at the hotel, and yet the very strength of the terms in which we had heard voyagers on the Nile speak of the delight they had found caused some anxiety lest we should be disappointed. Hour after hour passed; trunks and bags were all strapped and piled up; parting visits to our friends resident at Cairo were paid; small change procured for little expenses on the river; dinner was served and eaten and still no porter appeared. Toward 5 P. M. we were summoned to the carriages, and drove over the Nile on a bridge of boats, looking in vain for the Stars and Stripes which should have been floating on the "America." Your mother and aunts Hannah and Jane and myself were in the second carriage and were wondering what was before us as we drove on, and on, through gardens and palm groves. Suddenly our driver hailed the first carriage, and after some loud talk we turned about and drove back to the river and were soon received on board by the servants, (neither Dragoman nor Reis being there) and the boat still covered up with canvas. I have already described the accommodation to you. I had not told your mother, who had no idea of the size of the boat, and she and your aunts are very much gratified by the apparent comforts. They have dusted and fixed cabins; and our books are all placed on the shelves; and each one is striving to find some occupation to beguile the evening hours. A beautiful new moon hangs its crescent among clouds just above the horizon.

The weather is cold; our friends at Cairo say, distressingly cold. Your mother has taken cold and has had a trying bustling and unsettled day and feels badly. I trust she may have a good night and be better in the morning. Warm wraps are in request.

We are much amused just now to learn the cause of our long drive this afternoon. The driver of the leading carriage had mistaken his orders and was on his way to the Pyramids. These we have seen only in the distance, grandly solemn spectacles; shadows of past ages. They do not even tell who was their builder. We shall postpone our visit to them to our return. Shall we not then be saturated with Egyptian remains, and allow our anxiety to get home draw us by without stopping to climb them or explore the vaulted chambers within the Pyramid of Cheops?

Friday morning.

Thankful hearts for a refreshing night's sleep (even your mother slept well) prevailed, as we assembled this morning for *Family* reading, which has been interrupted ever since we left England. The meal last evening was delightful; would have been good at any time and anywhere, but from contrast with the discomfort and filth of Cairo and the Hotel, specially delightful. A nice service of French China and bright new plated ware, and knives and forks, were attractive in themselves; and the food was good and abundant. We spent the evening seated around the table lighted by six stearine candles hanging in a chandelier over the centre, the ladies with their work, while I read to them several chapters of the *Daughter of the Egyptian King* translated from the German by Henry Reed and presented to me by dear Emily. Thus you see we entered pleasantly on our *home* life.

This morning we found ourselves lying closely wedged among native boats laden with beans, doura, wheat, sheep, turkeys, fowls and other country produce. The bank was thronged by villagers passing from house to house, milking buffaloes, and pursuing other homely avocations. Breakfast called us away from our inspection, and soon after we bethought ourselves each of some little thing which had not been gotten yesterday, and as the Dragoman had some purchases to make which would detain the boat, Miss Harris, Mr. Longstreth and myself were rowed ashore and walked into Cairo, agreeing to meet at the Post Office as a rendezvous, when we had accomplished our several errands. Mine was soon done being only some Arsenical soap for the Dragoman who says he is a Taxidermist; and some crayons and a paint box for Holly at Christmas.

Long and patiently I paraded the portico of the P. O. At length Miss Harris and T. K. Longstreth arrived; but Friezler was missing. So I despatched them to the boat and continued my watch. The time was beguiled by the varied scene. Among other indications of the transition state of Cairo is the introduction of street *boot-blacks*. They beset you here as at home. Two, who look as though they might be twin brothers, work together each cleaning one boot, so that the process is soon accomplished. They are found of course only in the new part of Cairo among the mongrel population who wear congress boots. Among the pure natives yellow and red slippers are still worn.

The festival of Bairam is just at its height and every one who can do so is clothed in *new* garments. Those they have laid aside were probably new *this time a year ago*, and have never been taken off during the year. You may suppose therefore the contrast is very great, especially as yellow and red and green and purple are the dominant color of everything. (As I raise my eyes from the paper a native boat glides past with a number of men in blue robes with white turbans and in the midst one with scarlet trousers, very full, and a tight fitting blue jacket with gold laced edges.)

Immediately before the window of my cabin is a rotary swing which is the centre of attraction. It is rarely still; one group after another getting into the pendant cars for a trifling payment. They are kept revolving by a man who touches the levers when the motion slackens. A part of the amusement consists in one of the swingers having a hammer in his hand which he lays on the ground just as the car in which he sits is about to rise, and each occupant of the other cars strives to take it up as he is about to rise. The rotation must not be arrested; and much promptitude as well as dexterity is required to avoid either stopping the machine or being thrown out while reaching for it.

They appear to be a merry race and easily moved either to mirth or anger. I should suppose familiarity with Western Nations, I cannot say Christians since they are really in many things better practical Christians than we, is rendering them tolerant of our presence. They manifest no displeasure at us and often smile as we pass. As we came on board of the skiff at the shore one of the boatmen assisted me, very gracefully, and I said "thank you"; on which Friezler who is studying Arabic gave me the word for that expression. The men all smiled, and a group on shore who had taken off their clothing and were washing them in the river, joined in a real laugh of pleasure. We have witnessed no quarrel even in the most thronged passage, where they are compelled to jostle each other constantly.

As I sat in the reading-room at the hotel yesterday while waiting for the summons to the boat Mrs. Grant came in to meet Mrs. Reynolds. A gentleman approached us and she said, "Dr. Morris"; on which he started and said, "*Dr. Caspar Morris*"? and on my acknowledging the name he expressed his pleasure, and I found him Genl. Reynolds. His wife soon came and I recognized an old patient of twenty odd years ago. She was a Miss Reeves and said she was a St. Andrews member, so we had quite a Philadelphia talk. Genl. Sibley also joined us, he knew Dr. Robert Murray. The American officers are not particularly happy in the service of the Khedive. But they have nothing to fall back on. They say to me "we followed the *political* leaders, that fellow Davis and others, like a pack of fools." "Soon as the war was over they rushed over to London and got the money left there; but care nothing for us and we are left to shift as we may." I pity them from my heart.

Saturday morning.

We still lie near Cairo opposite the palace of Said Pasha and the barracks on the one side and a mud village on the other; before us a new iron railroad bridge not yet quite complete. The detention by head winds is not a little trying to some of the party. To myself it is quite indifferent. I am *enjoying the quiet and freedom from pressure* and should be *perfectly* content, if I were not a little anxious for your

mother. The weather is cold and she is taking cold I fear. She does not sleep well at night, though our staterooms (she and I each have one) are quite comfortable. The mattresses are wide enough, and thick enough, but they rest on *inelastic* boards. Our breakfast has been good, except the butter and that we cannot have good. All the other members of the party are well. I have procured for your mother two air cushions, one nearly long enough for a bed, and the other forming a nice pillow which she finds a comfort. Our chairs and sofas are very comfortable and our cabins as gay as china, glass and gilding and silk curtains can make them.

I do not wonder at the feeling of awe inspired in the ancients by the Nile with its hippopotamuses and crocodiles. Wide and deep even at this season it rolls its turbid and rapid stream. Love to all. My letters are called for.

Your loving father,

CASPAR MORRIS.

DAHABEYAH "AMERICA," December 16, 1871.

My Dear Children :

You will have noticed the abrupt termination of my last letter just as I was about to express my sense of the majesty of this grand river flowing *most turbidly* it is true, but the muddier the better. That mud has been from year to year the riches of this land and the support of other lands from generation to generation through ages and ages. I was about to say untold ages. The millions of Rome were fed from this granary, as the starving household of Jacob had been. And all its fertility has depended on the mud with which it is still annually charged not only during the period of inundation but at *all* times. It would be impossible to express in numbers the gallons which flow hourly by, or the amount of fertile soil thus brought from the centre of Africa, for you must remember no tributary stream swells it volume, as it passes down, and no rain washes the hill sides, as with us, within our observation. All the water and the mud come from some thousand miles south. Its value was inestimable, its source mysterious. What more calculated to inspire reverential awe?

I went ashore myself with your uncle and mailed the letters to Cheston, and made some trifling purchases for your mother, and then to the bankers where I was repaid for the trip and would have been amply compensated, even if I had indulged myself in the slightest impatience at our detention, by finding dear Mary's letter of the 19th and Galloway's of the 17th and Mrs Cope's of the 19th. O! how thankful they made us! You will have learned by our irregularity of route why I never attempted to give you an idea of what we designed. Your mother and I never knew a day before hand what our course would be.

Now that we are out of Cairo and delivered from its annoyances we can say that it is a wonderful place. We landed this morning on our way into town near the mouth of a new canal which is being constructed. An immense *steam excavator* is pushing its way in from the river, attracting crowds of spectators. Just beside it on an inclined plane a dozen red trousered and turbaned men were squatted on their heels washing their other garments. On the bank stood several large portable steam engines; and just beside them a collection of mud dwellings. One man was kneading straw and mud by treading it with his feet; and as we returned we saw him repairing the roof of his hut by laying broken stones in this mud spread out on it. The houses are not higher than your head; and chickens and goats live upon the roofs. Close by, women were drawing water from stagnant pools and mixing straw with camel and buffalo dung and patting it out in cakes, which they spread against the sunny side of the houses to dry for fuel. All the straw is broken up into short fragments only an inch or two long and thoroughly crushed in the process of threshing. This adapts it to be mixed with the clay for brick making and building. In the fuel I think the material which is mixed with the straw has no other effect than to make the combustion slower and thus economize the straw; which would burn away too fast if it was not thus checked.

In pursuing our walk we passed many fine large houses being built on European models. The Hippodrome, a large edifice devoted to equestrian performances, and the Grand Opera house, and so on to the native bazaar with its teeming multitude. As we passed along one donkey driver after another solicited our patronage, offering to carry us to any or all the sights of Cairo. We preferred walking and were not a little amused by the wit of one fellow who on being repulsed after many efforts said "What for you come to Cairo"?

Having effected the object of our visit there to-day we came on board again and are still lying, hopeless of any advance but content with our condition. The scene on the bank near us is one of unceasing change. The merry-go-round of the holiday has been taken down; boats are taking in and discharging cargo, chickens are crowing and goats stand bleating on the house tops; crowds are passing and repassing, and an *incessant din of words* in an unknown tongue salutes our ears, mingled with two sounds so easily understood by all, and of universal expression, "laughter" and "lamentation."

Camels bring down loads of sugar cane, and take away loads of stone. Their *groans* are *fearful* sounds. Till I learned the source I thought it was the bellowing of Buffaloes. I knew it *could* not be the roaring of lions, though it is suggestive of the voice of the King of Beasts. It is not a cry of pain or dissatisfaction, though it sounds very like it and I thought it was, till I found it is uttered while being unloaded.

The shore is lined with Palm trees and the mud walls of the hovels are built against them and enclose them. These trees are all registered ; the proprietor of each pays a tax to the government.

Friezler says it is a cheap place to raise children. They require no housing and little clothing, and are certainly fed very cheaply. I see a group of them just now finding cheap pleasure, grovelling in the dirt. In our walk this morning we saw a knot of them playing *plug-top* just as we used to do at home. One top was lying in the ring and each boy was pegging away at it. Was that a juvenile amusement in the days of Cheops or even the Ptolemies? I shall look for a picture of it in the tombs.

Lord's Day morning.

Not a breath moves the feathery palms which stand so majestically amid the mud hovels on the shore before my little window, so that we have no ground for hope of sailing to-day. Everything around us proves us to be in a land which knows no Sabbath, nor Him who is Lord of the Sabbath day. Once Jesus was known here. How has that knowledge been destroyed? History teaches us that it grew under persecution ; degenerated into superstition in times of ease ; fell off on the one side under the enervating influence of worldly prosperity and on the other under the self imposed ascetism of Monasticism and Eremitism. Kingsley's work on the Hermits is worthy of perusal.

If it is proper to leave the boat I shall go into Cairo to church this morning and if I do will leave this letter to be posted to-morrow. We were greatly comforted last evening by the receipt here of letters which we had ordered to be forwarded up the river, but which our detention here enabled us to receive earlier. It is a mercy to be very thankful for, that our hearts should thus be set at ease about our loved ones at home just as the door of communication is about to be closed. Caspar's letter gave me great gratification. I shall not be able to write to him by this mail but will endeavor to do so by the next. I cannot permit this to go without the expression of the pleasure it afforded his grandmother and myself and thanking him and also Tyson and Cheston. Their letters *do us good*. I did write to Effingham a few days since. Cornelia and Mary and Robert may each look for letters. I am their debtor already but hope that one and all will pile on the heap of obligation. They can never know how much we love them ; how earnestly we pray for them ; and how anxiously we watch their development of character. They are none of them in any degree less in our thoughts or less warmly loved because of our separation. Our one prayer for them all is that each may be "Kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation."

The texts in dear Mrs. Cope's book for some weeks past have a tendency to make us think of closing life, as the year draws to a close.

That for this day (Dec. 17) is strongly suggestive. May we one and all "walk as children of the light" seeing "the night is far spent and the day is at hand."

The various members of our party appear to be all bright and well. Your mother (I am so thankful) is better than yesterday; she had a good night. But I have determined that this is not a proper trip for a serious invalid. The nights are cold, and there is a feeling of humidity which makes the sensation greater than the thermometer would indicate. It stood yesterday during the day in the shade at 62°F, and in the evening at 60°. Yet even so high as that your mother went to the trunk for a warmer dress than *that* old black silk with which she started, and in which she had determined to "do the Nile" even if the Nile "did it." The warm wool lined carriage shoes which I purchased for her at Florence prove an invaluable acquisition. Without them she would suffer. Her hands are generally cold. Nothing has surprised me more than the *clouds*. It never rains but it is never clear; at least we have not seen a cloudless day yet, and it is now approaching 10 A.M., and no one would know there was a sun except by the uniform light. His orb is not visible and no shadow is cast. This is a merciful providence. If the sun's rays fell directly on the earth during the entire year it must be baked hard. There is I believe a nightly deposit of dew which refreshes the foliage and moistens the roots of the smaller plants. While I write a little gleam of sunshine breaks through. This may prove the harbinger of wind but we are just told we may go to church, and I must make some toilet before leaving. Your mother of course will not attempt it as it involves a walk of something like a mile.

You would be amused at our attire. Your mother has a common coarse Leghorn hat with a broad rim. It is trimmed in the way worn for Nile voyage, with a muslin scarf plaited over the crown and hanging loosely down behind; and she has put a blue gauze veil in front. Your Uncle Wistar purchased a cork hat shaped something like one of our firemen's helmets, covered with alpaca, and has a scarf folded around it, hanging behind also. I tell him it looks exceedingly Quixotish. Your aunts each have a jaunty little straw hat with white veils all around; and I have folded a white scarf around the crown of a palmetto hat. The universal habit of Europeans is thus to protect the head from the direct rays of the sun, so that I suppose it does shine sometime. Each of the gentlemen have a scarlet skull cap with a black silk tassel for evening wear. This is the Fez. Miss Harris presented me with one and I must wear it but not out of doors.

Your loving father,

CASPAR MORRIS.

DAHABEYAH "AMERICA," December 18, 1871.

My Dear Children :

Here we still lie wind bound in the Nile between the two bridges near Cairo, with no more prospect of moving than when we first came on board. The sky is veiled with uniform grey clouds, and calms and strong *south* winds alternate. Yesterday Mr. Longstreth and Miss Harris went ashore to service at the American Mission; the other members of the party remaining quietly on board occupied with reading appropriate to the day. This morning I ventured ashore myself, made a few small purchases, saw the bulletin announcing the improvement in the condition of the Prince of Wales, had a little conversation with Dr. Grant, made efforts to procure a specimen of the Senna Plant for Dr. Carson, mounted a donkey and rode back. The Druggist was very civil and promised to make efforts to procure specimens for me if possible against my return. He said he had often tried without success. It comes from Nubia and Upper Egypt. I will try what the Missionaries can do as I go up the river.

This lying still here is somewhat trying to the tempers of impatient people. To myself, though I plead guilty to being one of that most unfortunate tribe, it is not disturbing. I had anticipated it before we started from home, and really the freedom from excitement and relief from the pressure under which we have been kept without intermission, except during the interval when your mother and I were left among the Italian Lakes, is most grateful. She sits with her sewing and I with my book or writing, just as we should do if we were sailing up the Nile. When we assemble at meals the subject is of one limitless discussion, some being never wearied of asserting the possibility of moving if the spring were only strong enough in the wills of the Reis and crew, while the more reasonable point to our neighbors lying besides us as tokens that this is one of those things which cannot be done as well as others.

We were tantalized as we sat at dinner by seeing a steamboat pass with two empty Dahabeyahs in tow and should have felt quite vexed if Friezler had not made application this morning to the government for a Tug and been told we could not have one. Who are the favored parties or by what power they accomplished the object we cannot conjecture. All that we know is that we are here with no hope of getting away. Well, well, the earth moves on in its orbit, Christmas is within one week and whether we get up the Nile or not the time is approaching when we shall turn our faces homeward. The question how far we should pray for a change of wind is discussed and I take the ground that we should rather ask for patience and submission and that all things may be ordered for our good.

I cannot say as I did among the Italian lakes that I never weary of the beauty. There is really no beauty within sight. Goats, buffaloes, donkeys, camels, and bipeds with red trousers and blue gowns and white

turbans, and dirty children with little but tawny skins, crowd the banks, while native cargo boats line the shore. One boat has been nearly completed, and the lumber of another sawed out and the frame laid just before us since we came to this place. The bugle call in the barracks is reiterated hour after hour and the ceaseless sound of the rivetting hammer tells us they are pressing forward to completion the draw of the iron bridge which stands between us and our destination.

Our deck is covered with the dark brown bread of the crew, cut into portions and spread out to dry. They are just now sweeping it up into heaps to be covered by the sails for the night. The Reis and his crew will soon go through their Vesper bowings and prostrations which are duly repeated several times every day. Each takes his place in turn on the highest point of the deck, stands for a few minutes with his face turned toward Mecca, then suddenly prostrates himself on his knees with his forehead touching the deck, and rises to his knees, and bobs to the deck alternately time after time. What they feel or think or say is known only to their own hearts and the Searcher of all hearts, who is no more propitiated by the unfelt repetition of "sound words" than He is by the idle bending of the body or bowing of the head. We are all struck with the resemblance of their singing to that we have so much enjoyed in the kitchen yard at Ivy Neck. We might almost think Toby Bias was there with his nasal twang. They keep time with a Tambourine and Tomtom, which is a dried skin tightly stretched over the mouth of an earthen jar, and relieve the monotonous song by an occasional hearty chorus.

Except the time spent in going ashore to-day I have been earnestly studying Sharpe's History of Egypt hoping to prepare myself for the better appreciation of the wonders of the palaces and tombs, the ruins of which we shall visit, by some knowledge of the time when, and the princes by whom they were severally built.

Your mother fortifies herself in her position that we are better off than we will be up the Nile, by reading a book of travels in the East by a Mr. Gadsby, who says "Cairo is charming" in comparison, and reports having lain at a bank eight days on his downward trip, because his crew would not move without a fair wind, even to come down the stream. It is an interesting book and will repay perusal if you have it in the Philadelphia Library. We are indebted for it to the waiter at Wood's Hotel, Furnival's Inn, London, who presented it to your mother as a token of his grateful remembrance of your Aunt Elizabeth. Mr. Gadsby was not so uncomfortable, however, that he did not repeat his voyage three several times. We must admit that it is tantalizing to know we are in the reach of objects of interest and yet be unable to visit them, lest the wind should shift and our absence be an excuse for not moving.

Tuesday morning, Dec. 19.

The sun shines upon us this morning and this is the only change. The air is fresh and cool but the wind still dead ahead. One of the waiters on the boat, a most important man for our comfort is sick, I fear with an attack of fever of some kind. This is an unpleasant incident. Coughs are very common, as I hear the people on the boats lining the shore cough violently during the night. The bank is all astir with its camel loads of Sugar cane being brought down to be shipped across to Cairo. It is much used for food not by children only but by those of all ages, and is said to be rich in its saccharine matter. I have not tasted it myself. The sugar we use is rich and good and is doubtless made here.

I have not yet seen any one but the sick man and know not what may be the plans of others, but suppose I shall walk into town after breakfast, and possibly may mail this. I wish I had anything interesting to you with which to fill the sheet as it seems wrong to send blank paper to you. Your mother had a pretty good night and seems bright this morning. Indeed her uniform brightness is a great blessing to us all and a gift from God, for which we must be duly thankful.

After breakfast.

I find that though the sun is shining brightly the thermometer has fallen during the night as low as 54° F.; several degrees lower than on any previous day. We hope the afternoon may bring us a change in the wind. I shall take this unsealed with me into Cairo and add to it anything that may interest one there.

5 P. M.

In Cairo this morning I made some little purchases, such as woolen yarn for your mother to knit herself some night socks. We did not dream of needing such things in this Southern latitude and left dear old Mrs. Sperry's in London; some chintz to make little pockets to hang around her state-room and some hooks to suspend clothes on.

The donkey driver amused me. As we passed some of the mud houses I asked him if he lived in one. He very indignantly said "No"! "*English gentlemen lunch with me.*" "I own five donkey." I asked him how much a donkey cost, and was surprised to hear him say £20. On my expressing my surprise he said, "You think I lie?" "Gentlemen offer me twenty Napoleons for this donkey."

Since my return we have been tantalized by seeing no less than three steamers pass up, towing boats loaded with the sugar machinery of the Khedive. There are six or eight other Dahabeyahs lying near us, like ourselves waiting a change of wind. While I was shopping this morning your uncle and Mr. Lognstreth visited the Egyptian

Museum at Boolak, which is near us, we find. Among other objects of interest, it contains the last found tablet with a trilingual inscription which confirms the value of hieroglyphics as deciphered by means of the Rosetta stone. It was discovered within a few months. If we do not sail I will go to the museum to-morrow morning. Several casts have been made from it and we are told one has been sent to Philadelphia.

Wednesday morning, there is yet no change of wind nor increase of hope of our moving so I shall take this into town when I go to the Museum and mail it, hoping we may yet get off before the time for another mail. The thermometer is now 52° F. in the cabin.

Your loving father,

CASPAR MORRIS.

DAHABEYAH, December 20, 1871.

My Dear Caspar :

I have already sent a message to you in one of my letters to the family generally, by which you will have learned how great pleasure your letter gave your grandmother and myself, by the care with which it was written ; but, *still more*, by the evidence it gave us of the affectionate respect with which you regard us ; which incited you to the effort. You know we are now moving among the ruined remains of the temples and tombs of a people who were pre-eminently distinguished by their veneration ; and who set the seal of immortality on their tombs ; and passed judgment even on their kings, before allowing them the honor of interment in the tombs they had expended vast sums in constructing for themselves during their own lives. Those who are wise above what is written, and are not willing to believe that "God made the World and them that dwell therein," and revealed to man what is right, "making known *His* ways unto Moses and His statutes and ordinances to Israel," think it a sign of their superior wisdom to trace to these old Egyptians the origin of all wisdom, as if it were more honorable to man to believe that in some remote age *he invented* knowledge and wisdom, than to trace all he possesses to the favour of Him who made all things in heaven and earth. These very Egyptians shame them. There is no honor they prized so highly as they did the favour of their Gods. They placed at the head of their titles "Loved of the god Amun-Ra," or Phtah or some other of the Gods many that they framed for themselves, when, not liking to hold in their memory the one true God, He gave them over to worship animals, and other creatures.

We have not yet reached the region of their grandest remains but have visited the solitary obelisk which stands as the only token of the site of the city of On, or Heliopolis, once celebrated as the great *College* to which resorted for instruction those sages whom we are accustomed

to venerate as the Fathers of Wisdom. If you have not yet met with the "Golden Verses" of Pythagoras they are well worth looking up. I wrote a translation of them years ago, and was strongly impressed by the testimony they afforded to the universality of moral truth; which *must spring* from the one fountain, *Truth itself*. It may be more or less defiled by the channels through which it flows, but Truth is Divine. Pythagoras is known to have received instruction at Heliopolis; and in later ages Plato also. Joseph married a daughter of the priest of Heliopolis and it was there, beyond doubt, that Moses became learned in all the wisdom of Egypt.

A few mounds of earth now covered by fields cultivated for vegetables of various kinds for the market of Cairo, surround the obelisk which rises in their midst, having on it hieroglyphic figures which prove that it stood there before the days of Abraham. They are as clean cut and fresh looking, as though we might *look* at the base for the chips which have been chiselled out of the deep incisions, and the tools and hammer of the workman, who would soon return to add other signs. On two sides the figures of the birds and animals present the appearance of being *embossed*. The mud daubers, a kind of wasp, have availed themselves of the depressions to build their nests, following exactly the lines traced for them, and filling up the form of the Hieroglyphic figure. I did not ascertain whether it is the sun or the wind, which makes these two sides to be preferred by these insects. It certainly is one or the other. A rain, if it ever falls, will wash away their deposit and then all four sides will stand alike, with clean figures cut at least an inch deep, and the narrowest line two inches wide. They are placed in a vertical line near the middle of the *face of each side*. These obelisks, and some of the statues and sarcophagi which we have seen in the museums, are of a basalt or a granite, or of porphyry; all very hard stone; some so hard that even modern tools will not dress it. Yet they are the work of ages before the siege of Troy. Did they possess the knowledge of the process by which steel is made? or had they some tool better even than ours?

I commenced this letter yesterday while lying off Cairo almost despairing of a change of wind which should carry us up the Nile, and while we were trying to make arrangements for a steam tug to carry us through a drawbridge, after passing which we could sail or be tracked, suddenly the favouring wind came; and in 15 minutes overcame the obstacle; and now (the morning of the 21st) I open my eyes on a beautiful wide spread reach of River, glowing with the reflected light which Aurora spreads on the heavens, as the herald of the sun. In calm majesty of inherent greatness, and clothed with the dignity of ages untold, making them venerable as well as grand, rise before me the pyramids of Ghizeh, and just beyond lies the site of Memphis. Once—yes often—the seat of empire of the nation which overran Asia as far as the Caspian; and measured strength with Assyria—now a

series of mounds covered with gardens and palm groves ; and here are *we* a family of descendants of those who *then* were more savage than the Scythæ and Massagetæ of those Northern lands, sailing by these silent memorials of their greatness, but eloquent teachers of the vanity of earthly things whether national or individual, great or small.

At this moment we are being towed by our crew, harnessed like horses to our boat, and tracking along the shore. There are 16 of them in line. They are by every token of form and feature, the descendants of those by whom the pyramids were built, and who carried the power of Egypt into those distant lands ; and left there, cut on the stones in hieroglyphics, the record of their conquest. Such are the changes which *have* passed, and *are* passing, on this restless earth.

We are looking forward with the pleasure of confident hope to our return to the bosom of our families. It affords us great consolation to think that you, and your brothers and cousins, are preparing for us the highest happiness earth can offer, by your honor of your parents and diligence in preparation to fill honourably and usefully your positions "in that state of life to which God hath called you" ; and we are thankful that your lot, and ours, is cast in these better times ; and not as *subjects* of a Pharaoh or Cyrus, of Cæsar, Alexander, or Nebuchadnezzar, nor *citizens* of Rome, Carthage, or even Athens, or Sparta. Ours is a better lot in *this* life, than it would have been in either, and "to know Thee the only true God and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent is life *Eternal*."

IO A. M.

As I sat just now gazing at the pyramids my ear caught a familiar sound and—shades of Cheops and Cephrenes ! what did my eyes see passing between me and your tombs ? A *locomotive* and train of cars ! What extremes ! Pyramids heaped up one knows *not how*, and at a period so distant that it has never been positively settled how many centuries ago—and rushing chariots drawn by a power of which those builders had no comprehension, though they were producing it every time they cooked their onions and leeks, of which they recorded on the pyramid the number consumed by the labourers.

We are now passing the site of the labyrinth ; *vide* Herodotus.

Your loving grandfather,

CASPAR MORRIS.

DAHABEYAH "AMERICA," December 21, 1871.

My Dear Children :

Starting now on a more tranquil stage of our voyage I feel as though I might be able to write more calmly and connectedly than I have been able to do under the high pressure with which we have travelled till now. Not having had the direction of our own

movements, we have never thus far known one hour in advance what course we were to take, what objects we were about to visit. It was of course impossible to command our time or make any systematic arrangements of our actions. Now, for three months at least, we shall not leave our own position, but wait for the various objects of interest to be brought to us. This may sometimes test our endurance, and try our tempers by the demand on our patience, as much as the excitement of action has done heretofore. Yesterday morning we were planning and concerting with our fellow *detenus* (some three or four Scotch and English families) how we could procure a steam tug to carry us through a drawbridge which lay as an insuperable barrier to our advance. Suddenly, while some members of their party were ashore, and just after some of ours had returned to the boat, without a minute's premonition, the wind hauled round; our *beautiful* striped sail was spread, we floated off, and in fifteen minutes were through the draw and gaily sailing against the stream on our southern course, leaving our less fortunate neighbors still anchored. We made about twelve miles before nightfall, when we tied fast to the shore, and lay quietly all night. The sunset was just what we have seen represented in the pictures of Mr. Tilton at Rome and in Robert's Egypt. If any one is willing to give some thousand dollars for an Egyptian picture instead of spending some thousands in a personal visit, Mr. Tilton will gladly accommodate him, and do it *perfectly*. A light veil of cloud lay gauze-like over the face of the sky, and as the sun reached the horizon, assumed richer shades than were ever given to an Egyptian or Persian cloak by any Tyrian dyer; while in the delicacy of its texture it defied the competition of the looms of Decca; and in gracefulness of folds the art of the most accomplished Paris upholsterer. Then what language can describe the richly burnished surface of the Nile Sea, so it was called of old, as it reflected the purple and gold of the heavens?

Soon after sunset the wind failed us and stakes were driven into the bank and we lay quietly all night. My window looked out on the water side and as I kept the watches of the night the moon shed its calm rays on the river till the returning sun gave a golden hue to the eastern sky, which was reflected from the placid surface of the water. Going on deck I could see three pyramids of Ghizeh on the west side of the river; and on the east the citadel of Cairo, with the grand dome of its Mosque flanked by needle-like minarets on either side, towered loftily above the town; while on either side the limestone hills and the desert sands showed how narrow is the valley fertilized by the Nile. It seems almost beyond belief that such great cities should have been erected, or such great events transpired within such narrow limits; that from hence could have issued the armies which overran India, threatened Assyria, invaded Scythia and Armenia, made for a long time successful resistance to Persia and Greece and

Rome ; or that from this little strip should have been raised year by year the corn with which the Roman Emperors quieted the rebellion of her starving citizens. It is true wheat fields already green meet the eye everywhere ; but the area is so small that one cannot think without wonder of the annual harvests which fed not its own people only, but the world.

Just behind these green grain fields we see the ranges of limestone hills, in the sides of which numerous gaping caverns indicate the mouths of the caves in which are stowed away the remains of the generations of three thousand years ; together with the mummies of crocodiles, apes, monkeys and cats. Gloomy enough is the grimness of these cream colored cliffs.

Now we pass flocks of sheep or goats tended by Arab herdsmen like the servants of Laban or Jacob ; now we see camels arranged along the shore, stretching their long necks till their heads are between their feet while they drink ; and every now and then we pass ploughs drawn by camels or buffaloes. (I was called on deck just now by the excitement created by the near approach of the other Dahabeyahs which had overtaken us while we were aground ; an incident often repeated. The wind falling, each landed its crew to track, and the coutest which should lead was very animated. We keep the lead.)

We are passing great fields of tall Egyptian corn or Doura the grain growing on top like broom corn. Tents are pitched beside it and it is being harvested. They cut it off near the ground ; then take off the grain ; and bind the stalks and leaves in large bundles. We meet loads of them on the boats going down the river.

The Citadel of Cairo stands on an eminence so lofty that we have had it in view all day. The pyramids also of Ghizeh, and later in the day those of Sakkarah. The beauty of the palm groves is very great, and the wheat fields have the brilliant green of early spring with us. Large flocks of wild geese fly screaming over head in long single files, as with us ; occasionally breaking and forming into two diverging lines having a point of union in the one leader.

22d.

We sailed on in the moonlight last evening till about 8½ p. m., when in company with our fellow voyagers of the Counteso, the Gazelle, the Urania, and a larger boat, whose name we have not learned, and surrounded by a host of Cangias or freight boats laden with corn, we made fast for the night. Your uncle Wistar climbed the bank and saw beyond cultivated fields ; but was glad to make his return safely, being attacked by dogs.

This morning my window opens on the calm unruffled stream, flowing, silently as destiny, undisturbed by the incidents of time ; reflecting only the glow of the heavens above ; and skirted by palm

groves waiving their crowns of green, feathery symbols of victory. Behind them lies in solemn, awful *state*, the corpse of human history, the pyramids of Sakkarah ; and above them all, the pearly vault of heaven shews itself adorned by fleecy clouds, some white as the driven snow, some glowing like molten gold, emblem of the streets of the apocalyptic Jerusalem. Beyond in the distance the grim grey outline of the desert spreads itself with the malign aspect of unknown, unfathomable, evil—the “outer darkness,” surrounding the paradise of God.

While we were at breakfast we were tracked a short distance but even that slow process of advance soon failed us, and we were obliged “to stake” under a high bank which projects into the stream.

Beside us lay the Gazelle and two other Dahabeyahs. I went ashore and saluting as we passed two gentlemen who like myself were walking for warmth in the sun, found one of them, a very modest unpretending fellow, is the Marquis of Bath, making his third trip. He says he never found it so cold before. They turned their poultry ashore to feed and get exercise while detained. Chickens, turkeys and geese waited quietly on shore to be caught at will.

We saw the processes of agriculture. The Douira crop is being cut off just as our Indian corn. The tops with the seeds are gathered in large heaps and thrashed *with sticks*, and the stalks are bound in bundles and sent down the river, either for food for camels, or to be used in strengthening the mud walls of the houses. The land is immediately ploughed by oxen and sown with wheat or beans or vetches. In some exposed places they plant the dry Douira stalks, as screens to the young crops, in hedge like rows parallel to each other at a distance of some feet, and cultivate the ground between in small crops. They are certainly an industrious and happy race of people.

We find that one of our waiters was with Joshua H. Morris and his party and talks of them with most respectful affection. He says he had received two letters from J. H. M. He has been to New Orleans and Mobile, and seems a very nice man named Joseph. The Marquis of Bath recognizes our pilot and says he was in his employ and is a good officer.

It is interesting as we lie here to watch the activity around us. Cangias or freight boats are floating constantly past us with large loads of the thrashed straw and douira and other grains ; and many are, like ourselves, wind bound on their up-river course. Ploughing and sowing are being done on shore and everything indicates activity. We hear the rattle of the R. R. and occasionally a steamboat passes dragging a long line of barges with machinery for the works of the Khedive or the sugar and cotton of his manufactories.

2 P. M.

We are still lying at the same spot, with no indications of change. While at dinner a favorable breeze fanned us gently and in a moment at a call from the Reis we saw the crew spring on board, hoist the sail,

man the poles, draw the stake and we were off. The alacrity and good humour with which they perform their duties is very pleasing. The Marquis of Bath was not so happy as we, and the Urania and Gazelle. He and his friend had strolled away and his Reis had taken down the sail to enlarge it, so that they were not ready for the start. By dint of poling through shallow water and catching the lightest breeze on our sails we crossed to the opposite side of the river and then the crew took us in tow. They pull like a long team of mules. We often pass Cangias lying taking a cargo of wheat or Doura or the stalks or straw. These are piled up very high and it is pleasant to see with what good humour their men assist our crew in passing the long towing rope over them, singing and cheering and chaffing at each other gaily. As we were being towed along this afternoon one of our men broke from his place and ran down to the shore to assist two women to raise their water pitchers to their heads. He did it with all the grace of a finished gentleman and returned to his rope.

DAHABEYAH "AMERICA," Dec. 24, 1871.

The enquiry has just been made; have you any letters to mail this evening at Benisooef and I avail myself of the opportunity to send the sheet which accompanies this and will endeavor to divert my attention from passing objects sufficiently long to give you another day's record of our progress. It is difficult to do so. We are sailing gaily and every minute presents some fresh object of interest to our notice. At this moment we are passing a noble grove of *Acanthus* trees sheltering under their great masses of foliage an extensive building like a fortified castle, built of unburned brick; recently we passed a Coptic Convent; and the incidents of navigation are often amusing, sometimes exciting, and occasionally vexatious. This morning for example we were sailing most rapidly when without a moment's prevision we stuck our bow into a mud bank and spent some half hour or more in extricating ourselves. This allowed the only Dahabeyah which can sail with us, and which we had dropped, to overtake us. Soon after doing so we were hailed and I was asked to go on board to pay a professional visit to the Dragoman. I found him suffering with an acute Pleurisy or Hepatitis. I prescribed for him to the best of my ability and returned after offering to repeat the visit at any time they pleased. The poor fellow is suffering greatly and asked if I did not think leeches would be of use. On my saying I did, he proposed to go to Benisooef where he could get them, and also a surgeon stationed there by the Khedive. Soon after we came in sight of that town and while we are holding on our way I see that boat has stopped.

We shall not stop as we have a most favourable wind and our stores will not need replenishing. It is quite a large town, the residence of a Lieut. Governor. The country around is fertile and highly

cultivated and the groves of trees are large ; while the minarets of several mosques pierce their clustering foliage quite picturesquely, and the large number of masts shows an active trade. There is also a large cotton and silk manufactory belonging to the Khedive.

My medical advice is needed by one of our cabin servants who is quite sick, we are all interested for him. His manner is attractive, he talks five languages fluently, English among them, and though a Romanist lingers purposely about the cabin during our morning reading of the Scriptures. One of the crew came to me pointing to his ear; he evidently has earache and says it is relieved by oil and laudanum. Another came and coughed and held his hand to his chest, and laughed and then pointed to his mouth, to indicate he wanted something to take. When I gave him some liquorice paste he appeared more than satisfied. Another held his hand to his face and then pointed to his teeth. Indeed I only wonder they are not all ill. The nights are very cold. Thermometer 40° to 45°F. and they have no shelter, but lie on the open deck wrapped only in coarse blankets. Your Uncle Wistar, Friezler, and myself, are all suffering more or less with cold in our teeth; and now at 4 p. m. it is unpleasantly cold. The Dragoman I saw this morning owes his attack to cold, though his stateroom is as comfortable as any of ours. It is no place for a delicate invalid.

This morning we passed on one shore a town which is falling into the river, which is undermining the bank; and on the other shore the desert piles its heaps of sand quite down to the river's edge. Along the sandy shore congregate large herons, standing in lines at the water's edge, while countless flocks of wild geese sail over us screaming most noisily. Steamboats drawing heavy barges laden with machinery pass and are repassed by us and the rattling sound of the railroad breaks the strange stillness of the scene. It was very funny to see the monkey on one occasion, when the noise of the cars caught his ear, run quickly to the highest place his chain allowed him to reach, and stand perfectly erect on his hind legs while he held his forepaws over his head and looked as anxiously to learn the source from which the new sound came, as the pilot looked at the course he was steering.

December 25th.

I will thank Israel to stop the *Ledger* from the time he receives this. It will arrive here till we leave Egypt and after that I do not care for it and may save the postage.

This morning we were aroused by the cheery sound of little Mary's greeting reminding us of old times and pleasant incidents, and now as it is 2 p. m. we fancy the pleasure with which in each of your several homes you hail the return of the festival which should fill all hearts

with thanksgiving and all mouths with praise, and we desire to unite with you in thanks to God for His unspeakable gift. Your mother and I had provided some crayons and colors for little Mary and other similar tokens of affection served to brighten the breakfast hour. Since then our time has been beguiled by the sights on the shore which have been interesting. The usual culture in its simplicity of hoe and native plough, just such as are represented in the pictures on the tombs, with which we have all been made familiar by photography, is found at every turn.

This morning we have passed extensive quarries of white limestone, worked by hundreds of natives who receive no compensation for their labour and are kept at their toil by military force. Steam locomotives, drills, and blasting with gunpowder facilitate their work but contrast strongly with their eastern costume and sable skins. Very many of the people here are evidently of Nubian descent.

Nearly opposite the stone quarries we found very extensive sugar manufactories worked by steam power driven by coal imported here from England. Gas works for lighting well prove their importance. Much machinery was being landed ; Copper boilers, and Iron rolls and Hydro extractors and girders for roofs ; all made either in Europe or America, and as we knew Henry G. Morris was making some machinery we used our glasses diligently to detect if possible his name on any part. The English directions to Alexandria could be read easily.

We had so strong a favouring breeze when we reached Benisooef yesterday that we did not stop. We are now lying still at mid-day not having made ten miles to-day. If we have a fair wind when we reach Minieh we shall not stop. If we have not we shall mail our letters there. Your grandmother and I are busy reading Egyptian History every morning, and in the evening I have read aloud Henry Reed's translation of the Daughter of the Egyptian King. It is a sad but intensely interesting story, illustrating the manners and customs of the times of Cambyses and Amases in Persia and Egypt and the Pisis-tratidæ in Athens. Reading the history simultaneously with the story I am able to indicate the perfect truth of the incidents in this, which are most exciting. If you have not read it you will find it very instructive and enable you to follow the thread of history more readily than you can without and will make you all feel that it is better to be citizens of our free Republic and possessors of the blessings of Christianity than worshippers of Ormuzd or Osiris or Zeus or Poseidon, even sitting on thrones or riding in the first chariots of the Kingdom.

I find by the cessation of movement that we are again at the shore. It is interesting to see the stratification of the deposit. Some years leave a slight deposit of an inch or two ; some ten or fifteen inches, but all of the same black mud with a little sand. Just now we have a cliff ten or fifteen feet high directly at our window. As it falls

into the water it breaks into cubes, and these again into smaller fragments, but to the smallest all retain the rectangular cubical shape.

5.30 P. M.

Would that you all could see the burnished golden water as it lies before my state-room window with the background of palm grove and above it the changing glory of the sunset hues on the lace-like veil of cloud. Thermometer 65° not a breadth of wind stirring. We are fastened to the eastern shore and the moon nearly full is just above the horizon. All thy works praise Thee, may thy saints *give thanks* to Thee. That we may be of that number prays

Your loving father,

CASPAR MORRIS.

This has been a day enjoyed by your mother and all.

December 26, 1871.

The scene which spreads before my little window as I lie waiting for the time of rising is one of great beauty. We cast anchor last evening when the failing wind rendered further progress impossible, near the eastern shore. Fear of Hyænas which were heard howling along the desert, whose grim outline approached the river on this side, caused us to anchor instead of staking. Now the river is a mile wide and the western shore is low and the fields highly cultivated. A large chimney of a steam pumping machine with its square, well built, engine house stands opposite us, and near it a beautiful residence of stone, embowered in a grove of Palm and Acanthus trees on which the sun's horizontal rays are just resting. Since I took my portfolio to write, a breeze has risen and is curling the water and already our prompt Reis and his cheerful crew are raising anchor and hoisting sail, and as the sun illuminates the palms we are passing along this winding shore, causing them to seem as though in mystic dance they waved their feathery plumes and shifted their positions in graceful figures in honor of the life-giving power thus smiling upon them.

We suppose ourselves to be about 120 or 30 miles south of Cairo and as there are the chimneys of sugar mills in the vicinity in addition to those we passed yesterday, which are within a few miles, we suppose the residence I have mentioned may be that at which your aunts tell us Frederick and his party were hospitably entertained.

10 A. M.

Each day's observation confirms me in the conviction that no delicate invalid should be sent here. Since the first beams of the sun fell on the shore, clouds grey and cold have obscured the day. The thermometer stands below 50° F. and the air is colder to our sensations

than even that would indicate, and while our diet is excellent for healthy persons it would be difficult to suit the capricious appetite of disease or weakness. For the young and gay and for sportsmen, or artists, or poets, or loungers, who desire only to eat and drink and sleep, who carry with them carefully assorted stores and arrangements for the gratification of their several tastes; or for a party of two or three perfectly well assorted and congenial souls, everything would conspire to make it a voyage of pleasure. We enjoy the *delightful* parts. There are alloys in the shape of difficulties connected with the large number. Then one of our waiters is quite ill with Dysentery without any means of appropriate treatment or care; stowed away in a dark hole, with the dog and the monkey for his bedfellows. I had hoped he was doing well this morning. He is a very pleasant servant and we not only miss his assistance but feel deep sympathy with his suffering and are saddened by the absolute impossibility of doing anything to comfort and relieve him. Your mother is very busy with that old black silk dress which is to her what canvas and brushes are to the artist, and she is bent on making it as smart now as it was before it was turned the first time (some ten years ago was it not and has it not been transmuted annually since?) Little Mary is prowling around the floor of the saloon performing the crocodile. Thomas K. Longstreth and Miss Harris are *exercising* each other with the aid of Ollendorf's French Grammar. Wistar is coiled up in one corner with a book, and I am *enjoying all I hoped for* with the single abatement of the sick man. I had fondly hoped to escape the responsibility of my profession. It has been my life's burden. Perhaps it is my sin that I feel it such, and I should have bent my shoulder to the yoke and borne it cheerfully and been glad to do what *I could* and not fret, as I have done, because I could not do more. I must now do what I can gladly.

In a little walk on shore at our last stopping place we found melon vines in flower sheltered from the cold north wind by tufts of grass. This use of grass and tall reeds is very common.

2 P. M.

We have had a most laborious day and made but little progress. The channel was very tortuous and the shoals very shallow so that we have been floated off by the crew getting under the counter of the boat at one time, by poling at another, by tracking at another, and sometimes by carrying out an anchor to keep the head to the little wind. We had just got around a very difficult point and the sails were spread when I remarked to Wistar I believe the task is accomplished but it has been hard work. If I were at home I should say we are about to have a N. E. blow. At the same moment the Reis shouted loudly to his men; every rope was cast loose, and looking to the desert we saw a dense black cloud driving toward us, and in a few moments felt the

grit of the sand in our teeth while the atmosphere was darkened by it. It passed over us in a few minutes but not till it had startled us all by its violence. It is cause for thankfulness that we had got beyond the shallows or we should certainly have been driven ashore. We are now making rapid advance but the sun has smiled on us but little to-day and about 3 P. M. we had a fall of rain sufficient to wet the deck. We have passed several very extensive sugar works, and many acres of melons and corn sheltered by tufts of long grass. The flats from which the water has receded are beginning to have a green tint from the growth of young reeds; and the wheat fields are very green.

There are frequent and large flocks of sheep; black, white, and parti-colored; and at a ferry we saw quite a herd of cattle being transported across the river in boats. They were large and many of them had humps on their shoulders sufficiently large to prove their relationship to the cattle of India. The tameness of the birds proves that there can be no shooting except that from the foreign travellers. The little birds light on our decks. Herons scarce move at our approach and eagles sit entirely indifferent as we pass them. They are evidently the same bird figured on the coins of the Ptolomies.

27th.

After a toilsome day, with but little progress, in the course of which we passed some old quarries on the shore where the desert came quite down to the river on the East side, we staked for the night close to a native village on the West side. The bank is clothed with palms whose tops are now waving in the favouring wind. At their feet lies a large heap of beans, beside which watch has been kept all night by a native guard who has kept a small fire of dry reeds to warm himself. The people on board are beginning to move and so soon as they can get our supply of milk from the shore we shall start. The sky is cold and wintry looking and were it not for the palm trees we should find it difficult to believe it a tropical climate. My night has *flea-ed* away with broken rest, and I have been fearful that your mother's has been disturbed also by the same intrusion. This is the only animal trouble we find, and it is not so great as it was in Italy, but destructive of rest anywhere. The coughs on shore as well as on board confirm my opinion that this is not the place to send persons suffering under diseases of the respiratory organs.

While I write we are moving off, and as we pass the town I see near one of the houses some swine; affording convincing evidence that some of the people are not followers of the prophet who forbade swine's flesh. As we get fairly out on the river the sun rises and gilds the clouds and gives a little warmth to the sky while a *great* grove of palms gives beauty to the earth. I had written the above before rising, and now I have not half completed my toilet, when the wind falling we are drifting rapidly down stream. Quick as thought the crew

spring to the boat, row ashore with their towing rope, land on a spot where I do not see how they can stand, let alone hold on to the rope, climb the bank, check our retrograde course and commence their toilsome draught. Such are the perpetually recurring incidents of Nile voyage.

The various flocks and herds which have been brought to the village for safety during the night; goats, sheep, donkeys, cattle; are being driven a-field and the cheery calls of human society sound musically over the water, while the song of our crew forms a deep bass to the harmony. The unceasing "gobbling" of the Turkeys and cawing of the crows are familiar chords amid all the wild dissonance. While breakfasting we have been carried rapidly up the stream and on going on deck see *very extensive* unfinished sugar works with the town of Semaloot on the one side, with its lofty and exquisitely beautiful minaret, and on the other a cliff running down to the river's edge, with old quarries in its side. We suppose the Coptic convent is not far distant, which stands on one of these cliffs, and from which the monks were accustomed formerly to be lowered to the water and float off to the boats on inflated skins, asking alms as "Christians." The low shores are highly cultivated and look attractive, and here as wherever machinery is being introduced, we see houses more commodious than the common native hovels; we suppose to be occupied by Europeans. We have just been boarded by three naked Coptic monks who swam off for money crying "Christiani Hawadgi." If they be slaves of superstition *who* has set *us* free? A trifle satisfied them and they swam to shore.

Your loving father,

CASPAR MORRIS.

"THE AMERICA," on the Nile, December 28th, 1871.

My Dear Children:

Yesterday we were able to mail letters from Minieli, quite a considerable town about 82 miles from Cairo. Wistar and Mary; T. Longstreth and E. Harris went ashore, but as it did not look inviting and there is nothing of interest to see we did not join them and I admit the fear of bringing back companions deterred us. Thus far we have been greatly favoured, having nothing more than fleas; bad enough too. We had no reason to regret not joining them from their report. This is a delightful day and we are all well and happy. Is not that saying *much*? The life here as you can imagine, is monotonous and yet there is almost all the time something to see, either on the shore or river. The glare from the water is so uncomfortable to me, even in the hat and parasol, that I stay very much below stairs, but have a very good view from the windows. The evenings we

spend together around a well lighted table, each having their work, and your father reads aloud. We have read the "Egyptian Princess"; have now taken the "Wilkinson's Egypt" and two other works on Egypt. Cheston's book will be the next. We have—little Holly tells me for she has made a catalogue—100 Books in our little library. So I think we'll hardly run out on the trip.

There is plenty of opportunity for gentlemen to shoot, so if any of you boys were here I have no doubt it would afford you much amusement, and I often regret we have not a sportsman in the party. The dragoman shoots a little but not much. The geese and birds we see in large flocks very often, and they are very nice.

Sunday, Dec. 31st.

I think much of you all, but especially on Sundays, seeing you all going to your different churches with your families. We assemble at 11 in the morning and Wistar reads a sermon and a chapter, and after that your father and I have our own service in my little state room to ourselves. We rather hoped to have reached Asyoot last night and then we would have gone to hear the missionary even if the services had been in Arabic, but we are creeping along at a slow rate.

Head winds and a strong current against us, makes the tracking which the poor crew do (that is pulling us with strong ropes) very hard work; two Dahabeyahs have just got up to us, and so now we have company. The flies to-day are intolerable; it is almost impossible to write or do anything for them and the day very warm. I suppose I shall get accustomed to this Nile life but so far I don't like it, it is just loafing, and doing nothing, and surrounded by most miserable human beings that call for your sympathy.

The Pasha is *Lord* and when he issues an order it has to be obeyed. His sugar manufactory is not far from here and he has conscripted so many to work in it for a piece of bread a day; and we daily meet the boats crowded to excess with the poor creatures on their way there. No less than 12 boat loads have passed us to-day. He is now requiring the whole population to pay their taxes 6 years in advance \$36 a year per acre. Occasionally we see the slave boats also.

January 1, 1872.

This is dear little Emily's birthday and my thoughts wandered on waking to Ivy Neck especially, but did not forget to ask in our morning petitions for each member of each family, "Old and Young." I thought the 24th was Herbert's but was not quite sure. Elliston and Annie, too, have passed their anniversaries, as well as Caspar, Cornelia, Eff, and Tyson, so you see my dear children grandma don't forget you. We trust this will be a happy New Year to you all. This morning our

breakfast table was decked with a very beautiful bunch of wild flowers. Holly and her father had gathered them in their walk, for the boat is anchored by a bank on the top of which is a most luxuriant wheat field, and all have been tempted to go ashore almost daily except me. They are guarded by a man with a heavy stick to keep off dogs; this is a necessary precaution.

Tuesday, January 2d.

After having been anchored forty-eight hours, about 3 o'clock this morning we were aroused by a stir and excitement overhead; the wind had changed and we were moving. Some difficulties were to be encountered and consequently we have had a bustling exciting morning and to add to what is going on on board is the prospect of a donkey ride up into the town to do some shopping. Yesterday as we were lying between two Dahabeyahs, with whom we had had some intercourse, we exchanged visits; they are English and Scotch people, quite pleasant; and now this morning we are running a race.

10 o'clock.

To the disappointment of our Ladies the dragoman says he has no occasion to tarry here long enough for us to go into town; so your father and uncle have gone to get our letters and we are watching with some interest what is passing on the shore. About 100 donkeys with their attendants rushed down as we came in, and I thought it was at the risk of their lives that the gentlemen mounted, and then the Dragoman whipped the bystanders out of their way. We were shocked at this; it is the first time I have seen the lash used, and if *I am* to try donkey rides thro' as many difficulties as these I shouldn't do it at all. I think the Dragoman and Reis or Captain changed their plans because there is a fair wind and our fellow travellers have gone ahead with it and they don't like to be left.

January 3d.

We had a great shock last evening. Your father as usual had just commenced reading aloud as soon as the tea table was made ready, when in the middle of a word, his head fell back. I was sitting beside him, jumped and supported his head. His eyes were fixed, and he was entirely unconscious. Wistar and T. Longstreth lifted him on the Divan and we gave brandy, applied spice plasters, and ginger, and paragoric, and mustard. On coming to himself he was very sick at his stomach. You may imagine it was a most trying night to us all, feeling the whole responsibility of the case on ourselves, and he very unwilling (of that he has no recollection) to let us do much for him. I sat up with him. The room being too small either for me to lie down in it or for a second person to sit there. Wistar left his door

open and was frequently at the door to look after us ; and sisters were equally anxious and watchful. They all say, and he thinks so himself, it was just such attacks as your grandfather used to have ; none the less alarming for that. He had not been feeling sick at all, tho' we had noticed for several days his appetite was not so good, and yesterday especially had only eaten a small piece of roast mutton and rice ; declining a very tempting pudding. This morning he appears entirely relieved ; tho' looks badly ; has taken a little breakfast. And I do feel anxious and shall dread a recurrence.

Oh ! again (you will tire hearing of it) for the comforts of home ! airy rooms, etc., our children to comfort and aid me. But don't think me ungrateful, they are *all* as kind as possible and we have every luxury that money can give. What an unspeakable comfort to *feel* in a Merciful Father's Hand, and to know every stroke is meted by him.

January 7th.

The few last days have been ones of anxiety to me and watchfulness of your father. I do try to avoid *over* care on his account too, knowing to knock myself up would trouble him ; but I see he is not well and I am afraid of a return. It is most trying to have to leave him *alone* and *across the entry at night* and I dare not have the doors open as the draft makes me cough all the time and I am so susceptible to colds, and as the thermometer is forty some nights we have to wrap up. Your father is cheerful and enjoys the scenery, etc., reads and writes, tho' not so much as he did, and looks badly ; bad color, evidently wants to be quiet ; so we are a good deal alone in our little rooms. I sit on the bed and then he can occupy the chair. I am sorry to have to send such accounts, especially as it will be a long time ere another letter can go. They tell us we will get to Thebes to-night where we hope to hear. And then we can't either hear or send until our return to that point, which will require six weeks at least (if we go above the cataract.) We most sincerely wish they would not. I regret this attack of your father's also on Wistar's account as he evidently feels it.

We have had several right sick people on board, for whom your father prescribes, and he is winning the affections of all the hands. The old Reis came twice the other morning to the cabin to inquire for him, tho' he only speaks a few words in English ; but actions convey much. We are now passing the most luxuriant wheat I ever saw, the scenery on the shore is ever varying ; some times attractive and at others painful in the extreme. At one point alone (we had to stay at that town thirty hours for our men to bake their own bread) we saw 2000 men shipped for the Pasha's works. After carrying many, *many* large bags or bales of bread on their backs on board (that is their only food) they were then driven on board like animals and packed as

closely as they could squat, so as to put as many as possible on board each boat, and there they must remain for five days, at least, without change of position ; they are seated on the bread on deck. They are a cheerful, happy people notwithstanding, and not slothful, and certainly sincere and devout in their worship of Mahomet, indeed I think they set a good example to us Christians in many ways.

Your father is keeping a journal for you all but will not risk sending it in this way, as the mail from here is very uncertain, it is carried by runners for 200 miles, changing at each of their little mud towns. There goes the anchor, too strong a gale to venture on ; so no Thebes to-night. To my great relief we generally lie to at night and then I can sleep.

January 8th.

We all had a good night. Your father quite like himself to-day so I hope I have been unnecessarily anxious about him. We are in sight of Thebes ; and a fair wind so farewell for the present.

Yours truly,

A. C. M.

We shall only send this and one sheet of your father's, so forward to your sister if they reach you ; we are told it is not likely and I do not want his journal lost. Your father has now gone to see a Mr. Betts who is very *ill* in consumption on board a boat that keeps at our side. Poor man it was cruel to send him from his home. But, with oh, so much love to you all, farewell. Remember me affectionately also to brothers and sisters and the Cheston *boys*. Tell Sally C——Jr. that I live in a purple sack and am often reminded of her. To day we are seeing most beautiful little green birds, how I wish for a boy and gun ; our dragoman is not worth much in that way.

December 29, 1871.

Soon after I closed my last sheet we moored near the town of Minieh ; tying to a stake in the bank, between native Cangias laden with beans and wheat, or discharging stone or machinery for the sugar works and distillery which the Pasha established here many years since. There are several *grand* houses, which are occupied by his officers ; and some of less pretention, but the greater part are poor and mean looking. It is the centre of the sugar growing district, and as we passed we saw the cane half grown ; and also the labourers busily engaged in setting out a fresh crop. It requires two years to perfect it. On the shore were lying pumpkins, which promised to make an agreeable addition to our supplies, and turkeys, chickens and sheep (to renew our store of which we had stopped) were abundant.

Large companies of asses came down to the shore, each laden with wheat or beans, which were taken directly on board the open boats where men and fowls were treading over it as freely as they did upon the muddy shore, without regard to the purpose for which it was designed. They loaded the boats till they sank to the water's edge, and then laid edgeways (like the side boards of our carts), extra sides and plastered the seams with *mud* from the shore mixed with broken straw to keep the water out.

One would anticipate some damage to the cargoes, but when we saw them discharging at Cairo and Alexandria they appeared dry. Those who went ashore at Minieh reported no object of interest; and as we know that the fleas abound, your mother and I were content with looking at the busy scene from the deck.

As we had passed the quarries in the morning we had been struck with the perfect whiteness of the stone and had the opportunity of getting here a fragment. It breaks into very irregular fragments and is composed of little disks *perfectly circular*, about an inch in diameter; and is I suppose nummulitic limestone; so called from the resemblance of these pieces to coins; Caspar or Effingham can tell why. It must be a poor building stone.

Along the shore, among the cane plantations, are many pumping stations with steam engines. The houses and chimneys are built of this material; but very often the stream undermines them, and they fall into ruin.

We saw very many fields watered by means of the simple old Egyptian wheel and ox; and still more frequently there were stations of two or three stories of *men*. The lowest had *baskets* hung by sugar canes to the one end of a lever, a stone at the other. The lever was balanced on a pole lying on two low pillars. The water they raised as high as they could reach to empty the basket into a basin, from which a second set raised it another height and so a third to the level of the bank, from which it was distributed to the cane crops. All this is done by *forced* labour and the *streaming baskets*, allowing half to run through, compel *very* rapid motions or *none* would reach its destination.

Soon after dusk, our stores being replenished, and the wind fair we started, by a lovely moonlight, and sailed most joyously while the ladies worked and I read, until about 10 P. M., when the wind failing, we tied up for the night; the thermometer being 62° F.

This was a cloudless morning: 58° F. but now, at 7 A. M., the mist is rising densely from the river. Our messenger has just left with his milk can to seek our supply of milk, which is always good, and so soon as he returns we hope to resume our upward course. We yesterday passed the openings of the mummy pits and tombs of some ancient Egyptian town; which lay amid the hills, a heap of red brick bats. They always buried their dead in the stony hills above the rise of the river, and generally across the river, carrying them of course in

boats. Hence the fable of Charon and his boat had its origin and was adopted into their mythology by the imitative Greek people. Cecrops and Danaus, from whom the Greeks derive their origin, were Egyptians. As we could see the entrance to the tombs with our glasses, it was evident that there were sculptured frames to the doorways into them, but we could not decide on the forms of them.

It seems almost impossible to believe that on the very narrow strip of fertile land, shut in by the visible desert on either hand, so many millions of people as history assigns to the Egyptian Empire, could have been supported. And then we read of the immense wealth of the temples, priests, and monarchs; a wealth so great, that even after the fabulous extravagance of Cleopatra and Marc Antony, when Augustus carried the royal treasure to Rome, it was supposed by its great sum to have had a perceptible influence in raising the value of real estate, and diminishing the rate of interest, we can only account for it by the fact that *it all concentrated* in the coffers of the king, and was dispensed by him to his favourites; while the great multitude of people were held like beasts, as the wealth *producing* power, using only what was absolutely needed to keep them living, and working like so many steam engines fed with fuel to keep them at work. This morning the desert is in sight on either side, and no imagination can exceed the *utter desolation* of the desert. It stands in my mind as the emblem of "Outer darkness"; absolute despair; and I quite appreciate the feeling which adopted the palm as the token of victory and eternal life. So solid and lofty in its aged trunk, crowned with a leafy glory like the rays of the sun; and with a depth of green which contrasts grandly with the grey sky and yellow sand. Then *younger trees* are the very representative of *vigorous life*; spreading their leaves about one's head.

9½ A. M.

With wearisome labour and monotonous song, our crew are urging us slowly against the current with their long poles and lusty arms.

2 P. M.

Our course to-day has been varied by rapid sailing, slow poling, and lying becalmed; and has led us through fertile plantations of sugar cane, beans and palms, and beside barren cliffs and desert sands.

In the cliff we plainly saw the entrances to the tombs of Beni Hassan which are among the most interesting remains of antiquity—an antiquity so great that we cannot definitely fix the period, but know that it preceded the days of Joseph. We shall visit these tombs on our descent of the river. It is never wise to stop for such visits or the way up. While passing these remains of past tyranny (priest and governors and monarch only could afford tombs) we were recalled to the consideration of the present oppression by seeing crowded boat

loads of able bodied men on their way to the service of the Khedive, either as soldiers in his army, or labourers on his works ; in either case devoting their years of ability to *unrequited* toil for the benefit of a government from which they receive nothing in return which can in any way inure to their personal advantage.

3½ P. M.

The thermometer is now 68° in the saloon. The course of the river very torturous, with desert quite to margin on the one side, and wide spread flats on the other. We are about the site of Antince, a town now known only by its ruins, as having been the spot at which Antinous whom the Emperor Hadrian, on his visit to this province of his empire, carried with him as his dearest friend, drowned himself in the Nile, in order to meet the utterance of an oracle, which foretold prosperity to the Emperor, if he "lost something highly valued."

The changes in the course of the Nile are frequent and very great, and we have nowhere had so extensive and richly cultivated lands as at Roda on the west bank near Antince, the fields richly laden with varied crops, but chiefly sugar canes. At Roda is one of the costly establishments of the Khedive ; and it presented the most attractive appearance we have seen on the Nile. The flat lands were very extensive on the west side ; while on the east the tomb-pierced mountains still skirted the river at a short distance. Mile after mile we could trace with our glasses, the dressed openings to these tombs, which contained, pictured and sculptured on their walls, the records of ages long antecedent to the Christian era.

Last evening was spent anchored just above Roda, the ladies at their knitting and embroidery and dressmaking, while I read to them from the History of Egypt. At 10.30 P. M. we retired ; thermometer 52°. During the night it was so cold that yarn stockings were necessary to check cramp in my feet, and I was compelled to add my double flannel wrapper to the blankets on my bed. A favouring breeze and bright moon induced the Reis to get under way about 3 A. M. but by 5 he was compelled to anchor again ; and now at 7 the silver moon hangs, in the gray and cloudless arch of heaven, over a mirror-like expanse, skirted in the distance by palm groves ; and as I look from my window a mountain juts into the river, which is just beginning to blush with the reflection of the eastern sky which is, I doubt not, *glowing* before your mother's window.

Our cabins are on opposite sides of the boat, separated by a passage, on which the doors open. Each room is about eight feet square, the ceiling divided into panels, white and gilded ; the sides panelled with imitation bird's-eye maple, and yellow beads in imitation of gilding. In the centre panel at the foot of the berth is a large, gilt framed, looking glass. The berth lies under the window, and in each corner on the opposite side, where the door is in the middle of the

side, is a little rounded closet, having on the top accommodations for washing on one and on the other a candle stick with a glass shade and a *goolah* of drinking water. There is room for two chairs, one at either end; and drawers under the berth contain our clothes. I lie, as I thus write before rising, and hear your mother, just throwing open the screens of her window, thus informing me that it is time to rise.

As I lie and gaze on the majestic grandeur of this mysterious stream, I cease to wonder at the unrivalled character of the temples and tombs which *alone* have transmitted to historic times the evidence that in ages *long, long*, past its shores were peopled more densely even than now. Surrounded by interminable deserts parched and dry, the river pours unceasingly on, a deep dark stream, vivifying and fertilizing a narrow strip on its immediate banks. There was to them, no *known source of supply*. It was to them the *unknown source of life*. As I gaze on it, *taught* by observation of later travellers *whence it flows*, the immense volume of water passing every moment with headlong haste, inspires *me* with *awe*. Your eye scarce fixes on an object floating on the surface before it is gone. The sublime simplicity of temple and pyramid was the natural product of *their isolated* converse with the mysterious and great.

But I am recalled to the present, hearing Mr. Longstreth announce the thermometer at 40°; and the rattling china tells of the intrusion upon this ancient river of our modern civilization, and I must prepare for breakfast.

December 29th, 2 P. M.

The morning has been cold out of the sunshine, with but little wind; so that our progress has been slow through large sugar cane plantations and wheat and bean fields, all showing the great fertility of the soil, which requires no preparation but the simple breaking the surface and planting the seed. Just now we have come upon the track of the railroad which is being extended from Minieh to Siout, about eighty miles further south. Cars and a locomotive prove that the track has been laid thus far, and we are told the grade is completed. So that next year, visitors to Thebes may save the time now consumed by uncertain winds, a strong current, and winding stream, by going to Siout by rail and taking boat there within a few day's sail of the objects of interest. On making this suggestion to the Dragoman he said, "the Pasha has no design to run it for passengers, but only for the accommodation of his own sugar works"; and that it is laid and taken up as those require it. I am almost ashamed of these blurred and blotted and illegible sheets but with all the elegance and comfort of our boat the writing arrangements are imperfect. In the saloon the excitement of incidental matters renders it impossible to write and in our cabins there is not room for a table.

December 30th.

A ruddy glow on the eastern horizon greets my sight as my opening eyes respond to the noise overhead, which announces that the crew is astir, though our boat is lying tranquilly at anchor. The windows of the cabins on the opposite side must open on a towering cliff of rock, while on my side a wide plain spreads out, bare and desolate ; at least destitute of trees. Yesterday afternoon we reached Gebel Aboofayda, a point at which the river laves the foot of the mountain, which rises perpendicularly beside its course. It is the part of the voyage which the crew regard with much anxiety, as the bed of the river is rocky, and the wind often pours down ravines in the hill side in gusty flaws. We sailed on, gaily, until it became too dark to see clearly, when they cast anchor ; and even after the rising moon made it clear as day they still held their position, though we were tantalized by seeing several Cangias sail gaily past ; and finally a steam boat gaily lighted, evidently not a mere freight boat, went on her way, saluting us by a whistle as she passed. This morning there is no wind ; and we must wait till it rises, unless they track us along the low shore when they have got through the washing of the deck, which is the daily morning process.

No one of our party is yet stirring ; so that I hear no report from outside, but have not felt the cold so much during the last night as sometimes. Whilst I write women with water jars on their heads, are coming down to the shore beside us, proving that, though nothing is in sight, there are trees sheltering a village not far distant inland, and that the flat is cultivated ; the bank being just above our line of vision from the cabin, shuts in our view. The river is said to rise and fall twenty feet at this point, as shown by the lines on the cliffs. It is now about midway between its extremes.

As the perfect calm gave no promise of much progress Wistar, Holly, your aunt Jane, Miss Harris, Mr. L. and myself were rowed across to the cliffs and clambered up to the caverns or tombs which lie like so many pigeon holes arranged horizontally in the face of the cliff. They are all placed in one stratum ; and are of course of equal height. In this case the stratum excavated is about eight feet thick, and each cavern about 12 feet square. The front of each is dressed square like the portals of a house. The rock is very peculiar honey-combed formation in some strata, and in others appears to be coarse chalk, with many nodules of flint. The point at which we landed was just below a turn in the river, and soon after we returned on board, a wind sprang up and we got under way and passed the commencement of a long stretch of arable land on the eastern side, while that on the west reached away northward to the town of Manfaloot. This is the point of nearest approach to it ; and on the eastern side boats were lying to receive the products of that section and carry them across the river for the market to-morrow at Manfaloot. We saw one man, who

was driving a buffalo, strip himself and tie his clothing in a turban-like roll on his head, mount the beast, and drive him into the water. Soon nothing was seen but the *two heads*; and thus they swam the stream.

2 P. M. found us quietly staked at Manfaloot, waiting for Friezler and Joseph who went ashore this morning to walk across the peninsula to that place and market. We thus loose a fair wind which is bringing up the three English parties whom we left behind at Minieh and who overtook us last night while we were waiting. Our course to-day has lain past wheat fields which would make the mouth of a Maryland farmer water, so strong in blade and so rich in color. But alas little of the crop remains with the labourer to recompense his toil.

At 4 P. M. the thermometer is at 80° in the saloon.

December 31st.

The tortuous course of the river will be fully proven by my mention that while its general flow is from south to north the rising sun now looks gloriously into my cabin window on the right side of the boat with her head lying up stream. We have been tied to the shore all night, and are at the widest portion of the narrow valley to which the *mighty* kingdom of Egypt has always been limited. The average width including the stream is about three miles only and never has been greater. The changing current carries away the fertile land from one place and deposits it at another, thus making annual changes within those metes and bounds, which are formed by the mountains and desert, fixed and immovable, the very types of eternal fixedness. But the fertile land has never been more nor less during the untold ages in which it has been inhabited and cultivated in much the same manner as it now is.

We are now in the heart of the Thebaid or that part of the valley of the Nile which belonged to the Empire of Thebes; which Homer says was in the days of the Trojan war (about 1000 years before the birth of our Lord) the richest city in the world. The almost interminable wheat fields, whose living green spreads around us on all sides; proves that it still has the power of supporting a large number; and the boat load after boat load of able bodied men which float down the stream to the works of the Khedive below, show that it might, as of old, send out its thousands from its hundred gates, if those gates still stood open, and its walls were not gone.

The more I see of the present, and the more I read of the past, the more I am convinced that no change which has come over the land with changing dynasties, and seats of empire, has made any change in the condition of the masses of the people. They are now as they always have been, the toiling millions for the benefit of the few, whether those masters were of the same or of an alien race. The monarch, the priestly, and the soldier caste, monopolized the riches;

and to them we owe the temples and the tombs on which they expended their surplus wealth, while the labouring class watered the soil and gathered the harvests for the profit of their lords. They are now a light hearted race, laughing and singing at their toil. We have just passed a shadoof at which a dozen men, with but little raiment, were lifting skin buckets of water from one basin to another to the height of the bank ; their motion as regular and as incessant as that of the arms of a steam pump, yet each laughing as he worked as though it were full of pleasant hope, though to him his toil brings no recompense of reward as the success or failure is nothing to him. In either case he receives merely the amount of food which is necessary for the support of his being.

I had written thus far when we were summoned to breakfast, the crew being all ashore tracking. While we were all quietly seated, after breakfast, Wistar reading the Scriptures, as is our daily habit, we were interrupted by a shout, a scuffle of feet, and in an instant found ourselves drifting down stream. Going to the deck we found the head wind and current setting round a projecting point had been stronger than our crew and dragged them to the very verge of the precipitous bank when they were compelled to let go the towing rope and we drifted down stream while our rival English travellers passed us by. So you see the monotony is broken by various incidents. An anchor thrown out dragged over the bottom a long way before it brought us up but we now have our men on board again and I hear their song as they heave the anchor and prepare to try it again.

January 1, 1872.

The shrill whistle of a steamboat giving the signal for starting, sounded strangely on the ear in the grey dawn of this first morning of the New Year, while this ancient river plashed against our boat with the same sound as had greeted the ears of Rameses or Anthony or Hadrian ; and the dull splash of the falling bank, frequently repeated, told how continually the current of to-day is washing away the deposit made by that of last year. We are at a point where this process is particularly active just now ; and it interferes with our advance. With much labour yesterday by combining the force of the crews of the two Dahabeyahs we dragged first one and then the other, around one point ; and there we are still lying.

Toward evening a steamboat towing a fine Dahabeyah came up and anchored for the night near us. Mr. Longstreth met some of the party on shore and found they are Americans : Col. Butler our Consul, and Genl. Starr, sent out to investigate the charges made against him ; a Mr. Morris from New York and others on their way to the upper waters of the Nile. The steamboat is furnished by the Khedive. Strange to say while I thus write two other steam boats passed my

window on the way down. Thus modern science and art are invading the slumber of this old country and rousing once more its dormant energies. The stream of population floating down to the works of the Khedive at various points among the sugar works, as well as at Cairo on the canals and public buildings, is almost as astonishing as the volume of water. We do not see any return current, yet we counted not less than 10 boats yesterday each with at least a hundred men on board, and now there are two points of the shore opposite, which really look like the entrance of beehives when those insects hang there in clusters, so dense is the crowd. We do not see any reflux of the people up stream, but there must be some such current at some period, or this upper country would be drained.

We are still at noon lying wind bound. The same accident as we met with befell our neighbors in their attempt to pass the point yesterday. They called on us to-day and proved to be a very intelligent party from the highlands of Scotland having the same course before them as ourselves. Soon after their return to their own boat they very courteously sent us a book of travels which they had mentioned as interesting.

January 2, 1872, 7 A. M.

All day yesterday we lay at the shore detained by a strong head wind, with a cold grey leaden screen of cloud through which the sun never indicated his position in the heavens. Books and work beguiled the hours until 11 P. M. when we retired. About 3 A. M. I was aroused by the stir of getting underway, since which by dint of poling and towing and sailing we have worked our way slowly across a very wide spread (and of course shallow) reach of the river, and now find ourselves under a high bank on the eastern side while a beautiful green shore, with palm groves and wheat fields of most luxuriant green, beyond which the harsh outline of the Lybian mountains lifts its barrier to the desert which lies beyond.

It is a beautiful scene in the soft light of the opening day and makes one feel the more intense desire for the dawning of "that day" when there shall be no more oppression and injustive, no more violence and wrong, no more fraud and deceit, but when the day shall be ushered in with loud hosannas. The tortuous course of the stream is indicated by the pouring (as I write) into my window of the first rays of the sun. We should be heading south in which case we would have the east on our left instead of the right.

As I wrote the last sentence I was disturbed by the clamour of a crowd under the window and found it to come from one of the boat loads of men drifting down the stream to Cairo. And now before I have penned these three lines another is approaching. The Sheik of each village is compelled to send a certain number annually in proportion to the rated population of the district and as we are now in a

fertile and wide part of the valley, and this is the season for conscription we see its full fruit. There is no appearance of distress among them, though other voyagers report that they have seen great trouble. But I am daily more and more impressed with admiration of the cheerful patience with which our crew overcome obstacles which appear to be perpetually renewed. We have neither seen or heard anything but ready response to the orders of the Reis, who gives them in the tone of quiet authority which would be graceful anywhere.

It is difficult to dress, so many are the objects of interest which present themselves on land and water. Just now my attention was arrested by seeing several men floating past quite low on the water and on bringing my glass to bear, found they were on a raft composed entirely of the large water jars which the women carry on their heads when they come down to the river's edge for water for their daily use. They are large enough to hold at least five gallons each. They are made in large numbers just above Siout and floated down the river. The lower range are fastened together with their mouths upward and on these several tiers are laid on the side and all bound together with ropes made of palm fibre and form a raft which floats like our log and timber rafts, and they are steered by men who live on the top.

The same cloudy screen as hung over us yesterday has again covered the sky. The thermometer is 56° F. so that we shall be thankful for protection from the sun's rays as the day advances. Our wind has failed and we are staked now at 8½ A. M. I find I was wrong about the wind and we reached Siout about 10 A. M. On arriving the Dragoon seeing the other Dahabeyahs press on with a fair wind announced that he had no need to stay long and if we would go and see for our letters he would only stay till our return. So Wistar and I in hot haste mounted Donkeys and started off from the shore, with only the drivers to guide us, to seek the American Mission.

Wistar and I rode about twenty minutes along a highway elevated above the highest level of the inundation. We passed through wheat and clover fields, with camels, donkeys, sheep, buffaloes and cows, each tethered, and pasturing on the clover which is tall and very succulent, having grown to the height of a foot in the last few weeks. It has a white head shaped like that of our red clover. The wheat is sown as the river falls and we saw a farmer sowing some on the moist surface from which the water had just receded, while immediately by it was some at least six inches high. He did not *even break* the surface.

We entered the town by a gate-way and found ourselves in a public square, shaded with large Acacia trees. On either side were large buildings which we supposed to be those of the government. Well dressed *gentlemen* in Eastern robes and smoking long pipes walked about in the shade on the smooth ground, and appeared as though they were there busily occupied "on change." Coffee *stands* were

under the trees, and vendors of cakes sat by the wayside. We rode on through clear and wide streets, with houses on either side, having *interior courtyards*, and entered by arched doorways, but no windows opening on the streets. This gives a very dull appearance to the town. We met camels laden with various goods ; and pedestrians of all ages and very different appearance from those at Cairo ; and some white Turks, soldiers from Turkey, who are kept here by the Khedive to perform services for which he cannot depend on the natives here.

We were guided to a gate-way over which we saw the name "Dr. Johnson" in good English letters, and entering the courtyard the driver clapped his hands, on which a native appeared who answered, "la, la ;" to the question of the driver, which we knew meant "no, no," and understood to indicate the absence of the Dr. A female voice from above stairs invited us to "come up" and on doing so we were welcomed by Mrs. Johnson who has been here some four years, coming from southeastern Ohio. She had a delicate looking infant in her arms. The Dr. soon came in ; and finding I had asked how they endured their "exile," very promptly repudiated the terms as wholly inapplicable ; and said they were happy in the discharge of their duty in the place to which God has allotted them. He is Medical Missionary, a graduate of Rush Med. College, Chicago ; and "Wood's Practice" stood on his table as the fountain from which he refreshed his medical knowledge. It had a very familiar, pleasant appearance. He told me he had prescribed for more than 100 cases at his Dispensary this morning, chiefly chronic. He says they have no typhoid and but few malarial fevers, and do not seek medical advice in such cases.

As he had no letters for us he went with us to the American Consul's as we hoped they might be there. The arms of the U. S. A. were beautifully displayed over a gate-way in a blank wall. We entered a court paved with marble flags and mounted by well cut clean limestone stairs to the upper floor, where we were received by a *gentleman* in native costume, in a large apartment, the floor covered with a good fine Turkey carpet, the windows hung with satin damask curtains, and a divan covered with the same running round two sides of the room, and elegant lounges on a third ; and a *Harmonica* and handsome chairs on the fourth. A centre table, marble-topped and somewhat the worse for wear, but about the same size and shape of that in our own parlour, in the middle. We sat down near this and entered into conversation ; Dr. J. acting as interpreter. The consul who is a Copt and of a dark olive complexion, expressed great regret when he learned there were other members of the party who had not accompanied us ashore, and his hope we would call again and bring them with us ; and on being told we should leave immediately, begged we would favour him with our company on our return voyage "if God pleased to bring us back safely." He very promptly ordered in a box of cigarettes, and was not at all hurt by our declining to smoke.

Champagne was then brought and at the risk of a headache I sipped a little from my glass, while he emptied his, and Wistar and the Dr. followed his example. Paris bon-bons were then handed; and a very pretty boy about five years old, his grandson, ran in from an adjoining room; and on our shaking hands with him kissed ours as he held each in his. He had the *brightest* black eyes, a sweet roughish countenance, and the manners of a petted and spoiled child. He took bon-bons from us when we offered them, and then ran away to the organ and working the pedals with his feet, and holding the keys "made it play."

When the first exchange of compliments ceased the Consul turned to Dr. Johnson and said "Now you must find us some subject of conversation and interpret for us." On which I enquired if he did not feel disposed to imitate our example, and visit America, to see there *new* things as we came here to look at the *old*. He laughed and said he would not know how to conduct himself, and would fear *the cold*.

I then put a series of questions to him; from his answers to which I learned that the Khedive has recently asked from the people the payment of a tax equal to \$40 on every five acres of land they cultivate, with the promise of interest on it if he should repay it within six years; and in case he does not that that amount shall be accepted in lieu of taxes during those six years. This falls very heavily on the *poorer* fellaheen, many of whom own just that amount of land, and the few beasts necessary to till it. They are liable at any moment to be called to furnish animals and the provender, as well as their own labour, on the private sugar estates of the Khedive, in addition to the government tax which has been mentioned.

I asked about the drain of population which we have seen going on so steadily. He says they are not detained more than three or four months on the public works and are well cared for while there and returned again to their homes, but that it does interfere sadly with the culture of their own lands. He asked what we would think of such taxation. And on my saying that the people with us fixed the amount and rate of tax he replied the Khedive calls a parliament but he tells them what they are to do and then suiting his action to the expression by imitating the act of stamping a seal "they only put their seal to his decree." After the wine and bon-bons, coffee was handed in small cups and a sugar dish on the waiter, that we might sweeten it if we desired.

On our rising to leave he renewed the expression of regret that the ladies had not come with us and remarked that if we wanted anything in the bazaar he could purchase it for us better than we could ourselves either now or on our return. We parted from him much pleased with our visit. He is a Copt and prides himself on being a descendant of the old Egyptians. His brother and himself have built the church in which the mission services are held and belong to the

Protestant body which is being organized here. Dr. Johnson says they have some 150 or more converts and that there is much inquiry for the Holy Scriptures and they have a depot for the sale of them here. Their schools are large but this is their holiday time, as with us, so that we did not see them. The influence of the mission is reacting on the Coptic Church. The priests now conduct their services and read the Scripture lessons in Arabic, which the people understand, instead of Coptic, which is like the Latin services of the Romish Church. Dr. Johnson unites with Dr. Lansing in high commendation of the Copts for the faithfulness with which they have maintained their adhesion to the Christian faith, imperfect as is their knowledge of its spiritual truths, during long years of persecution and oppression. He says they live in perfect harmony with the Moslems, side by side in the towns and villages; and as we rode through the bazaar he pointed to here and there a shop as that of one of their church members. One was a turner in ivory; from whom I purchased some little articles, and ordered some napkin rings to be ready for us on our return. He showed us the place of business of our Consul. He is a merchant, importing Manchester prints, and other foreign goods, and exporting wheat; and owning vessels which trade on the Nile; and is worth at least \$100,000. On the shore of the river was a large house enclosed with a high wall over which we could see vines and fig trees and pomegranate trees and bananas. I learned that lemons and oranges are also grown in private gardens, but not for sale.

The aptitude of these people for acquiring language is very great. There are only the annual visits of travellers, to bring them into communication with foreigners, yet the donkey driver chattered freely in broken English—told me his donkey's name was "Yankee Doodle" and that on which Wistar rode was "Snooks"; and hoped we would ask for "Ali" on our return; and then said "*Parlez vous Francais?*" and on my replying "*tres peu*" said "*je suis content,*" and turning to some boys who were crying out "backshish" said "hold your tongues." I cannot command half as many Arabic words; and fear my French was worse than his.

We are all sadly disappointed about letters, especially poor Friezler who is despairing, not having heard from his wife for a month. We hope to find a lot at Luxor for which we are now under full sail with a fair breeze and most genial weather.

January 3d.

We sailed on through the afternoon; staked sometime during the early night; got under way about 1 A. M. and now find ourselves still passing those verdant wheat fields which are unfailing objects of beauty. This crop does not require irrigation as some others do, so the old shadoof columns stand along the shore. The towns we passed have been better built, with fine mosques and lofty minarets.

This morning the weather is cold and the sky overcast, but unfortunately the monkey has been examining the state of the thermometer and has looked so hard that he has broken it, so that we shall not have the satisfaction of knowing its degree but must depend on our own sensations. We find that we have sailed sixty miles during the last twenty-four hours and have overtaken and left behind us the consort Dahabeyahs which got nearly three hours start while we were at Siout. The Reis and crew are very much excited on this point, mentioning it to each one of the party as they appear on deck. While we were at breakfast we were called to see a large flock of beautiful Pelicans, white as snow and large as swans, seated on a sand bar, and while looking at them two steamboats were in sight. One had just gone down stream heavily laden with merchandise and crowded with natives; the other coming up. Thus the Pelican of the desert and the new power which makes modern civilization what it is, are brought together here—and we look at it! We see also large flocks of birds, probably pigeons, as large as our flocks of black birds in autumn. Then on the shore are often seen herons and cranes, and eagles. Thus, what with the towns, of which Herodotus says there were 20,000 in his days, and they are as numerous now though not so populous; the palm and acacia groves; the boats and birds and the crops, we are never without some object of interest in view during the day and the sunsets at evening and the sun rising in the morning begin and end each day with a glory which never fails to excite the enthusiasm of the most prosaic.

The river here spreads more widely than below and the banks are not so high. We thus get a better view of the plains. Tobacco is occasionally cultivated and in some parts is quite an important crop. It is smaller than with us. The wheat has a larger blade, and the grain is more plump and very white. We often see bands of a dozen or twenty men keeping time in their blows as they thresh out the wheat or the Doura, and at other points we see them sitting throwing up the grain with shovels to fan out the chaff in the wind as it blows. You will not wonder at the disconnected want of method of my letters when you think how distracting it is to be called to look first at one and then at another of these varied objects of interest. I find it almost impossible to fix in my own mind the points of history which are essential to the proper understanding the tombs and temples toward which we are now approaching and am sure you must find it more difficult still. I therefore will endeavor to arrange for you certain points which will help us both.

7 P. M.

Our favorable wind carried us forward most delightfully all day. About noon the steamer with its company of American tourists in tow overtook us and as they passed we saluted the American flag by dropping and raising ours and at the same time our dragoman fired

his gun. The compliment was acknowledged by the other boat and the gentlemen of both parties stood on deck using glasses freely and waving hats and handkerchiefs. We sailed by the mounds which mark the sites of ancient Egyptian towns, and the tombs in the rocks which once contained the remains of their inhabitants, and the mummies of their sacred animals. A mere catalogue of names of the present villages or ancient towns would convey no idea to you of what they were.

Mile after mile of rock hewn tombs tell how populous this district was, and the crowds gathered on the shore at every landing place waiting for boats to carry them down to the Khedive's works prove how populous it still is. We now lie under the bank at Girgeh; it swarms with men thus waiting to depart, and women and children come to see them leave; and is piled with mat packages which look like the date packages, made of palm leaves woven or plaited, which contains the bread they carry with them for their support on their voyage. They are now seated round fires built on the shore singing monotonous songs in which the name of God—Allah—is frequently repeated so that we suppose they are hymns. There is no indication of distress at this forced separation though some writers of travels report they have seen very strong manifestations of it under similar circumstances.

Their music is all monotonous and plaintive. To-day when we passed the other boats and all were in a state of joyous excitement the crew took out their tomtoms and seated themselves in a circle on the deck and sang what was certainly designed for a triumphant expression and yet even that had the same tone. Those who had not instruments kept time by clapping their hands, but even that was done in a gentle subdued manner. Their wailing for the dead differs but little from their other songs. We frequently met funerals in Cairo. The body is enveloped in a shawl and laid on a bier or box which is carried above the heads of the bearers. Sometimes there were only one or two attendants who chanted in a subdued tone as they walked along. Sometimes there was a crowd of attendants. It is said they believe the bearers are under the guidance of the Spirit of the departed which leads them to certain mosques on their way to the cemetery which is always near one of the gates of the town. The body is deposited in the ground and an arch of sunburned bricks is turned over it and plastered with mud and white washed. These coverings soon fall into decay and render the graveyard very desolate and repulsive in appearance. While on shore at Siout we met quite a large funeral. There were certainly twenty or more wailing women who clustered closely around the bier while the relatives and friends followed! It afforded a perfect illustration by practical observation of the "Mourners going about the streets" to whom Solomon refers, as well as of the "grievous wailing of the Egyptians" when carrying up the body of Jacob to Canaan.

January 3rd.

Notwithstanding my remonstrances the Dragoman insisted last night on staking our Dahabeyah directly at the spot on the shore above which the poor conscripts for the Khedive's Canal at Cairo are bivouacked waiting for transportation. They are compelled to report themselves at a given point on the river at a certain time, and as the boats arrive to carry them down the name of each in succession is called until they fill a boat with themselves and their "freats," or palm leaf bags of baked bread; and the redundant numbers must wait for another boat—no one knows how long. Yet there they sit in groups, their faces all turned together and laugh loudly and tell stories and sing, as though it were all right and they only "the lordling's Slave" who possesses a right to all their powers. What is it to them whether a canal is made from Cairo to the Red Sea at Suez or not? They do not know; but in the wise government of the Almighty God, who does know and order all things, this may be the important step toward the introduction of those changes in Commerce which by opening the doors which have so long excluded light and knowledge, and introducing the light of the blessed Gospel with all its renovating influences upon the life that now is as well as that which is to come. A group of these poor fellaheen is at this moment illuminated by the rays of the morning sun which has just risen upon them as they squat in a corner of the bank on which their bread is piled. I have watched them occasionally during the night. They fold themselves together, each one almost as closely as you would shut up the blades of a pocket knife in the handle and then squat on the soles of their feet like so many jars with the tops up.

Each has a loose surplice-like robe, with wide open sleeves made of some coarse material either cotton dyed blue, or coarse wool or camels hair, which is brown. This is worn loosely on the shoulders and falls straight almost to the ground. In addition to this each has also a long straight garment much the size and proportions of one of our long shawls, made of the same material but sometimes not dyed. They throw this over the head about one-third from the end and then throw the longer portion over the left shoulder as I do my circular cloak. They then draw their knees up to the breast and fold the legs and body closely and clasp their hands across in front and drop their heads upon their knees and sleep. And now while keeping their weary monotonous watch for the hour of their departure they sit in the same attitude. Their heads are shaven leaving only one lock near the vertex and this is cut short. They wear, all of them, a close fitting white cap covering the skull, and wind around the temples a roll of soft white muslin twisted in a rope and carried three times around the head. This forms a turban and is *the dress article*. It is washed almost daily. The descendants of "the prophet," who are very numerous, and of all grades in life, wear a green turban; and those

who can afford a tarboosh, or red felt cap with a black silk tassel, wear this over the white skull cap and surrounded by the turban.

I was interested during the night by seeing the reverence for age they displayed. The group near my window had kindled a little fire which they fed from time to time with Doura stalks (like our corn stalks; the Doura is a sorghum). Two old men tottered toward it from some other group when two lads arose and gave them their places and went away and squattered near another company. I am favourably impressed by the conduct of the people. They are certainly very industrious, very light hearted, and apparently contented with their lot.

The earnestness of their worship is beyond all doubt. At the stated hour each spreads his cloak or mat, and turning his face toward Mecca and repeating verses from the Koran expressive of a sense of the greatness of God they bow themselves in token of adoration of Him, the one Supreme, adding the recognition that Mahomet is the prophet, but worshipping the Lord alone. They thus do present a strong contrast to the "worship of our own power and might," which is the idolatry of too many in Christian lands, who not only "crucify the Lord afresh, and put Him to an open shame" by rejecting the offers of "His Grace," but with a pride which is rebuked by these poor Muslims, refuse to admit that any God has the control of their destiny and live "*without God*"; which *they* do not. I am not apologizing for Islamism, nor adopting the vain delusion that sincerity is the only feeling which is necessary to make man acceptable in the sight of God. We have the knowledge of the only true God and of Jesus Christ whom He hath sent. Our Lord himself asserted the advantage of the Jew over the Samaritan with regard to knowledge, while He made the Samaritan the exemplar of practical religion. So would I exalt the religious deportment of these Moslems in their open worship of, and acknowledgement of dependence on the providence of God, while I thank Him that He has made me a child of light and of the day. What then? There is a solemn warning that many shall come from the East and from the West to sit down in the Kingdom of God while *the children* of the kingdom shall be cast out.

It is now between 9 and 10 A. M. and they sit in the sun on the bank most patiently waiting, with nothing to do. There is nothing they can do. Let one of us step ashore and thus present an opportunity to them to make anything by carrying us or serving us in any way, and there will be at once a clamorous competition who shall do it, thus proving their readiness to avail themselves of every opportunity which offers by which they may profit, and even the cry for "*back-sheish*" with which they are taunted as beggars, is only the seizing the opportunity to get a trifle to add to the very scanty store of comfort they possess.

A camel stands on the bank ruminating; an ugly beast it is at best. A huge hump supported on two legs with a long neck protruding in front, terminated by a misshapen head with a vicious eye, and immense nostrils and mouth; the hump and body sloping away behind into two long crooked legs which seem to follow reluctantly the motion of the forelegs, as though their only office were to hold on to the ground the former had gained while they advanced. This one is well fed and in good condition, but very many look starved and mangy. Their advance is perfectly noiseless as their feet are great masses of elastic tissue which spread out on the ground as they are put down in absolute silence. When they are lying with their legs all *folded* under them either to receive their load or be relieved from it, they utter the most repulsive sounds between a groan and a roar, and look ready to devour every one who approaches them. They are wondrously adapted to use in the desert, where their power to relieve their thirst by the regurgitation of water which they retain in a stomach from which it is not absorbed, renders them independent of spring or stream or well, for days together; and, like the donkey, they are sustained by the dry straw of wheat, and coarse provender; which makes them invaluable to man in these climates, but nothing can be said for their beauty; and like horses and other beasts their tempers vary exceedingly, so that the term "patient" is not universally applicable.

The donkeys are patient and are beautiful little beasts with soft gentle black eyes and graceful ears often pendant. Their gait is a gentle pace or amble, and as one strides across their hips they move on with an easy advance which is very pleasant. I should like one at home. But a good one is worth one hundred dollars here, I am told. I thought the story of the donkey driver in Cairo that he owned five of them and had refused £20 for the one I was on was a vain-glorious boast, but am told it was not.

Noon, January 4th.

I fear we have made a serious mistake to-day and that it is due to myself. We are at Girgeh, which is near the site of Thinis, one of the earliest seats of power in Egypt. Older than Thebes or Memphis, and about three hours ride across the plain are the ruins of palaces and temples which have been opened and freed from sand within the last few years. We are detained here by the crew baking their bread, and I urged Wistar and Mary to avail themselves of the opportunity to visit these interesting ruins now, but they have postponed it till their return when the dragoman tells them it can be done by an easier ride from another town higher up and they think I am not able now to ride with them and hope I will be then. Their anxiety about me I do not share, though it arises from my having had an attack of unconsciousness while reading to them evening before last, resembling those to

which our dear father was subject so many years. It is the first time, and is certainly one of the indications of—well never mind what. It was entire for a time. I fear they will thus miss entirely the opportunity to view these, which are among the most interesting remains in Egypt. One of the temples was lined with Alabaster and had on its walls the celebrated tablet of Abydos on which was a list of the earlier monarchs. This is now in the British Museum.

While alluding to this affair of baking, notice may be taken of the meagre diet of the crew and I believe of the entire class of fellaheen from which they are derived. It appears to consist entirely of a very coarse bread made from unbolted wheat flour, imperfectly leavened, and sour; baked in small flat loaves. These are cut in thin slices and dried in the sun. They boil a thin soup of yellow lentils, a kind of bean, and pour it on these pieces of bread in a large wooden bowl, sometimes flavouring it with leeks or onions which they take (without asking the owners) from the patches they pass while tracking the boat. This is very spare and unsavoury diet, yet on it they maintain their strength and agility, which are very great. Their frames are light and they are muscular, but have no fatty deposit. When opportunity presents they buy curdled milk looking like balls of "*smear-case*," and sugar cane, but we see no other change of diet; and on my offering to procure some meat for them, they chose the money it would cost in preference. While we were sitting at dinner table a steamboat with three empty barges in tow, came *to*, between ourselves and the bank, just behind us; sent to carry away the crowd of labourers waiting on the bank. Then began a scene of confusion which beggars description. No sooner were they fastened to the shore than officers of police, indicated by their white turbans, bluest of blue robes, and sticks in their hands, were marshalled along the shore. The labourers divested themselves of all *impedimenta* in the way of clothing, and with shining brown skins, and well developed muscles and unceasing vociferation, commenced the task of piling their palm leaf bags of bread, and themselves, mingling indiscriminately the one with the other, till they were heaped up a great mass of green mats, brown and blue clothes topped off with dirty white caps crowning the pile. How it is possible they can exist in such a compact mass passes comprehension. Yet thus they are to be five days if they go, as we suppose they do, to Cairo. The entire afternoon was occupied with this packing process. It was like stowing away goods in a warehouse or hold of a vessel, and darkness alone brought quiet.

Jan. 5th.

A clear cold morning was ushered in by most confounding noises from the decks of the boats; and the constant repetition of words of command from officers, with frequent flourishing of sticks, made me think there was some disturbance working among the crowd which

was soon subdued, and while I was dressing preparatory to going on deck to watch the further progress, a rap at the door of my cabin startled me, followed by an inquiry "is the doctor up? here is a letter for you." On opening my door I found it was a note from the Dahabeyah "Luxor," begging the favour of a professional call before we should leave this morning. If I had a good store of remedies quite at my command it would be a pleasure to relieve. As it is I shall gladly do my best. Yesterday we had quite a scene growing out of the cook having cut his arm and fallen into a state of unconsciousness which lasted a long while, and was followed by a hysterical condition which would have caused great alarm had I not been at hand to assure all that it was not dangerous. Friezler too has been suffering terribly from intermittent neuralgia and the waiter is ill with dysentery. Thus you see I am not occupying a sinecure post, and would be happy if they would not trouble themselves about my own condition.

Mr. Richardson in his note reports a very fatiguing ride of twenty-eight miles occupying nearly twelve hours yesterday on their visit to "Thinis" or Abydos. It is well therefore our ladies did not insist on going. I have just returned from visiting my patient who is not worse though desponding. Mr. Richardson reports the ride a very interesting one through fertile fields clothed with beans and wheat. The palace stands in the desert; majestic in its desolation. Great columns of limestone with the freshness and cleanness of dressing which would be surprising anywhere else in buildings only a few years old. The sculpture and painting also being clean and bright. Gods and Kings and altars and sacrifices. The roof has been formed by immense blocks laid flat from column to column and then cut out into a vault. We must visit it on our descent.

It *claims* the honor of being the burial place of Osiris. Obscure as is all mythology, that of Egypt is least understood of any. Osiris is represented as having been killed by his own son Typhon, the embodiment of evil, and his dismembered body concealed in many parts in as many places. His wife Isis, and son Horus, spent much time in searching these portions which were revived by Horus. You will find the fable well told in one of the last chapters of Henry Reed's translation of the "Daughter of the Egyptian King."

While I write my ears are stunned by the noise and confusion on board the steamboat, where the process of packing the human cargo by dint of clubs and blows is in full activity. The poor wretches take it all as part of the discipline of life. The barges are filled and have been cast off. Evidently some portions of the little possessions of the poor wretches have been left ashore as there are men swimming to and fro carrying on their heads bundles of clothing and hoes, to those on board. It is difficult to analyze the feelings displayed by the conscripts. Tomtoms and laughter would appear to indicate indifference at least, while some appear to press on board and be thrust

off again forcibly, and others are beaten for no apparent cause. Our dragoman says to *keep them submissive*. I find by the motion we are under way and it is a relief to be out of the sight and sound.

Evening.

I found I was correct in my idea that we had sailed and we soon passed beyond sight of the steamer and her company and we were astonished as we advanced up the river at the large population still left to pursue the agricultural work. We have made a very long stretch to-day through a beautiful country with fine crops of sugar cane, tobacco, clover, wheat, and beans. The temperature has been cold to our feelings and the wind strong, much like a clear cold bracing October day at home. The sun has just sunk beneath the horizon and the sky is covered with those golden and silver and blue scales which like the feathers of angelic wings are perpetually changing hue, while the rich verdure of the plain, the grand groves of palms and the burnished surface of the river combine to favor the celestial imagery.

We have outsailed our *compagnons de voyage*, after much trial of skill and speed between our several Reises, and our crew is very happy. The villages of this part of Egypt are very picturesque. On the tops of the houses they erect pigeon cotes, as large as and loftier than the house itself, and while the lower story, which the human beings lodge in, is left the uncolored mud hue of the material of which it is built, the upper part is whitened and divided into stories by openings for the birds, placed at regular distances, and in straight lines with short boughs projecting, on which the birds may alight. These fancy buildings seen in the distance, and sheltered as they always are by palm groves, whose verdant crowns shade them while the tall straight trunks do not intercept the view.

Many of the towns we passed to-day are larger and more substantially built than those below. We passed Farshoot where the Kheïve has a large sugar mill and this district is inhabited by the descendants of a tribe of Arabs of more independant character than those below, and famed for their skill in breeding and managing horses, and they have an entirely different breed of dogs. The fancies of the Moslems about dogs are not uniform. In Cairo they are not owned by any one but allowed to live and care for themselves being tolerated as scavengers. As we have been ashore occasionally we have seen them about the villages in the same relation. Here they train them and hold them as private property.

The course of the river here is such that we have been facing north and now this morning of the 6th of January, 1872 I find the sun rising on the right side of the boat as we lie staked to the shore with our heads up stream. The glory of the sunset last evening was truly unearthly. It glowed and shone and changed each moment as though

instinct with life, and I felt glad to be alone in my room. It was too solemnly (nay awfully) grand to permit the intrusion of voice in the utterly vain attempt to express the feeling of the heart. The soul was subdued as in the presence of the Creator and could only bow and worship with that feeling which is beyond utterance. The sunrise this morning was beautifully attractive. The temperature still cold, suggestive of frost.

When I crossed the boat to your mother's cabin which is on the shore side, I found immediately before her window a Dhôm-palm tree. We had seen one at a distance a day or two since ; here they abound. They differ entirely from the date palm. They do not shoot up the majestic lofty column with its green coronal, waving grandly in the breeze, but bifurcate at a short height and divide again and again. The leaves are only at the end of the limbs but they thus make a large head. I have not been sufficiently near to see the leaves distinctly, but think they differ as much from those of the date tree as do the trunks. The fruit hangs in a large drupe of nuts of a deep brown color and about the size of an orange, there being probably a dozen in a bunch. Our dragoman brought a bunch on board ; they are unripe and will not be perfect for two months to come. They then assume a reddish hue. Each fruit consists of an external fibrous coat, a hard shell, and an internal kernel which is about the consistency of horn and is eaten. The external covering is eaten, and when ripe is said to have the taste of ginger bread. When dry the internal portion becomes very hard, somewhat resembling vegetable ivory, and is used by carpenters for the sockets of drills. The leaves are fan shaped.

2½ P. M.

Our course to-day has been very slow, the river running from the east toward the west. We passed much highly cultivated land and several villages with their lofty pigeon houses. It is said the object in erecting these is to attract the wild pigeons, not to use the birds for food but to collect the dung which is sold to the Khedive as manure for his cane plantations. Joseph shot two pigeons as we passed one of the towns and a man picked them up and ran along the shore till the Dahabeyah was near enough to throw him a half piastre and he threw them on board. Our neighbors on the Luxor shot a black eagle and two of the sailors stripped and swam ashore one taking it by the tips of either wing and swinging it between them, brought it off. We were near enough to congratulate the young gentleman on his success and learn that it measured 8½ feet from tip to tip. It is perfectly black. They shot repeatedly at others afterward but without success. They are keen sportsmen but are sadly annoyed by the non-arrival of their guns at Alexandria so that they are reduced to Arab rifles and guns.

January 7th.

No effort can be more futile than the vain attempt to convey by language an idea of the fascination of the voyage on the Nile. There has not been an hour which has not had its own peculiar source of delight. The grey dawn ushers in the day by disclosing the character of the spot at which you have been moored during the night and the recollection of the glory of the sunset is still gloriously fresh in your memory when it yields to the grandeur of the returning lord of day. Last evening found us in a wide plain with fertile fields and waving groves and picturesque villages bounded on every side by lofty cliffs of yellow and red and brown color like a deep and highly carved frame to a soft landscape picture; over which the parting sun spread glories such as earth nowhere else receives from his rays. Range after range of these hills caught the parting splendour, and retained its living lustre after its life-giving power had faded on the valley below; and star after star came out in the blue canopy above. And now these same cliffs are smiling again as they catch the rays which slant upward over the descending eastern horizon while similar tufts of palm rise between us and them; and the grand mysterious old Nile rolls its ever new fertilizing flood between my window and the bank, on which the tobacco bows itself under the breeze which wafts us on through scenes which have witnessed the daily renewal of these same departures and returns of day and night, in unchanging vicissitude, ever since the Creator of all "spake and it was done," "commanded and it stood fast forever." Where is the unfailing source from whence the water flows? Where the great storehouse from which is supplied the fertilizing mud which has supplied food for so many generations and so many nations of men? It is as mysterious now as it was when speculation was first turned to the investigation, recorded as an ancient subject of curious enquiry by the father of history. If we cannot decide this question how shall we fathom the greater but parallel one as to the supply of light and heat which, ever expended by the sun, knows not only no exhaustion but no diminution.

The unchanging habits of this ever changing population is equally amazing. As I write I pass huge piles of water jars heaped on the bank waiting to be formed into rafts and sent down the current guided by men seated on them, with poles formed of branches of the acacia tree tied together; in the same attitudes, with the same features, and the same clothing, while the jars have the same shape and are of the same material and manufacture as are represented in the pictures still fresh as yesterday, though they have been sealed up in the tombs of their forefathers four thousand years. We have lost all records of the methods and implements by which the monuments and temples of these people were excavated and raised. With all our much-vaunted mechanical and scientific progress we could not move one of the blocks of which the pyramids are built nor carve on the enduring basalt, or

even granite, one of the exquisitely cut figures in the hieroglyphics with which their obelisks are covered, much less transport them uninjured by the voyage from 100 to 800 miles, so gigantic in their size yet so admirable in their proportions. Yet we boast and are justly proud of the results of our skill.

“What hath God wrought” is forced on my attention at this very moment as I raise my eyes to fill my pen and they fall on poles and wires stretching over the green wheat fields which crown the bank along which we are sailing, while on the ledges below are springing up vegetable growths which clothe them with verdure so soon as the declining waters allow the sun’s rays to fall on the virgin soil. With us the seeds of the last year are the source of the growth of the new. Here we have a fresh surface, and the plants of the past year have been washed away by the rolling flood yet they are year by year the same plants as those which clothed the terraces of the past and have always been the same. They are not therefore the chance products of the vital energy of the soil and often they are disturbed by the hoe of the Arab who follows the receding water with crops sown on one ledge after another so long as there is hope of time for maturity to his grain before the heat of summer bakes the soil.

It is customary for travellers to rail at the lazy Arab, and to recount their struggles to urge on the tardy and reluctant boatmen. I should give an entirely opposite account. I never look out in the early morning that I do not see women filling water jars on the shore, and men at their shadoofs raising water, or with their hoes turning up the soil, or in some way manifesting untiring energy, small as is the profit allowed to remain with them, and certainly the efforts of our Reis and crew are worthy of all laudation. Never a breeze is allowed to curl the water without filling the sail, and the moment it falls they spring to their poles or harness themselves to the long rope and jump ashore, and always with a cheerful song or animated discussion of the hope of success. Then like so many Amphibia they leap into the water and literally lift the boat from the sand bank when she runs aground. I think their energy exceeds that of our own people and I am sure there is none of the cursing and grumbling which with us shows the dogged obstinancy of our hearts, so opposite in character to the simple child-like nature of this amiable, oppressed race.

The wheat fields this morning are most wonderfully beautiful. I never before saw such strength of plant or so thick a growth. We are passing also great piles of jars on the bank, and rafts along the shore. This is the special place of manufacture and has been for ages. The clay in one of the gorges of the mountains, here approaching the river, being particularly adapted to form the porous ware. The outline of the mountains is more broken and though from the days of Herodotus it has been received as an unquestioned truth that rain never falls, there are gorges in the hills that could apparently have no other

origin than from rushing torrents. This is therefore another problem to be added to the list requiring solution together with equatorial currents, change of climate, glacier movement, etc., which the surface of our globe everywhere presents. How wonderfully applicable is the question of our Lord to Nicodemus. If we cannot solve these doubts about the material phenomena how vain the attempt to sound the depths of Divine decrees and understand the laws of Divine government.

The morning is free from cloud, the first we have had since we left Cairo ; each day has been overcast and some have had the peculiar cloudiness which belongs to our easterly winds. This must be an exceptional season, so very much does it differ in temperature and amount of sunshine from the reports of others. We have been passing cotton fields as well as tobacco and wheat ; and castor oil plants are frequent. The oil is used for light.

8th.

We had a very strong wind yesterday which carried us gaily onward until it became a gale, accompanied with clouds of the finest sand penetrating even into my portfolio and among the sheets of paper. It compelled us to anchor when we were in hope of reaching Thebes last night. This morning found us staked under a bank crowned by tamarisk, acacia, and palm trees. Evidently the culture here is very high. We pass sakkias every hundred yards, creaking as they turn, while the monotonous song of the driver as he urges his bullocks on their interminable journey is prolonged after dark, proving the energy and perseverance with which the fellaheen pursue their toil. Radishes, onions, turnips and leeks are planted on the sloping bank, while cotton, tobacco and larger crops are seen on the level beyond. Flocks of beautiful birds flit from tree to tree, and their songs are as animating as they are at home. The newly risen sun lights up the rugged outlines of the mountain range, in which lie concealed the Tombs of the Kings, and we are now being tracked along ; the three Dahabeyahs in company, the crews all laughing and chattering as, harnessed like so many horses, they drag the cumbersome load. Each has in his hand a piece of cane which they devour. As I lift my eyes I see we are passing enclosed gardens with large cotton plants like trees, and sheiks with long guns on their shoulders peer in at my window as I am sitting writing. A little before noon as we were sailing along without thought of being so near, the Dragoman came to my side and said : "See ! the Tombs of the Kings ; there is Karnac and there are the colossal statues of Amunoph." It was stupefying. I could scarcely believe my ears, and rising and climbing to the highest point of the deck, on the skylight, I stood entranced, as the majestic Pylons and Propylous of Karnac rose behind the palm groves, and beyond them the Hall of Columns opened its massive structure, until I could

with the aid of my glass trace distinctly the sculptured winged globe on one of the Pylons, and then, turning to the savage desolation on the western side, could trace the opening in the sand heaps which cover the glories of the Memnonium and saw clearly the features in the statues of Amunoph, which stand in the majesty of four thousand years guarding, its portal. We soon drew to shore; our crew, with noisy mirth laid aside the tom-toms and songs and dances in which they had indulged from the moment at which we obtained the first glimpse of Thebes, and fastened us, as we saluted the flag of our country floating from a neat white residence on the bank of Luxor. While I went on board one of the Dahabeyahs to visit a patient, Wistar repaired to the office of the consular agent in quest of the longed-for letters. On my return I met an English acquaintance who informed me there were letters and papers for me at the house of the British agent, who had formerly held the same relation to our country, and *hastening* there I found Wistar who, disappointed by not finding any at the other office, had come in search of them. Mustapha Aga is a finished Mahometan gentleman and gave us a hearty oriental welcome, after which we took our letters and papers and hastened to our home on the *Nile*, the beautiful "America."

After enjoying the very pleasant letters from our *home*, at home, and talking over the contents at a comfortable dinner, we visited the ruins of the temple; in which Mustapha and other Arabs have built themselves houses of unburned brick and mud, perched amid the massive capitals, on mounds of sand which have drifted in and filled up the courts covering the columns and images and sculptures. Among them rises the upper part of an obelisk of granite, covered with hieroglyphics as clear and clean and as fresh looking as though the work of yesterday; the hares, and bees, and owls, and hawks, and serrated lines, and ovals, and spheres, and signs of life, all telling the same tale of the glory of the king as the sculptured figures on the sandstone walls which half buried in the sand rose beside it. Mustapha Aga urged our taking the ladies into his house where he regaled them with excellent coffee in little cups handed in rests of silver filagree work, after which he presented his pipe to each for a whiff, and brought out a store of little relics from the tombs which he presented to each. Some photographs of Egyptian ruins which he had for sale enabled us by purchases to repay his courtesy and we left his hospitable roof for further survey of the wondrous ruins.

As I stood beside the broken sitting figures at the portal, my feet were on a level with the upper line of the forearm which rests upon the knees and the top of my head was on a line with the top of the shoulder. All the parts are in perfect proportion. The ear was the length of my forearm and hand, but the face of each has been broken away. How? Nothing less powerful than an iron headed battering ram could have effected the mischief. So that we probably stood look-

ing at the manifestations of the mad rage of the Persian conqueror who thus transmitted to posterity a reputation little if any better than that of Herostratus (who destroyed the great wonder of the world at Ephesus) while he vented his rage on his rival by the destruction of the monuments on which his predecessor in the career of conquest had relied to transmit to posterity the features of him who boasted that from Ethiopia to the Euxine he had made his power to be felt.

While we were discussing such subjects over the tea table our courier announced that a Mr. Smith of New York, who was resident in Luxor, had called and would return when we were through our meal, and soon after a tall thin unmistakable Yankee in loose white muslin pants (made to resemble those of Western nations) dilapidated coat and tarboosh, and long white beard, came in and spent the evening with us. He has lived here fourteen years. We talked much of America for his gratification and gleaned from him information about the people of the present rather than the tombs and temples of the past. I was disappointed by being told that the luxuriant looking wheat fields do not yield more than fifteen bushels of grain to the acre, the head not equalling the straw in its yield and that, being worth not more than a dollar per bushel, it yields but little profit to the fellah after paying its tax to the Khedive.

JAN'Y. 10th (before dressing).

Yesterday was one of intense interesting excitement. My first duty was the visit to the gentleman so ill on the other Dahabeyah. On my return I found the party all ready for the excursion to the temple of Karnac. Donkeys, ready saddled and bridled, stood waiting on the bank, and your mother was the first to say "come, let us be off." The first step in climbing the mountain of difficulty lay along the plank by which she was compelled to walk to the shore from the boat, and the second stage was to climb the bank, which she accomplished by the assistance of two of the crew, one on either side locking hands behind her, and the dragoman before drawing her toward him, while I meekly followed ready to intercept her if she should roll back. (O, if you could only look at the burnished stream and glowing mountains just now as the sun's first rays fall on them this moment.) This done the first seat to be taken on a donkey which stood about as big as a month old calf, with its long ears and melancholy face. The men lifted her on; and after some changes of position she finally settled with the reins in her right hand to steady her (they are never used for guiding the donkey), her left arm embracing an Arab who walked on that side, and another carrying my umbrella to shade her, walking on the other, the group hiding the donkey beneath and between them; her hat slouched down over her ears and a white muslin veil falling on her shoulders as well as protecting her face. Away we started at the ambling pace with short steps to which the donkeys are trained by

tying weights to their feet, and which is a very pleasant though not very rapid mode of riding. A photograph of that scene with the crowd of lookers on and the Babel-like confusion, caused by everyone talking, would be highly amusing. The donkey boys exhibited their command of English by declaring the donkey "exquisite" "very good" "very fine" "that all the same" "better than steamboat." The others all followed and in long cavalcade we wound through the Arab village first, and then between fields of beans and wheat and palm groves till we entered the avenue of headless sphynxes which led us to the Pylon or gate-way, which stands about sixty feet high covered with sculptured figures representing the triumphs of Rameses, clear and fresh as are all the remains in this wonderful climate except some of the granite which, when broken, is decomposed by the atmosphere acting on the feldspar. This temple is built of sand stone. Now when I tell you that it enclosed an area of *forty acres* and that this extent is strewn with fallen stones of immense size or stands thickly covered with gigantic columns and that every stone and column whether standing or fallen is covered with sculpture of the same colossal proportions as the temple itself or with hieroglyphics deeply cut into the face, you will realize how absurd would be any attempt at detailed description and how wearied you would be by the effort to follow it.

In one hall stood more than 200 columns sixty feet high with swollen capitals and from one to the other were stretched huge square stones which formed the roof, and on the lower side of which some had deeply cut hieroglyphics and some were painted blue with golden stars to represent the heavens, the blue and gold still clean and bright though nearly 4000 years are supposed to have passed since the colors were applied. Though this may not be true it is certain that the temples were first erected at that early period and many of the sculptures date back to it; others were added by later monarchs down to the time of the Ptolomies, about half a century before the Christian era, and in some parts figures of Alexander the Great and even of Cleopatra are still to be recognized. Even this later date gives them more than 2000 years.

There sat in solemn state guarding the entrance to the inner temple the colossal figures, some in white marble, some in red granite, some in sandstone and alabaster, while the walls were covered with representations of Gods with the sun over their heads, or with crowns of animal's heads; and monarchs and priests kneeling and offering sacrifices. We could distinguish the different fruits and flowers and birds and beasts which were being presented. On other walls were sculptured the conquering king driving his chariot over hosts of fallen enemies who extended their suppliant hands, crying for quarter, while his uplifted hand swayed the battle axe above their heads. The name of Shishak, which is clearly written by one of these conquering heroes,

and the peculiar physiognomy and costumes of the prisoners, who are led before him, give ample authority for the assurance that he is the Shishak who carried away the golden shields from the temple at Jerusalem.

Abraham's visit, it is probable, was made while the seat of Empire was at Memphis, and so was the viceroyship of Joseph exercised over lower Egypt, else it would not be improbable that these halls might have witnessed all these various incidents in the history of the chosen people of God. These temples were standing during all these long years. The beauty of the hieroglyphics is entrancing ; I would were I alone to give myself up to the study. Hawks, owls, birds of various kinds, bees, scarabei, and animals are all used in signs and are most perfectly and beautifully carved on the granite obelisks which rise still among the columns. Some have been thrown down and are broken into fragments. An earthquake could not have overthrown some and left others so upright, nor could the mere fall to the earth have shattered those which are prostrate into so many and so irregular fragments. The agency of lightning has been suggested by some but that is as unlikely as any other. The natives use some of the fragments for mill stones. The lintels and jambs of one door way are of a black granite and these appear to be crumbling as they might do if they had been subjected to intense heat. But a week might be passed in exploring the various chambers of this great temple and examining the records on its walls, and each hour would present a fresh object for investigation.

There were four avenues of Sphynxes, most of which are still buried in the sand and debris. Colossal heads of rams without bodies, show that the bodies are somewhere buried. Not only do the sculptured birds and beasts correspond exactly with the living creatures of the present day and the figures and costumes prove that the habits of the common people remain unchanged, though the Royal and priestly element has disappeared, but the implements used then resemble those we see daily and an enormous Dahabayah with the elevated cabin and elongated prow, is being propelled by oars and poles on the wall of one of the oldest portions.

I have not attempted to read up on the subject of this temple and that at Luxor, near which we lie, as we shall be better able to do so after this visit. I find reading descriptions gives no idea of realities and therefore do not inflict them on you. Photographs are better but they are but dim shadows failing to give an adequate impression. Think of getting forty acres into the field of a camera.

On our return Wistar and I called on Mr. Smith the American who has been fourteen years resident here. We found him occupying two rooms opening on the terrace of a large house surrounded by a garden of many acres filled with fig, pomegranite and peach trees, and roses and other flowers blooming in the borders. He was seated amid

astronomical tables and figures and with a rough telescope. A mummy stood in the corner and fragments of Gods and other remains from the tombs were scattered in bachelor-like disorder about the floor and divans. After sitting some time we invited him to return with us and dine on board. He laid aside his native garb (not *elegant demitoyette*) and putting an old coat over a vest, with his muslin pants, a mere loose pair of drawers, he put in his pocket a revolver and took in his hand a staff about 8 feet long and sallied out with us. As we passed along the terraced roof, supported on arches about 20 feet high on which the entire house is supported, I drew his attention to a palm tree which grew up directly through the roof. He said yes I sleep under it on this roof in the summer and I gathered a good crop of dates from it a few months since. As we passed out of the garden gate the gardeners handed Wistar and myself each a bunch of flowers containing rose-buds and a mint of some species and very strong scented, taking a small backsheesh in acknowledgment of the civility. Some savage dogs assailing us with loud barking. Mr. S. explained the use of the pistol as a protection from their assaults *at night*. We did not take in the whole meaning of the explanation at that moment. Dinner was served and American politics, Egyptian antiquities, and personal anecdotes served to beguile the time during the several courses. After which he filled his pipe and took his place on one of the divans on the deck under the awning. Hour succeeded hour. Wistar and I were both of us stupid and sleepy from the morning's toil and excitement, and the ladies thoroughly tired out. When it became dark lanterns were lighted under the awning, and I made an apology for leaving him and was rowed to the other Dahabeyah to visit Mr. Betts (who is very ill); made my visit and returned, only to find the tea-table spread and Mr. Smith waiting to share our meal. Mary lay down on the divan, Holly was put to bed. I suggested to the ladies generally that they must be wearied and had better retire. Mustapha Aga called and made a visit and bade us good-bye, but nothing moved our guest. I visited one of the waiters who is sick and at Friezler's suggestion the other brought Wistar's bed and made it on the divan where he sleeps in the saloon. This at last got him to his legs and he left us, wondering he had not gone earlier and wondering still more what can induce an educated man with mother and sister corresponding with him, and receiving the New York Tribune weekly, to immure himself here.

The native dealers in antiquities accuse him of being a manufacturer of modern antiques which he sells to travellers as genuine for large prices; while he denounces their "real ancient" as spurious. He in return says they are very clever imitators but did not hesitate to recognize some which we bought of them while he was present as being genuine. So that we feel satisfied with our purchases though they are ugly, somewhat broken and cost large prices. He and

Mustapha are not very friendly, though they managed to interchange some observations from which we gathered that the yield of wheat is better than he had told us yesterday. Mustapha Aga says 20 bushels per acre and worth \$1 a bushel. It is the most profitable crop and after that, Mustapha Aga said, "Indian Corn." He has travelled as far as London, Mr. Smith says, as servant of an English gentleman. However he may have acquired it he has the deportment of an Arab gentleman.

There are about 2000 inhabitants of Luxor, one-third of whom are Copts who have a church and burial-ground in which lie the remains of about a dozen Englishmen who have died here. All but one, Mr. S. told us, victims to their own intemperance. The Moslems are said to have a smothered hatred of foreign Christians which occasionally shows itself in suppressed curses and expressions of contempt, and their feeling toward the Copts is said to be much that which is so common on the parts of Christians toward the Jews throughout Europe. On our return from Karnac our route lay through the place where the market is held every Tuesday. It was crowded and presented a strange scene. Half clad and not at all clad men, women and children were squatted on the ground among the shoes and pots and pipes and skins and small wares and fruits and vegetables and roots and grass and sugar-cane and cloths, all lying on rags spread on the ground; while camels and donkeys and sheep and cows and buffaloes were all crowded in the midst. Through all this our donkey drivers pushed our donkeys and so close was the crowd that it seemed impossible to avoid running over them and being run down ourselves by the camels with their great overhanging bundles of cane. No one thought of turning out or took the trouble to draw up his legs or move his position in the least. We had been stunned and worried by the cry for backsheesh which was dinned into our ears at every turn amid the ruins, and now were not less disturbed by the seething mass of wretchedness through which we *wormed* our way.

You will be thankful to know that your mother is none the worse but rather the better for it all. And this morning she and I joined with the others in a visit to Mourad Ali who has been appointed Consular agent in room of Mustapha. He had called and requested us to visit his curiosities and insisted on presenting us with many. Our party is large, so that a few to each made a large number. Some of them are valuable and he positively refused any compensation. I had a pound in my hand to give him on shaking hands at parting but Wistar was first and he dropped the money and would not receive it when offered again, so I thanked him heartily. He was the partner of Mustapha Aga in farming and had been left by him as his agent in the office during an absence down the river. Mr. Butler came up at the same time and Mustapha accuses Mourad of having bribed Mr. Butler. This is the occasion of Genl. Stanley's visit of investi-

gation. Mustapha Aga shewed me his protest. It all rests on hearsay evidence and the witnesses prevaricate and endeavor to throw the story off on each other. Mr. Smith says neither can be depended on, that both are playing a deceitful game and neither of any service. As it is I think it is a mere personal struggle for the position of Consular Agent between the two old partners. The position protects the holder against the Khedive and as there are no duties and no fees this constitutes the only advantage, but it is a great one. While we were at Mourad's the Reis hurried up to say the wind was fair and we set sail; and the weather is warm for the first time since we landed in Egypt. Mr. S. says it has been unusually cold and accounts for it by our being probably in the track of a storm. A boat which came down yesterday reports the weather oppressively warm at Assouan so that we may have to suffer from the exhaustion of heat instead of the cold, of which we have been so intolerant. Strange as it may seem it is now three days since we received our mail. We at once devoured our letters but have not yet opened our newspapers so fully have we been occupied by the sights of Luxor and Karnac and we have left with the impression that we have only touched the margin.

But two boys busily chewing sugar cane stand on the bank above me exhibiting statuary and as I have been writing two hours I will go on deck and see what is being watered by the shadoofs whose creaking sound is scarce ever out of our ears. Large cotton plants, the pod nearly ready to open, tell what it is before I rise. The bank is about twenty feet high and the shadoof is in three stages each with its man lifting twice his own height. I say lifting, the water is raised by the weight which balances the bucket; the man drawing it down and filling it, but expending no force in the lift. The Sakkias have been very numerous to-day indicating a well cultivated plain but the water has fallen so much that we cannot see the nature of the crop, even when mounted on a table which stands on the deck. Our progress has been slow as what wind there is is ahead and we have been dependant on the arms of the crew; either drawing or poling. !

We passed limekilns being burned with fine coal imported from England.

The heat is such as to require all the air we can get and if it continues will soon strip us of our winter garments. There are more flowers in sight on the bank; convolvulus and a kind of daisy and the rape with its yellow head.

January 11, 1872.

We made but little headway yesterday and this morning the three companion boats are all lying staked under a high bank on the Lybian side with the placid surface of the ever flowing Nile, disturbed by neither wind nor perceptible ripple (though its current is as rapid as ever), smiling in the newly born light of morning. I climbed the

high bank and found myself in a wide spreading field, green with the wheat crop about six inches high, glistening with the light on the dew drops. In the distance on our right rose the tall chimney of a pumping machine to irrigate the cane plantation of the Khedive which lies near; and moored beside lay three or four large barges. We had passed them yesterday afternoon taking in sugar cane to be floated to one of the mills lower down. It was striped entirely of the leaves which were being carried away on camels and donkeys, while the heavy cane was piled on the barges like wood. On the left of the stretch in view this morning was a village bosomed in Palm trees, from which emerged more than 100 camels with their awkward forms moving in single file along a narrow pathway through the wheat field, on the way to their daily labour in carrying the cane to the boats. It was an animating and beautiful scene and the atmosphere was exhilarating and the temperature most genial.

We are on a large island of Erment, the position once occupied by the city of Hermonthis, at which are the ruins of a temple built by the Cleopatra who made the name so infamous. There are also the remains of a Christian church dating from about the days of Constantine, when the profession of faith in Jesus became the religion of the Roman Empire and it was recognized as such here in this far distant province now, as then, dependant on the power enthroned at Constantinople, to which the empire of the East had been transferred from Rome. Now, as then, holding the faith of the Sovereign. Is not that power trembling to its fall? Here are Copts still, and when the government shall be transferred to Russia and toleration is extended to all religions, may we not hope that a purified Egyptian church may yet realize how sweet the name of Jesus sounds in the believer's ears, and their grain and corn and cane fields yield them fruit, not to the profit of the oppressor, but to the comfort of the labourer and the glory of the Redeemer. It is a lovely valley with soft and smiling skies above and green fields beneath, even if savage deserts lie on either side.

NILE, January 15, 1872.

Dahabeyah "America."

My Dear Children :

On my return home last evening I was told there might be an opportunity to send a letter from Assouan which we hope to reach this evening; and as I shall in all probability be called away again this morning I avail myself of the first dawn to write you. You will be startled at my first sentence I presume, but will understand it when I tell you that I spent yesterday on board one of the other boats professionally. There is a gentleman very ill to whom I have been rendering such service as was in my power, visiting him generally twice daily. Yesterday they signalled for us soon after we had sailed and I

remained with them all day; leaving him better last night. A Dr. Kingsley from another Dahabayah unites with me in services. He is a brother of the author of the *Water Babies*, and is travelling with Lord Pembroke, a youth who is compelled to sail about the world in pursuit of health. They have spent five years in Australia, New Zealand, the Fiji Islands and other outlying lands, having been shipwrecked among the cannibals, and are very intelligent, agreeable people. Lord Pembroke is son of Lady Herbert, who published some books of travels. The sick gentleman is a Mr. Betts, in some way connected with railroad engineering. He has with him his wife and son and daughter, all nice people to whom it is a pleasure to be able to render service; so you see I am in harness even here.

We are now entering the region of the sand stone quarries from which were taken the great masses of which the temples were built. Yesterday morning we were abreast of Edfoo having reached that point after dark the previous night. Look at the photographs of Egypt and you will find the Pylon of the temple there—the first object which met my gaze as I looked out of my cabin window before rising. It is very grand, and as we sailed by it we could see distinctly, by the aid of the glass which Mrs. Caldwell K. Biddle kindly gave me on leaving home, the winged globe over the portal and the columns of the pronaos and the colossal sculptures with which the Pylon and sides of the temple are covered. Being the Lord's day we should not have visited it even if the wind had not favoured the sailing which is done by the Reis without reference to us and can be accomplished without any further violation of the sacredness of the day than lying by. Yesterday we made but little progress as the wind was light. As we passed one of the green sloping banks our attention was arrested by a collection of people around a flag. They were in their best attire and sounds of song and beating of tom-toms indicated some excitement. Our dragoman said it was the departure of a band of Hadjees for Mecca, and another that it was a marriage and this the party of the groom or bride seated on the shore awaiting the approach of the other from the opposite side of the river where we saw a similar company was assembled. The fields in this upper district are in some places very wide but the desert is always in view on both sides. Those who are familiar with Nile travel tell us that we can see a long distance and that in shooting they must allow quite one-third, as objects they think only 100 yards distant being at least 150. This same allowance must be made in estimating the breadth of the valley and the approach of the desert and the mountains.

Just at this time as the light has now become strong, and the sun is just falling on the hills, they appear very near us and the slip of wheat and lupins in flower is almost like the foot way only of our cities. Telegraph poles and wires contrast strongly with the sand-stone quarries of 4000 years ago and the shadoofs and sakkias, for

raising the water to irrigate the fields, which have the same shape and construction as they had in the days of the earliest Pharaohs. Large sugar mills and cane plantations and steam engines to pump up water to irrigate these are found at frequent intervals even thus far. They all belong to the Khedive, and depots of English coal are placed on the shore for the supply of the steamboats which ply up and down tugging barges filled with thousands of conscripts taken down the river to labour on these plantations and his various works. These boats have disturbed the crocodiles so that they are no longer found north of the 1st cataract, beyond which the steam boats do not ascend. We hope to reach that point to-day and to-morrow we may see one of the sacred animals of the Nile.

Poh! just at that moment a shock told us we had run on a sand bank and now the noisy sounds which indicate that the men are poling and probably some of them in the water pushing us off makes one glad that there are no ravenous jaws opening to devour them and as it occasions me to look out, reveals the perfectly arid hillsides which come down to the very shore. From the opposite window there may be a view smiling like the garden of Eden.

The weather is still so cool that our warm clothing is tolerable even in the hottest part of the day and absolutely required morning and evening. I was cold last night with two blankets and my double flannel wrapper. To us this is a great advantage, much more invigorating than heat would be. To those invalids who have been sent here in quest of a uniform temperature and warm weather it is not only disappointing but very injurious. But I must rise and dress or I shall not be ready for breakfast.

We shall stop on our return and visit the temple of Edfoo and any other objects of interest which may claim our attention. It is important to lose no time in ascending, as the river is falling rapidly and there is some doubt lest the Reis of the Cataract may refuse to take this large boat up. There are ever recurring objects of interest in the varieties of culture and the beauty of the birds. We have just passed quite a flock of beautiful and large white pelicans. They sit on the water as gracefully as swans and the large pouch and projecting bill are proportioned to their bodies when thus floating.

I am constantly interrupted in my reading and writing by the objects of attraction which presents themselves. Yet I contrive daily to record something for your amusement which I would gladly send you now if I had sufficient confidence in its reaching you, as I fear it will prove uninteresting hereafter, though if you had it during our absence it would derive some interest from the affection with which you regard us.

This morning a descending Dahabeyah was hailed by our Reis and gave us the discouraging information that the water at Assouan is so low that it was impossible to ascend. As that boat was not half

so large as ours we feel as though we were probably near the extreme point of our journey and may be compelled to rest content with riding to Philæ and omit more interesting temples higher up the river. We have already seen enough to realize my most extravagant anticipations and still have much to investigate on our return.

I cannot better illustrate our life than by telling you that at the last period I raised my eyes and find before me the sculptured rocks and temples and tombs of Silsilis, the quarries from which the earliest temples of Lower Egypt were built. Sculptured and coloured entablatures and columns and lintels stand before me, some retaining the yellow and blue colors with which parts of the figures were covered. We are within 40 miles of the 1st cataract at Assouan.

Your loving father,

CASPAR MORRIS.

“THE AMERICA” on the Nile. January 14, 1872.

My Dear Children :

Mine from Thebes of this day week will I know make you somewhat anxious to hear from your father. I wish there was any way of relieving you promptly ; but there is not. So I will have this ready in case we meet a boat, and am glad to tell you he is quite well, and were it not for the responsibility and care of a very ill patient (a Mr. Betts in a boat which keeps just at our side) he would be enjoying himself to the full. This gentleman has been sent here in consumption, and has some complication of diseases, and to be on a Nile boat in that condition is most trying, notwithstanding all they have done to provide all that could be anticipated. To your father's great relief he has found on board Lord Pembroke's boat, a most accomplished physician in Dr. Kingsley, brother of the author, so they are both attending. Your father was called up in the night and to his own great comfort was able to afford relief. The boats lie side by side at night. Mrs. Betts, son and daughter are with him.

We are getting up the river as fast as was to be expected and they tell me that much dreaded cataract will be reached now in two days. I shall not attempt to ascend in the boat, but if I must go with them, take a donkey and go round ; as the ascent consists in the boat being pulled up a series of rapids over huge rocks ; in one place six feet perpendicular. This is done by from seventy to one hundred Nubians.

Well, preparatory to that ride, if it must be taken, listen now to a description of one I did take to see the ruins of Karnac, the distance two miles. Well I was put on a little donkey, for they are all very small here, and how they carry such a load as me I can't tell. A donkey boy was at his head to lead him, a man on each side of me

walking or trotting as the case might be. The one on my left insisted on holding me, unless I kept my hand on his shoulder. The one on the right held a large umbrella over me. Each of the ladies of the party were escorted in the same way. The gentlemen only had a donkey boy, but oh, so many out-runners. I did not count them; each had one garment on, and all these donkey boys pick up a few words of English and use them incessantly, "good donkey," "good donkey boy," "good lady." I then said *old lady*, and he repeated it very often both to himself and the others.

The ruins were well worth the effort to get there, and it was a great one to me, you may be sure. I will spare you all descriptions as your father will do all that far better than I can. I will also take to you Gadsby's Book, which we read with much interest.

I am right sorry I did not let the photographer at Thebes take mine on the donkey. We met him on the road and I did not think quick enough. The weather is now very fine and I am more on deck and there are objects of interest passing all the time. We just counted 200 camels loaded with sugar cane and are sure we did not count half. Last night we distinctly heard the jackalls and hyenas again, and immediately the boats, all four, for we have three neighbors, put out into the stream.

Afternoon.

Your father has been nearly all day with our sick neighbour and I have been reading over for the third time our last package of letters received a week ago, to the 5th Dec., and *enjoying each one*, my dear children and grandchildren. I shall welcome Harry's when it comes even if it is crossed four times, provided he writes small (he has a great objection to such epistles). I will give the list I have been reading. Ches, Is. and Annie, Gal. and Han., Mary, Cornelia, Mary D., Robert, Henry and Sally. I can hardly bear tho' to think of our being without now for six weeks. The truth is we are spoiled.

Monday 15th, Evening.

We have had a fine run to-day and just got into Assouan. Now comes the tug up the cataract. There are three boats before us so I suppose we'll see them. The shore is lined with people bringing in things for sale; baskets, feathers, etc., but they don't look inviting. Some of the temples and ruins are near. Friezler has just come in to tell us a boat leaves this evening for Cairo, who will take our letters. So farewell; with much love to all.

Yours most truly and affectionately,

A. C. MORRIS.

I do hope this will reach you as t'will relieve you about your father, he is quite well, for which I do feel very thankful.

Send these to your sister.

My Dear Children:

Though I have written daily and have a dozen or more sheets of letters to you in my portfolio, I shall not venture to send them by the uncertain post from these remote regions. We have just passed Negadeh where is a large Romish convent marked by a cross, and are sailing with a spanking breeze directly on our course, and are told we may reach Luxor, Karnac, Thebes, which are all several names for the same place, this afternoon; and that we must have letters ready. I therefore hastily summarize the facts of our journey or rather voyage. This being the Lord's day we have as usual devoted to a meeting in the saloon, with reading God's Holy Scripture and a sermon; and now about 12.30 M. we are passing through a wide and fertile plain, with most luxuriant wheat fields interspersed with cotton, tobacco, beans, lupins and other garden growths; while noble groves of palm of both species, the date shooting up its lofty column and crowned with immense leaves, and the Dhôm, bifurcating at a short distance above the earth and again dividing into branches having fan-like leaves at the end, are standing thickly along the shore; each grove sheltering a village. These villages are more picturesque than those of lower Egypt. The houses are larger; and while the people occupy only the lower stories they raise them to a considerable height, and divide the upper part into several stories by ranges of holes built into the middle mud walls in regular line; each with a stick projecting below it. These upper stories are whitewashed; while that occupied by the people themselves is of the color of the mud of which the entire building is composed; having straw and doura stems mixed with the mud to strengthen it. The upper part is whitened in order to attract the immense flocks of a pigeon peculiar to the country, which roost in these upper stories. The Arabs do not kill them for food, but attract them thus in order to collect the Guano, which is sold to the Khedive to manure his cane fields, which are often very extensive. (We are now passing one of some hundreds of acres in extent.) It is impossible to give any idea of the wondrous beauty of the Valley of the Nile with its fertile plains, its grand mountains ranges and savage deserts; through all which flows the wide spread stream, whose mysterious source, immense volume of water, inexhaustible store of fertile mud, brought from no one knows where and deposited age after age, are as full of interest now as subjects for speculation, as they were four thousand years since; during all which period they have claimed the investigation of successive generations of men, who have lived upon the products and exported them to other less favoured lands. We have not paused on our upward course to inspect any of the remains of former grandeur. The winds have been unusually favourable since we left Siout at which my last letters were mailed, and it is important to avail ourselves of them to stem the current as the river is falling

with its usual rapidity and if we pass the cataract at Assouan it is important to do so while there is sufficient water to float this large boat.

As I lift my eyes to fill my pen I see sloping banks of lupins, (O! so green) and great fields of cane beyond; while a "shadoof" every hundred yards shows how much labour is required to irrigate these fields. Pole after pole swings unceasingly, with its skin bucket dipping the water from the river and raising it stage after stage by three levels to the top of the bank. This is a clear bright day and the temperature that of October with us, the sun hot, the wind cold. The monkey has broken our thermometer so that we are dependent on sensation only. We have suffered with the cold, not only our own party but the crew. Earache, toothache, coughs, have troubled more or less every person on board, and yet I am *more than satisfied*. Some object of interest presents itself every moment and the days fly past with a rapidity which is astonishing. If there were nothing but the glories of the sun setting and sun rising these are so unspeakably impressive in their grandeur that they would afford compensation for every inconvenience attending the voyage, except that one for which there is no possible compensation, the separation from you all.

As we look through vistas of palm trees over fields of undying verdure, and see the bosom of the river glowing like molten gold, while the heavens above are a canopy of blue, and crimson, and scarlet, and violet, with hangings of fleecy clouds changing every moment; and see beyond, the lofty mountain ranges reflecting the splendor from on high, our imagination is ravished with the thought of the sapphire and topaz and pearl, and streets of shining gold, and walls of adamant, and bulwarks of salvation, till we feel that it is good to be alone; and every word of admiration even, jars on the subdued feeling of devotion with which it must inspire the least sensitive soul. Such was the scene last evening and the sunrising this morning was equally sublime.

The uncertainty of progress here is illustrated by our present experience. A bend in the river is reached which makes the strong wind by which we have been so rapidly propelled thus far to-day, unfavourable, and we are obliged to anchor in mid river; furl our sail and warp the boat to lee shore for harbour. This disappoints our expectation that we might receive letters from home to-night or to-morrow. We seek for grace to enable us to entrust all that we love and hold dear on earth to the good providence of our Father in Heaven, but feel as though it were a very long time since we had any accounts of your welfare; and think of you in the depth of winter, with the young people just resuming their studies, we trust animated to renewed diligence by the recreation of the Christmas holidays. Ours passed with little commemoration though some English parties, whose Dahabeyahs keep us company, decked their boats with palm leaves; which did not occur to ourselves.

8th.

We are again underway with a favouring breeze a clear sunshine and, as we are within fifteen miles of the Thebes, the hope that before night we may have letters. Each day the beauty of the scene ravishes me more and more. I quite forget everything in the sense of enjoyment. Dear Mellie must have been disgusted by my earlier letters. I hope we shall find more and more to interest and instruct us. The beauty of palm groves and the indescribable luxuriance of the wheat and clover fields and cane plantations set, as the picture is, in boundaries of sterile desert and lofty mountain ranges, is wondrous; and the changing course of the river causes them to shift their positions in the light and shade giving rise to endless variety. Then the people in their flowing robes, the camels, the buffaloes, the sakkias, and the shadoofs which dip up the water every 100 yards to distribute it on the fields, are all interesting.

Your loving father,

CASPAR MORRIS.

Noon. January 8th.

P. S. I have just been feasting my eyes with the colossal figures of Amunoph on the one side and the Propylous of the temple of Karnac on the other. The crew are singing and dancing merrily—our flags are being displayed and the dragoman about to salute the other dahabeyahs. I leave your mother watching while I add this post-script.

DAHABEYAH "AMERICA," January 7, 1872.

My Dear Brother: (Galloway Cheston.)

As we are approaching Thebes, the last point at which we can receive letters from home and the last at which we can send them there (unless we shall meet with some returning boat to which we may entrust them to be mailed at Cairo), I tear myself away from the interesting objects which crowd upon us, momentarily demanding our attention, to convey to you the information which will I know be most acceptable to dear Margaret and yourself, of our well being. God has been very gracious to us in the health of our entire party. It has been generally good through the six months which we now number, within a few days, since we left home and is now without any exception good. The temperature in Egypt instead of being warm, as we had anticipated it would be, has thus far been cold, requiring all our winter garments and calling for overcoats, shawls and blankets when exposed to the wind, which is very piercing. As we advance to the south we shall probably reach a different climate and I look with some solicitude on Anne's account to the exhaustion of the heat, and indulge the hope that it may be found too late for us to attempt

ascending the Nile beyond the first cataract, though many remains of temples attract us there. Thus far we have visited none of the ruins or tombs. This is reserved for the return down the river. Now it is too important that we should avail ourselves of every breath of wind which will enable us to stem the current, which will bring us down through it is difficult to ascend. The wondrous beauty of the unrivalled scenery of Egypt cannot be exaggerated.

The contrast between the fertility of the narrow valley, and the wild sublimity of the desert which is always in sight, and the savage grandeur of the mountain ranges which often run directly along our course is most imposing. Then the glory of the rising and setting sun is inconceivable. We never witness it without a renewed, I might say truly, an ever increasing sense of its sublimity. The rich imagery of the poetry of scripture falls short of its awful grandeur and the most undevout must feel subdued by its evidence of the majesty of Him who said "let there be light," and all this richness of splendor burst into being.

8th.

We were disappointed of our hope to reach Thebes last evening. The wind rose to a gale bearing with it clouds of fine sand from the desert, making us think of "Simoons." The rays of the sun were veiled as by a cloud and we were compelled to cast anchor in the stream; furling our sail with difficulty; warped into the shore and are now, in company with two other Dahabeyahs, lying moored under a bank crowned with a grove of Palm, Acacia, and Tamarisk trees, in which the warbling birds welcome the rising sun, whose rays are just gilding their branches which are so motionless that it is evident we shall not be able to move. This is a trial of patience to which travellers on the Nile must reconcile themselves. One of our predecessors records having been detained during three days at or near this very spot feeling, as we do, that it had been long since he had heard from home. Thebes is the last point at which we can hear, and our hearts are divided between hope and fear as to the contents of those letters we suppose await us there. From yourself we have not heard for a longer time than from the children, and only build our hope that you got safely to town and are not worse than usual from their report, Mary having mentioned in one of her latest that her uncle had been in town and reported you as usual.

The wheat crops now growing are the most luxuriant I ever saw or dreamed of. Sugar cane and cotton and tobacco are also fine; and the clover, beans, lupins, and lentils vary the shades of green with their peculiar growth. I am exceedingly interested by the manifestations of the industry and untiring energy of the people and with their cheerful submission to the tyranny and oppression of the government. We see them descending the river by thousands to labor on the canals

and other works of the Khedive who has conscripted one in every three of the male population. They carry with them their own bread and implements. The land tax has been collected six years in advance at the rate of \$5.00 per acre. There is also a tax of ten per cent. on the profits of merchants. Such a drain must exhaust the country before many years. Lower down the Khedive has large sugar works and cane plantations of his own, and tall chimneys at short intervals show where steam engines, fed by coal brought from England, are used to pump up water from the river for irrigating his fields.

In this upper part the pumping is done by wheels turned by oxen treading in a circle, and raising water jars fastened to a rope which passes over a wheel at the level of the bank, where the jars are tipped and empty their contents into a basin from which it is distributed by small channels through the fields, which are laid out in squares, divided by gutters for this purpose. The paintings on the tombs of Beni Hassan, which were executed 4000 years ago, shew the same arrangement of the ground and the same wheels and jars used in raising the water. It is sometimes raised to the height of more than 20 feet. The creaking of the wheel and the monotonous song of the driver of the beasts is heard long after darkness shrouds them from our view, thus adding proof, to the many which present themselves in other ways, of the industry and energy of the fallaheen. The cattle were swept away in whole hecatombs by a murrain a few years since, (and only now slowly increasing) so that in large districts they are dependant on human labor for raising the water, which is done by skin buckets or palm leaf baskets hung on the one end of a pole, with a lump of clay at the other end by which the weight is lifted; the man merely drawing the empty bucket down again and filling it. They stand in three or sometimes four stages one above another each raising it about his own height. The course of the river is very tortuous and is constantly changing, washing away banks and undermining villages at one point and making new deposits at another. The feathery crowned lofty palm trees always collected in groves; the delicate acacia and tamarisk and huge sycamore fig trees, which are grouped around the villages, add greatly to the beauty of the landscape and when you introduce the loaded camels in long strings and beautiful little donkeys ambling along with turbaned Arabs, in flowing robes, seated gracefully on them, and large flocks of brown and black sheep and goats tended by their several keepers, we have a picture which one sees again and again repeated without becoming palled by the sight.

With love to dear Margaret in which Anne I know unites though she is sitting in her own cabin as I am in mine.

Your loving and grateful brother,

CASPAR MORRIS.

January 11, 1872.

While at breakfast two steam boats passed us. One a tug belonging to the Khedive to tow the barges loaded with cane to a sugar mill whose chimney is throwing up great volumes of black smoke some miles above us, and the other bound down and flying both American and British colors but whether one of the excursion boats which ply up and down regularly during the winter between Cairo and Assuan or that of Mr. Morgan and his party which passed us on its way up a week since we could not decide. While the crew ate their morning meal Wistar and I took a little stretch along the shore and I plucked from the bank a pretty handful of grasses, clover, wild vetch and convolvulus. Some of them, especially the last, reminding us strongly of their congeners at home. Acacia trees in full bloom with golden balls tipping the ends of gracefully fringed boughs of delicate green foliage. A large leaved variety with long pendulous yellow seed vessels. Dhôm palms with their rounded heads of compact foliage, and date palms towering above them all and waving their victorious fronds, gave great and peculiar beauty to the view. No wind and a clear sky without a cloud, in which vultures swing around in curves so graceful and majestic that one forgets their loathsome appearance as they sit on the shore, give promise of a sultry day.

4 P. M.

That promise was realized so far as the absence of wind was concerned, until now when a nice favouring breeze fans us and slowly propels the "America." Not so strong however, but that the regular sound of the plashing of the poles proves that human strength is added to that of the wind. We have realized to-day for the first time the delight of the Nile weather which is so generally vaunted by travellers. It is perfect!—We have sat alternately in our cabin below, your mother with her worsted work while I read the history of Egypt, and under the awning on the upper deck watching the shadoofs and sakkias on shore and enjoying the views on either side. Our neighbours landed and shot various birds. Among them the white Ibis which is very beautiful. We have been very near all day, too near as at one time we could have shaken hands from one to the other, and at another I returned a book they had kindly lent us some days since reaching it from our boat to one of the servants on theirs. Finally the two came into violent collision and their boom carried away some of our iron stanchions and thereon ensued such a series of pantomime and gesticulation and verbal altercation as beggars description. The damage is not serious enough to subject us to any inconvenience. The gentlemen and ladies had a good time in exchange of improvised speeches; the Reises blew out their anger and after a time helping each other off we got again under weigh and I hope shall keep a little further apart. There is an evident rivalry and struggle for the lead between the two

Reises. Both boats belong to the same owner so that it is not of much importance, each will tell his own tale; but the Dragoman of the other boat says their own captain is in fault. At one point we passed extensive sugar works of the Khedive, no less than five steam engines crushing the cane and evaporating the juice, and we counted not less than 500 camels loaded with cane moving slowly in a long line from the field to the mill. There was certainly want of management as they were jammed together waiting at the mill to be unloaded thus losing time and labor also. Telegraph poles and wires connect the various works.

January 12th.

The morning finds us moored to the bank at Esné one of the regular halting places on the Nile tour. The crews of the boats which design to ascend beyond the first cataract here bake bread enough for six weeks' consumption so that they may not exhaust their stock before their return here on the way down. It is a large town as laid down on the map. We have yet seen nothing of it as we must be lying at one or other side and I have not yet been on deck. A wide sand bank lies before my cabin window which is evidently a thoroughfare as many passengers are coming and going by it. Among others several Turks in military costume. They are white as ourselves and wear a dress entirely different from that of the Egyptians; tight fitting laced vests and very large full lower garment of colored material plaited at the waist and gathered in at the ankles. They carry the curved scimitar with which we always associate the Saracen. On going on deck we saw a large English Dahabayah being rowed down. They have accomplished their voyage and are homeward bound. Their yards are struck and fastened lengthwise of the boat and with cheery song the crew rise regularly to their oars. We are quite disappointed by being told that "the five American gentlemen whom we saw at Naples" went down in the night. I had designed entrusting to them the many sheets of letters, which have accumulated and which I now fear we must carry home with us when they will have lost their value as they have not body enough to improve by age. The temperature is low but wind light. We came to the bank lower down the stream soon after sunset last evening. It was too dark for us to see what was the character of the place but while we were at tea I recognized the bark of jackalls and the howl of the hyæna which sufficiently proved that was a desert place and soon after we found our boat afloat and heard the unfurling of the sail which proved that our Reis was not satisfied and we sailed and poled all night until we reached this place. The costume of the people as they pass my window differs greatly from that we have been used to in the last month. White robes take the place of the blue which has been the universal color, and they are worn more as shawls wrapped around the person. There are still

many of the long shirt-like loose blue robes, also. Our reading last evening confirmed the opinion I have already expressed that the dress and dwellings and habits of the fellaheen are the same as they have been from the earliest period; the same as they are represented on the walls of the most ancient tombs. An apron around the waist which is never laid aside and constitutes the only garment of the hours of toil. When not engaged in labor the long loose shirt and when *dressed* a shawl thrown loosely around the shoulders and hanging down the back where it terminates in a deep fringe sometimes of bright color. When they are walking or at any work which permits the erect attitude they gird the loose robe around the waist with a sash or girdle which is of silk, if the wearer can afford it, if not it may be either a leather strap or piece of cord. The variety of birds on the Nile is very great. We have left behind us the flocks of wild geese, the pelicans and the storks and the vultures and parti-colored crows. We still have the hawks, and the beautiful white Ibis flies in flocks or sits on the shore pure as snow. I had scarcely penned the above sentence when we saw two men dragging between them an immense vulture with white head almost like that of a bald eagle. It must certainly measure eight feet from tip to tip. They carried it to each boat in succession hoping to sell it. Beautiful plover skim the water with their shrill cry and there are immense flocks of sparrows a little larger but in other respects just the same as the English sparrow. We also see many specimens of a fly catching bird of emerald green plumage, and many king-fishers.

Jany. 12th.

We this morning visited the temple of Esné which is of a late date; that of the early Cæsars; Tiberius, Germanicus and Vespasian having their names on the portico, and Trajan, Hadrian and Antoninus within. Esné stands on the site of Latopolis and the temple was dedicated to the worship of an electric fish called Latus. The figure which is most frequently repeated, as the God receiving homage, is a ram-headed figure to whom offerings are being made of every variety by crowned figures representing kings. The entire surface of the columns is covered either by sculptured figures or by hieroglyphic inscriptions. From the midst of unburnt brick houses you climb what appears to be a moderate hill and entering through a gate, which appears to open on a mere court of a house, we found ourselves on a level with the architrave of the portico. The capitals of the columns were of enormous size and had the shape of the Lotus while the architrave was covered with sculpture, much of it still retaining the blue and red paint with which it had been originally covered. Descending a few steps we found ourselves gazing into the cell of a temple about 100 feet square with winged globes and other emblematic figures on the lintel over the door and repeated on the ceiling walls and

pillars with constant repetition. On one part of the wall was delineated the drawing of a net enclosing water fowl as well as fishes of various kinds "good and bad," and on another a king is receiving tribute from a figure who stands before him grasping in his left hand some stalks of wheat which he is cutting with a sickle held in his right. Figures of the ram-headed God Kneph, and others with crocodile heads, are frequent as also that of Amun Ra with the round globe of the sun crowning his head. The rear wall is covered with figures sunk in the stone and has in it a large door way now built up with rough brick, evidently opening into some something beyond and though the area of the temple has been entirely excavated below the plinths of the columns to the floor there are openings in it which convey the idea of something below, and at the one side is a sort of closet of stone, with a winged globe over the door of entrance, and many hieroglyphics on the walls both within and without. The columns are massive and very perfect and in many parts the colors still remain on the figures, which have none of the elegant grace of Greek or even Roman statues, but are imposing despite the conventional form in which they correspond with all Egyptian sculpture. The visit here gives us a key to the sculpture and figures on other temples of greater size we shall visit hereafter. The figures of Cleopatra do not give her beauty, nor do they represent her with Grecian features as she is represented in the temple of Dendera. The acts of worship of the gods by the kings and queens are very easily understood and in one compartment of the ceiling is a funeral procession with the boat of Charon, waiting to receive the newly arrived spirit, and Cerberus guards the gates of Hades. On our way to the temple we passed through the bazaar and market place and the streets of the city. Dancing girls tricked out in all their finery displayed themselves to attract attention, and mosques stood open to invite worshippers, and caravanserais to receive travellers. Coffee shops displayed their arrangements for refreshment, and cook shops sent forth savoury odors from the stew pans which steamed on the counter. In front of the little closet-like shops Birmingham and Sheffield ware offered its attractions, and Manchester blue cotton shawls were receiving a crimson silk border at the end, among the fringe, at the hands of native weavers. Camels and buffaloes and cows and donkeys mingled with the crowd in the narrow streets, which ran between blank walls enclosing the courts on which opened the windows of the apartments. We saw but one Minaret but our ears had welcomed the call of the muezzin during the night and we suppose there are more. As we passed through the streets we met a funeral procession with its crowd of wailing women and a large number of men following. The corpse was wound in a white sheet around which was folded a scarlet wrapping as it lay on the bier. No coffin is used, indeed it would be impossible to find wood from

which they could be made. We suppose the colored wrapping is not interred with the body but used only as a pall.

13th.

Early this morning the bread of the crew was brought on board and the purchase of sheep, turkeys, chickens and vegetables being made we prepared to sail. We had passed the mills grinding the flour from which the bread for all the crews of the Dahabeyahs which had arrived with us was to be made. None is kept on hand. The mills were worked by horse power the stones being placed on the floor and the meal is used just as it is ground. The bread is kneaded in troughs just such as were used by the Egyptians and Jews alike in the days of the Exodus. The Jews are said to preserve the form in the shape of the ceilings of their synagogues in all parts of the world. We saw many cattle on the shore tethered and being fed with the lettuce, which grows abundantly among the wheat and is weeded out for the purpose of feeding the animals, who devoured it greedily. We saw in the bazaar lettuce seeds being cleansed for sale. It is used to furnish oil by pressure as flaxseed is also; to-day we have seen large fields of it ready to seed. We have also passed large fields of Doura standing ripe and ungathered as though the labour was deficient. Cotton and wheat and cane fields were lying on either side of the river. The strip of fertile land is not wide but looked well. At one place the desert and the mountain came directly down to the shore and we were long watching with our glasses the many men scattered over the side of the hill and also marching in long lines along beaten paths across the sand. When we came near enough we found each man in the procession toward the bank carried something on his head which gave a peculiar ringing metallic sound when it was thrown down on the heap which was being raised on the shore near a vessel waiting for a cargo. We find from Murray's Egypt that somewhere in this vicinity a stone is found containing subcarbonate of soda and we suppose it may be this. As we passed one very extensive wheat field our attention was arrested by a large company collected on the bank above it who marched through it with curious evolutions some of them extending their arms in a cross like attitude. When they reached a certain point they all gathered in a circle and were evidently busy in something of general interest.

After standing grouped some ten or fifteen minutes they separated and marched back toward the town leaving a bundle of Doura stalks set on end at the point they were assembled at. They were all clad in long loose blue robes with white turbans which is the dress of the better classes. Birds of all sorts have been numerous to-day; geese, vultures, ducks, cranes, herons, have succeeded each other in large flocks and this morning as I walked on the shore the beautiful plover were abundant and so tame that I might almost knock them over with

a long stick. An extempore boat yard was near by but the movements of the workmen were unheeded. The boat yard affords a good illustration of the way in which everything is done here. A heap of acanthus brush encloses a square of about 100 feet each way on the sandy beach. In one corner some doura stalks, stood on end and wattled together, form a dwelling. A pit saw and an adze are the only implements. The timber, the irregular trunks and limbs of the acanthus or mimosa tree. From this material and with these implements with no mould or frame or ways they are building a boat for burden. The timbers are of all sizes and shapes and curves so that before the sides are pitched the seams run as irregularly as the stripes on the national banner as it floats in a breeze. Among other objects of interest passed to-day was quite a grove of pomegranite shrubs adjoining an extensive cotton field of large growths. We also met a large Dahabeyah on its way down. Our progress southward is indicated by the greater advance of vegetation. Lupins are quite large and in full flower. But among the incongruous objects have been two large deposits of bituminous coal from England lying on the bank, far from any pumping engine or sugar works and designed we suppose for steamboats to replenish their stocks as they pass up and down the river.

14th, Thermometer 54°.

The Pylon of Edfoo towers above the houses of the modern town sublime in the awful majesty of immense size, perfect proportion and venerable antiquity. It is only an affectation of Archæological purism which smiles at the age of the Ptolemies as modern; and assumes that the remains of structures which were erected 300 to 500 years before the Christian era are unworthy of notice because they were not ancient in the days of Moses or contemporaneous with Abraham. We are detained here by calm. If it were not the hallowed day of rest we should avail ourselves of the opportunity to visit the temple which is hidden from our view amid Egyptian hovels but is said to have been entirely laid open under the direction of the Khedive and superintendence of M. Mariette.

But without seeing more than is now before us lying as we do on the opposite side of the river there is enough to excite strong emotions as one traces the course of human history back from the present up to the dim obscurity in which it has its rise, taking as the standard of measure the knowledge and worship of God. Now we have the Moslem, sunk in ignorance of all human science and art; ignorantly worshiping one God of whose attributes he recognizes nothing but power and knowledge, to which he renders homage by the mere formal repetition of the assertion that "He is God and beside Him there is none else." Mingled with these, of foreign race, once conquering but now like himself held in bondage by another conqueror, are the descendants of the

ancient people who after having during untold ages worshipped a multitude of Aeons, or attributes of power, under varied forms and with various rites and ceremonies, to which they adhered with a pertinacity which always attracted notice, rejecting the God of Israel as well as the Gods of the other nations who added those of Egypt to their already "gods many and lords many," though the Egyptians never reciprocated the honour thus done to their deities. Through all these changing forms of faith Egyptian, Persian, Greek, Roman, Christian in purity debased, Christian superstition and Mohamedanism, the habits and customs and costumes, the implements of labor and products of the soil have varied little if at all. Kings have lived and governed, have carried on conquests and resisted invasion, have yielded each in their turn as prosperity brought weakness, leaving each the record of their triumphs and successes graven on obelisks of granite and walls of temples, or represented in colossal figures. Priests have accompanied their sovereigns or governed them and left the traces of their power sculptured on the face of the same rock. Gods and Goddesses have undergone mutations and superseded each other in the esteem and veneration of succeeding generations or have been rivals and competitors for honor on adjacent territory, but through all these fluctuations and rising and falling dynasties and superstitions the common life, like the ever flowing never exhausted, because ever replenished, stream of the river, with its muddy deposit renewing each year the soil exhausted by the crop of the past, has flowed unchangingly on. The culture is the same, the implements are the same. The wheel of the Sakkia and the reed and mud column and lever of the shadoof, are unchanged. (Is not this mud pillar the original type from which the colossal column of the temple has been developed?) The leeks and onions and radishes and melons of to-day are the product of seeds in unbroken lineage from those which were grown on the same soil when Abraham, though rich in cattle and in gold, came down into Egypt to escape the famine in the land of Canaan. The pottage of red lentils on which our crew now support their strength is the same as that for which the grandson of Abraham madly sold his birthright. The same lentils and beans adorn the fields with their varied blossoms and beautiful foliage, and these luxuriant waving fields of living green are the active development of the vital germ whose continuity has never been broken since the seed was given out from the granaries of Joseph, in which it had been treasured during the years in which the Nile, failing to overflow, the land gave no increase; a portion of the same as that which filled the sack of Benjamin covering the fatal "cup wherewith my Lord divineth," which gave occasion to the utterance of that most pathetic of all laments, the address of Judah to the governor of the land. The sandy desert and the barren rocks still shut in the favoured valley which was the nursery if not the birth place of our civilization, transmitting it with letters through Phenicia to Greece, Rome and our

western world. Where was its birth place? Not in Assyria. That copied after Egypt in later ages. It is not therefore likely that on its plains was the cradle of science rocked. It must have had a still more eastern and southern origin. The cattle here are Indian and so are the buffaloes. These like the words which express common daily wants and articles of necessity are *radical* and indicate connection. Then the well known incident of the Sepoy army sent to the valley of the Nile, about the first years of this century across the desert from the Red Sea, performing *pooja* (prayer.—Eds.) in the first temples they saw here struck with their resemblance to their own massive temples in the peninsular of India beyond the Ganges, gives some confirmation to the suggestion. Such themes for speculation rise up continually as one object after another suggests them to the mind. As we sailed by Edfoo we could readily trace on the Pylon the sculptured winged globe and see, opening behind it, the massive column which form the Pronaos while colossal sculptures were to be recognized covering the walls. It is said to be one of the most perfect remains in the valley of the Nile. It has been recently perfectly excavated and gives the best idea of an Egyptian temple being “covered with hieroglyphics, sculpture and painting.” It was founded in the time of the early Pharaohs but the Ptolemies contributed to its enlargement or completion. The latest portions are therefore not less than twenty-five centuries old and yet retain the colour then applied. As we looked back at it we could see a party of English Christians standing on the summits of the Pylon.

Jan. 15th.

The wind yesterday was light and our progress was small but full of interest. The valley of the Nile contracts as we advance and the desert becomes if possible more deserted looking. Often times it leaves so small a margin of alluvial deposit as to remind us of the side walks of one of our cities. Yet even this is planted with beans, lupins or wheat and watered by hand from skins. Wherever it is wider, sakkias or shadoofs are found every hundred feet or so. The creaking of the wheels of the sakkia is sometimes so like the sound of bells that your mother once asked if it could possibly be so. The distances here are very deceptive. Sportsmen say that when elsewhere they would take their range for 100 yards they must here calculate for at least 150. We must make the same allowance for the distances of larger objects. As we yesterday passed one of the wider levels covered with a most luxuriant growth of wheat our attention was caught by the sound of tom-toms and singing which proceeded from a crowd on the shore standing around a red flag. On making inquiry on board the boat on which I was we were told it was a wedding party awaiting the arrival of the bride or groom who was coming from the opposite shore, on which we saw two boats and a similar crowd. Our dragoman informed your mother it was a party of Hadji starting on pilgrimage

to Mecca. It is one of the peculiarities of these people that they always have an answer. Omar, the dragoman of Mr. Betts' boat, was the favourite servant of Lady Duff Gordon who spent so many years at Luxor and one would therefore suppose less likely to retain the habit of disregarding truth. It was he who said it was a wedding. Lord Pembroke's boat is called the "Arawa." Omar was asked what that meant. He stammered and hesitated as though seeking a word by which to render it in English and then said "It means something very pleasant." Lord P. was on our boat in the evening and told us it is a Maori word and the name of the Canoe in which the first Maori arrived in New Zealand. Omar supposed it must be Arabic and that he must give a meaning.

I am still strongly impressed by the sedulous use of every inch of ground as the river subsides. Sometimes we see no less than three successive stages of the same crop; that on the upper bank approaching maturity while on the edge of the water it is only just sprouting. This morning we have seen a great variety of leguminous plants, some climbing and with great variety of colored blossom. Even at this remote portion of the empire we see telegraph poles and wires stretching across sandy wastes and through green wheat fields. Soon after dinner to-day we saw quite an interesting scene. Our attention was arrested by a crowd of boys and men running across the sand toward our Dahabayah which soon stood in to the shore and brailed up its sail running quite close to a sand bank. On enquiring what it all meant we found it was the home of our second Reis or steersman and these were his family and friends running down to meet him. As he passed me he made the usual sign of respect by touching first his forehead and then his heart. I gave him my hand to shake. He is to join us to-morrow at Assouan. We should miss him exceedingly as he is an intelligent fine looking man. There was a large plantation of pumpkins near the shore growing most luxuriantly and very full of flower. But the sand was drifting over them, and threatening to bury them. The whole country looks as though it were covered with dirty snow and my paper feels gritty under my fingers as they pass over it in writing. Twenty-two miles above Fdfoo we reach a point at which the river passes through a range of sandstone and is only about 1000 feet wide. I was sitting in my cabin writing and suddenly on raising my eyes to fill my pen I discovered the old quarries from which the sandstone for all the temples at Thebes, and between this point and that, have been taken. It is evident that they marked out the size of the block they wished to separate and cut a narrow groove all around and beneath it. On the face of the rock toward the river were many openings like those of the tombs at Beni Hassan and looking into them with the aid of the glass we could see in each a rudely cut sitting figure. There were hieroglyphics and larger sculptures on tablets on the face of the rock and one temple was hewed in the rock having a number of columns

and enters into a long corridor, the walls of which as well as the stone outside are covered with hieroglyphics and sculpture. We passed so near that we could see them with the unaided eye, and with the glass very plainly. It is more than 3000 years old. It represents a scene of conquest over the Ethiopians. The presiding deity was the crocodile-headed god, and the god Nilus also received special honour. This was probably due to the entire dependence of this district on the inundations of the river, as great as that of the lowlands, while these owed their fertility and power to reward the toil of the cultivator to the water. So the riches of Silsilis lay in its stone quarries and it was only by the rise in the river they could float their stone down to the lower regions of Thebes and Edfoo and Esné. The blocks cut out in the manner I have mentioned, they were floated down on rafts. Wilkinson, however, says the larger masses were not taken down by water and refers to the History of Herodotus who says they were transported by land and asserts that in the reign of Amasis, 500 years B. C., 2000 men were occupied three years in transporting one block from Assouan to Sais. (While I am writing we are passing through sad encroachments of yellow sand, which is drifted like snow banks from the gorges in the hills, covering the cultivated fields till nothing is seen but the top of the lupin or a tuft of wheat rising here and there above the yellow surface. To us it looks appalling, to the poor owner and cultivator it must be the cause of utter despair. It can never melt and will not blow away in time to save this year's crop whatever may be the result for another.)

One of the grottos at Silsilis had a beautiful carved cornice richly coloured. These colours are laid on with water and as the sandstone would absorb them, and they would be lost, the part designed to receive colour was first coated lightly with plaster. The chief colours are red, yellow and blue; the first Ochre and the last a salt of copper. It is supposed by geologists that there was formerly a cataract at Silsilis. About sixteen miles further south as I was sitting writing, your uncle Wistar called to me we were passing ruins and looking up I saw as near me as the custom house to the carriage way on Chestnut Street a magnificent temple much shattered, it is true, and likely soon to be further undermined by the river and totally overturned. It is the temple of Kom-Ombos. It is of the Ptolemaic period but its massive columns and architraves and beautiful sculptures were most attractive as we passed. A gang of Arabs were busily occupied in clearing out the sand. We shall I suppose, stop and explore a month hence. We are now in the part of the river which formerly abounded in crocodiles which basked in the sun on the sand banks which abound in this first spread of its bosom after passing the cataract. The weather is cold and the sky overcast and there is therefore no inducement for the scaly monster to show his repulsive form. Our dragoman announced this morning that he saw one. But this is one of the

duties of office and they do not acquit themselves properly if they cannot show one, or at least see one. They are very prompt in settling down in the water on the least alarm and do not rise in a long while. Dr. K described to me his having stolen near two lying across each other and lying on the sand studying the habits of the creature he was disgusted by hearing an Arab cry "*Temsah,*" from the opposite bank and they were both gone before either he or the Duke of Newcastle could fire.

ASSOUAN. SYENE, January 16, 1872.

Granite quarries; the boundary line between upper Egypt and Ethiopia; The southern limit of the Roman Empire! Here are we looking out on the savage rocks which rise in the bed of the river and which made the heart of the exile sink within him and become like stone as he looked at their wildness. What great armies have marched through this narrow valley! Through this very spot passed Tirhakah king of Ethiopia leading his forces against the king of Assyria when he became the unconscious sword in the hand of the Almighty for the deliverance of Hezekiah from the violence of Rabshakeh. Here too the mad Cambyses rushed up toward Meroe with his forces; destined to return after most of them had perished in Nubia, and those who survived had been reduced to the fearful extremity of decimation that nine might live of the body of their tenth comrade, and to learn that the division he had sent through the desert had perished to a man. From these granite hills the great conquerors cut out the obelisks to which they entrusted the story of their victories and conquests and which now at the end of forty centuries stand to excite our wonder, to point a moral for the story of human greatness, and to excite our astonishment at the mind that could design and the power that could accomplish such wonders. We could not hew such blocks from their eternal beds nor grave upon them the story of the present. What must have been their proud conception of future time that it was necessary to select such material to endure "for ages to come." The Roman emperors when they cast down and destroyed the temples and palaces of their predecessors to erect their own on the ruins, must have thought only of contemporary grandeur and display. These old Egyptians looked to future ages and transmitted to them the record of their acts, the story of how they poured themselves out of this narrow valley, shut in by pathless oceans and pathless deserts, and brought into subjection the fertile plains of Syria and Assyria and Persia, and extended their conquests even to Scythia. Ramses with his statues so well proportioned and yet so colossal (sixty feet high) is as familiar to our ears and as well recognized by our sight as the names and figures of Alexander and Cæsar or Napoleon, though three thousand revolutions of the earth around that sun which he worshipped have seen one hundred generations perform their destined functions

on its surface, and disappear. It was through this valley he led his forces to the conquest of Ethiopia, the accomplishment of which he signalized and transmitted the record of to this remote age by the colossal figures at the temple of Aboo Simbel and the sculptures on the temple at Dendoor in the regions beyond, as well as by those at his own capital city of Thebes, on the walls of the temple of Karnac.

17th.

A stream of gold flows beside us reflecting from its burnished surface the graceful Dahabeyahs and the green crowns of the palm groves, and lighting up the savage grandeur of the desert mountains beyond, while from its midst rises a mass of granite rock washed and worn by the perpetual rushing of the ancient river. Yesterday Dr. Kingsley kindly called for me in their felucca with a good crew and rowed me up to the middle "gate" of the Cataract. We passed between great masses of granite rock rising abruptly from the water's edge, worn into rounded forms of every variety of size, from immense masses down to a foot in diameter. Some lying like boulders on the cliffs, but more still attached to the cliffs at the shore or rising abruptly from the bed of the river. Those still "in situ" were covered with hieroglyphics quite down to the water's edge. They must be covered by the stream at high water. Two thousand years at least have they been thus exposed to the vicissitudes of sun and water. Yet they are as plainly legible as though cut by the present generation. The top of the cliffs one hundred feet above them are covered with projecting rounded masses of granite evidently water worn. From a distance they present a close resemblance to a Mahomedan cemetery. They are truly the monumental tombs of ages. Black and polished they stand as they have stood, one can shudder to think how long. Were it not for these works of man to which we can affix a date so ancient that even that is lost in obscurity one would shrink from the estimate of the age of the rocks which thus forces itself upon us. This is not, however, the only ground on which one is forced to admit it.

There are Islands of rocks standing out of the river which have precisely the appearance of the pieces of stone taken from the breakwaters on the coast of England, looking like honey comb. Only these are bored by augers so gigantic that the holes are feet, sometimes yards in diameter. These perforations are almost all in lines perpendicular to the level of the river and are some of them yards in depth. Some are still perfect cylinders; from some the side next the stream has been washed out. The rocks resemble great masses of timber from a ship's bottom, perforated in all directions by the *Teredo navalis*. These rocks are all granite but so polished by the attrition of the sand in the water that they all look as though an army had devoted their toil with

stove black and brushes to giving them the highest lustre of stoves for sale in our warehouses. How long has it required to give this polish? There are still to be seen the rows of holes cut in the face of the cliff into which wedges of dry wood were driven and then swollen by water in order to split off the selected portions; in some places the fragment has been removed and there the color of the stone is natural; now these works are not later than the Roman period. During these 1500 years it has still retained its freshness. How long then must the rounded pebble have rolled around the cavity in the rock to wear the holes some twenty or thirty feet in perpendicular depth? It makes me shudder to think of the ages that have passed, and settles the question in my mind as to the generally received chronology of the sacred scriptures. "In the beginning God made the heavens and the earth." This is a grand, a solemn, an incontrovertible truth. The wit of man may assert his vaunted wisdom, but it is unassailable. But who has fixed the era of "the beginning" and claimed for the dogma the authority of inspiration? This is human interpretation made at a period when human knowledge was limited and human science imperfect and we do sad injustice to the truth when we allow the dicta of superstition and ignorance to challenge our obedience as though it were divine authority.

ASSOUAN, January 16.

That God made the earth and created man in His own image to dwell upon it I know assuredly; that man has lost this image and fallen is as sure. That God hath sent His Son into the world to redeem the world and that there is "none other Name under Heaven given among men" by which we may be saved is a blessed truth on which hangs suspended all my hope for the future and all my comfort for the present life. But the age of the world is no more connected with these blessed truths than with the dogma of the monks that the sun moved round the earth, and it is as unwise now to assert it does as it was eight centuries ago to chain the living truth to the dead body of an exploded theory. These lofty blackened cliffs are crowned with projecting water worn points at least sixty feet above the present level of the Nile and careful explorers tells us they find alluvial deposits at that elevation. When did the stream flow there? Not in the days of Osirtasen 2000 years before the Christian era, nor in that of Rameses 700 years later, nor in that of Cambyses nearly a thousand years later still, nor in that of the Ptolemies 500 years before our era. These have all left their names inscribed on the rocks at the present level. Their temples have fallen into ruin, their statues are overthrown or defaced, succeeding conquerors have done their best, and not without some success, to obliterate the traces of the greatness of their precursors, but these remain unchanged. Time appears to have no power over them. As we rowed along the river it was interesting to see perpendicular

fissures running from top to bottom of the granite cliff, filled up by a rock of different composition. One such runs entirely across the stream like a wall some eight or ten feet high above the water and four or five in thickness. Near the centre of the stream there is a vacant space through which the water rushes forming one of the gates of the cataract. We landed on a sandbank collected below one of the rocky islands, with the water rushing on either side and climbed to the top of the rocks. It was a wild scene of rushing water. Calm it is true when contrasted with the rapids of the St. Lawrence whether above or below the falls. The amount of water is trifling compared with the incalculable volume which our inland seas pour through that river to the ocean and the fall is much less per mile than that of the tamest part of those rushing floods. But with the wild hills, the boundless wastes of shifting yellow sand heaped up into drifts like the snow in mountain passes, the projecting masses of black and polished and perforated stones, it is savage enough to fill the least susceptible imagination with awe. A Nubian family lives on the island and soon made us aware of their claim to possession, following our steps most pertinaciously. One only wrapped his clothing round his head and committed himself to a log to be carried across to the mainland. As the river subsides they plant some leguminæ, vetches lupins and beans, on the deposit and thus maintain themselves. A few Sont or acacia trees (the shittim wood of the Bible) grew in the clefts of the rock, covered entirely by a gossamer veil of caterpillars' web; and here and there a bush of the *Asclepias Gigas*, the apple of Sodom, thrust out its long stem covered with large ovate opposite leaves, weeping large tears of acrid milky juice when broken, and having a few of the dry pods like large apples hanging to them. The people were not so dark as the real Nubians and had straight hair and well formed features so that though their language was Nubian they must be Arab. So soon as we had finished our exploration and turned to leave they demanded money as "keepers of the cataract." A small sum satisfied them and we left on our return to our dahabeyah. It was a wild rush through the gate, but we enjoyed the delight of the Arab crew; indeed during the entire afternoon they were full of song and laughter. The Earl of Pembroke was floating about in his little skiff in which he rows himself many hours every day, and he frequently challenged our men to trials of speed which they enjoyed amazingly. He always distanced them with ease. Though his frame is very slight, his legs slender and delicate, his height six feet six, I never saw such muscles as those his arm and forearm display as, with sleeves rolled up, he sits and pulls his sculls as though they were feathers, and as he came running to us on the island, his face beaming with good nature while the sweat rolled in torrents down his face, I could not withhold my admiration of his manly beauty. He is here for the purpose of forming a third collection of the skins of rare birds, having already lost two. One very

large one when shipwrecked near the Fiji Islands, the work of years of adventurous voyaging. The other he had sent consigned to some Taxidermist to be set up, and on reaching home found the man had become bankrupt and the Earl's collection had been seized and sold, so that it was irrecoverably lost. Yet here he is at only twenty-one with the pertinacity of a most determined character looking after a third. Should his life be spared his rank will open to him a career in the service of the state for which his moral character and the training he is acquiring

(N. B.—*Nothing missing here. He was evidently interrupted here to start for Philæ.*—Eds.)

19th Jany. Evening.

I have just returned from a visit to Philæ in company with Mrs. Roosevelt, who was a Miss West, (daughter of the gentleman who formerly occupied the pew directly in front of us in the church of the Epiphany in Dr. Tyng's days), and Miss Lewis her cousin, sister of Dr. Frank Lewis. It has been a nice day but I am too wearied to think, much less write. They are kind enough to carry these letters to Cairo. My poor patient Mr. Betts lies unconscious. He may linger so some time but must die and be left here.

Your loving father,

CASPAR MORRIS.

I have not time to read over these hastily written and disconnected sheets which I send to you all as the passing pictures of my thoughts. You must pardon their imperfections in other respects, and not be disheartened by the difficulty of deciphering the manuscript. I left my pen carelessly one day lying on my writing desk and when I next wished it I found it (as I feared) irremediably ruined. I have endeavored to repair it and can manage to make marks with it. I am sorry to be obliged to confess to a scarcely legible hand at the best. But these sheets are worse than ever. I have distributed the letter in three parcels one directed to each of you, which will enable you to read them simultaneously, as so far as I can remember they are disconnected and I fear there are many repetitions. You must make allowances also for their being first impressions which may be modified by further investigation.

ASSOUAN, January 18, 1872.

My Dear Children:

I find your uncle has decided to trust to the Arab mail and therefore avail myself of the same opportunity hoping my letter may reach you perhaps even sooner than one written a few days since and entrusted to an English party descending the river. This is in the extreme southern point of our journey. We had designed to ascend the first

cataract and the contract for the Dahabeyah stipulated that in case this one was too large to be carried up, the owner would provide at his expense two smaller to take us as far as Aboo Simbel and bring us back to this, which would await us here. Wistar rode up to inspect them yesterday, and agreed with the ladies of another party who made the same inspection that they were not suitable, so that we shall forego the pleasure of a Nubian voyage and the sight of the rock hewn temple, with its colossal figures hewn out of the solid rock, by which the great conqueror Rameses marked his possession of Ethiopia some 3000 years ago. These figures are four in number, hewn out of grit stone rock, each more than sixty feet in height, and well proportioned, supposed to be the portrait of the features of Rameses. The ear is more than three feet high; the arm from the inside of the elbow to the end of the forefinger five yards. It would have given us great pleasure to accomplish our original purpose; but that pleasure would be dearly bought at the price of foul boats, transmitting their foulness to this on our return. We shall therefore descend the river leisurely as your uncle has engaged the boat till the first of March, and contracted with the dragoman to furnish our board till that time. That is moreover the earliest period at which it is safe to leave for Syria, if we are not compelled to abandon that also, which we cannot decide until we get back to Cairo and can learn something about Cholera and quarantine. This is the ancient Syene, the limit of upper Egypt and of the power of Thebes. Cambyses brought his army here and sent one division to conquer the inhabitants of the oasis in the Lybian desert, and attempted the conquest of Ethiopia with the other. This latter soon returned to this place after having been reduced to such straights by starvation that they decimated the army, each tenth man being devoured by his nine companions. The other division was never heard of; perished to a man in the desert. This was also the extreme southern limit of the Roman Empire and amid its wild scenes Juvenal the satirist died in exile, holding some office it is true but not the less an involuntary dweller here. I am not familiar with his works but if he had any conception of the wild in nature and the grand in art he might have found much to compensate him for the loss of the society of even Rome in its glory. The grand ever-flowing river, the savage granite rocks, which are still piled up in the midst of its rushing torrent, covered with unobliterated hieroglyphics which even in his day were centuries old; the massive temples which then covered the island of Elephantine, which here divides the stream, and which now lie great sharpless mounds of rubbish with here and there a broken arch to shew how massive and grand they once were; the narrow strip of cultivated soil, just dividing the river from the desert, fringed with noble groves of towering palms; the rock obstructed stream just above where walls of granite tower on either side of the rapids which cover the immense blocks of granite in the bed of the river; the un-

known arid wastes beyond, across which caravans of camels brought the products of India and Abyssinia to be shipped at this point down to Alexandria and thence to Rome. The crocodiles, the hippopotamus, the cameopard, which were collected here to supply the shows of Imperial Rome, must all have furnished subjects of curious observation; while the mysteries of the ancient history and still more ancient religious rites of the people would have supplied ample occupation for the most active mind. But you will take a livelier interest in the description of its present condition. This is the point where the granite rock first makes its appearance and at which the obelisks and granite statues of the Gods were worked from the quarries and transported to the lower country. All the granite obelisks which, after having received the hieroglyphic record of the deeds of the heroes, stood for ages in the temples of the Gods of Egypt and were then transported by Romans to Rome and Constantinople and more recently by the French to Paris as tokens of their conquest, were cut from these hills and there still lies in one of the quarries an unfinished block which no modern skill could have separated from its bed and which even with the aid of steam, modern power is not capable of transporting to the sea. I have not yet been able to see much being detained about the boat by the illness of an English traveller. The others have gone to Philæ to-day, except your aunt Hannah, who did not feel equal to the exertion, and your mother who certainly could not enjoy a ride of three hours on donkeys. I have been rowed up the river to near the cataract (a misapplication of terms) and have seen the masses of granite on the shore and in the stream, worn by the stream and polished to a degree which no human skill could accomplish merely by the attrition of sand held suspended in the water, which has been rushing by since the creation of the world. The hieroglyphics, the latest of which were carved in these rocks 2000 years ago are still unobliterated. The lines of holes cut into the face of the cliff to receive the wedges of dry wood which were driven in forcibly and then wet with water that they might break off the blocks in the size and shape required, have still the square edge given by the tool of the workman. The face from which the block has been removed still has its granular surface and fresh color. What time has been required to give polish and blackness to the rock!

This is not all, in the river are masses, rising high above the present level, which look like pieces of wood perforated by the teredo. They have been worn into deep holes from one to ten feet in diameter and sinking twenty or thirty feet into the rock perpendicularly, the surface of the interior polished like the outer surface of the rock. This has been done by the attrition of stones which settling into little fissures have been turned by the water until they have bored these holes. How many ages have been required? One's mind quails before the consideration. Wherever we turn we see these hierogly-

phics on the rocks. Broken Roman arches, partly brick and partly stone, shew where their quays and moles were built. Saracenic arches, tumbling into ruin, mark the possession by the Arab conquerors of this country in the seventh century. Nubian hovels of mud and unburned brick and a few houses, of larger size but the same material, occupied by the Governor and officers of the Pasha, are now the representatives of the grand and solid buildings of ancient days. While I write this word I am startled by the sound of the whistle of a steamboat which is just coming up stream, the representative of modern power amid these relics of fallen grandeur of four thousand years. Unhappily it is the representative of modern want of principle. The shores of the Nile are strewn with worthless machinery for which the Khedive, has paid immense sums, wrung from the poor cultivators of the soil, to enrich the scheming machinists of Europe and America who have made great fortunes out of them and they are left to rust and rot. I do not send you my journal letters as I fear they might miscarry and I wish to have them for future reference if it pleases our Heavenly Father to restore us to you. Into His hands your mother and I desire to commend you and ourselves, with much love to each as though individually named.

Yours affectionate father,

CASPAR MORRIS.

Jan'y. 17th.

The impossibility of carrying this Dahabeyah above the cataract and the necessity for occupying the ninety days of the contract before reaching Cairo on our return, induced brother Wistar to decide on going above the cataract to examine the character and condition of the boats which can be had there to ascend the river. While I was absent yesterday he had a visit from the governor attended by "the American Consul" and it was arranged that he should breakfast with us and go with us in the morning to see about the boats. We waited half an hour beyond the time appointed and then took our seats. When we were nearly through our meal he entered, a very dignified looking gentleman making his salaam to us and announcing through the dragoman that he had already breakfasted. He took his place at table and chose a cup of tea. I found from the dragoman he was a Copt. He has a very fine face expressive of great gentleness and some intelligence. He took some toast and sweetmeats after which I sat down by him and by pantomime, pointing to little Mary and then to himself, learned he has five children. Advancing further by holding up my four fingers and pointing to her I designated three as sons and one daughter which he evidently understood and was much pleased. I then advanced further and made him understand that I had two in heaven.

He then showed me he had one there also, I then made the sign of the cross and looking up and laying it on my heart endeavored to express by my countenance the comfort I derived from the hope that gave me. I cannot be sure that he comprehended, but believe he did. When we were all through our meal Wistar read the scriptures as usual while we all sat reverently. After which I took the Bible in my hand and making the sign of speech with my mouth while I pointed to Heaven with one hand and laid the other on my heart endeavouring thus to express my reverence for the book we had read as coming from God. He then rose and left with brother Wistar. I learned from him that there are here about 100 Copts with one priest and that they keep the Lord's day. I shall make an effort to visit him and learn more about them. To my inquiry about their occupation he said they were writers or clerks but had land elsewhere on the produce of which they are maintained. If I can get an interpreter I will go to their church and see their priest.

18th.

I had scarcely signed my name to my letter, which was designed to be forwarded by the Governor, when Mr. Roosevelt of New York was announced. He had come up by the steamer whose whistle had furnished the theme of the last sentence with his mother and children and Miss Lewis of Philadelphia, sister of Dr. Frank Lewis and intimate friend of the Dunlaps. What wondrous chances occur in the course of our lives. Mrs. Roosevelt's father owned and occupied the pew in the church of the Epiphany immediately in front of ours and the two families thus worshipped together for years. The father of Miss Lewis was a fellow voyager of your mother and myself on our visit to England in 1836, and here now we drift in together on the Nile amid these ancient ruins, the representatives of America. We fly our flag on our own boat. They are on board a steamboat belonging to the Khedive and float theirs surreptitiously. They report an incident on board Mr. Morgan's steamer which is unpleasant. He wished to fly the American flag but the captain said the boat belonged to the Knedive and it could not be done. That the Khedive was already jealous of the audacity of foreigners. Notwithstanding this Mr. M. raised it on a short staff amidships. The Captain hauled it down for which Mr. M. knocked him down. The Roosevelt party had a small American flag flying at the bow of the boat when they met Mr. Morgan on his way down. He immediately had his raised there also. The Captain assured him he should lose his position and I suppose there is reason to fear he may. The Khedive is accustomed to order and be obeyed. It is said that sometime since as he came up the river he saw a steam boat aground and had the Captain bastinadoed on the spot. A motly group is seated on the shore before our windows. Nubians most intensely black mingled with light colored Arabs,

some with little more costume than nature bestows, some with white shawls rolled in folds around the red tarboosh or skull cap, some with black robes and some with blue, hanging loosely from their shoulders to their feet, some with dirty white robes of the same kind. One has on his head an immense expanse like an umbrella made of grass like a basket, some have chickens for sale, some turkeys, some black sheep looking fierce and wild as though they were beasts of prey, some eggs, some Ostrich eggshells plain and ornamented. Some girdles of leather cut in thongs like our leather fly drivers, ornamented with shells strung on the thongs, some with clubs of ebony, some with Nubian spears, some with boxes and baskets of coarse and heavy straw work, some with ostrich feathers, some with ankle and arm ornaments of rough workmanship. Nothing worth buying in the whole display, even at reasonable prices ; but all held at £ and shillings of such amount as would soon strip us of all we brought up. Each day there are fresh arrivals and the same process is repeated for every boat. It is amusing and at the same time perplexing. Your mother is just now bargaining with a party of four of them for some feathers. They ask large prices and gradually come down little by little. One hates to offer them the trifling sums to which they will come down when they find you will not take them at the prices offered. They have learned to count and the word "good, good" which they repeat unceasingly. The dragomen who come here annually make a large profit by carrying these feathers to Europe with them and selling them at large prices. Your mother has just returned to the cabin utterly exhausted by her unavailing efforts to procure such as please her at reasonable cost. I find I cannot aid her but rather add to her confusion by any attempt to do so and therefore keep out of the way. The weather is warm to-day for the first time since we came on the Nile. It's noon and the Thermometer is in the saloon 72°F. Yesterday was very cold, and this morning I sat with my overcoat on and all the windows and doors closed. This is no place to which to send an invalid. The vicissitudes of temperature are too great, and elegant as is our Dahabeyah and good as is the cooking, the privations of sickness are very great. The noise inseparable from the working of the boat is very great, and there is no mode of warming the cabins or staterooms or of excluding draughts of cold air. I have determined to avail myself of Mr. Roosevelt's kindness and send my accumulated journal to Cairo to be mailed there.

Your loving father,

CASPAR MORRIS.

January 19th.

My Dear Children :

Having just closed up one series of my Journal on the Nile to be dispatched to you by the Roosevelts, and about to commence another, I cannot avoid a repetition of the old expression of admiration of the

morning light on these savage hills and deserts and skirt of palm. It is like the tender mercy from on high visiting the lost world, and the river of life flowing through its desolation and causing grass to grow for the service of man and corn and fruits to gladden his heart. The beauty of the starry heavens was inexpressible as I kept the night watches, and the moonlight was as clear and strong as when in our winter it is reflected from the snow clad surface of the earth. The southern cross rises above the horizon on the south and is visible about 4 A. M. to those who are abroad. As my window does not look out in that direction I must be content with the memory of its beauty. Dr. Kingsley amused me by his expression of "wonder if when Australia becomes the centre of a widespread civilization the Savants there will claim that the needle points to the South." Yesterday the Marquis of Bath challenged me to a walk and we sauntered through the village as far as the granite quarries where lies the unfinished obelisk, and where, buried in the debris of the old town, the portal of a temple is half uncovered. We slid down the slope and entered the small portion which has been excavated. The sculptures and hieroglyphics were poor originally and have been sadly hacked and mutilated, it is supposed by the early Christians. The Marquis expressed warmly his admiration for the Copts as their descendants, retaining still their profession of faith in Christ, notwithstanding the ferocious persecution to which they were subject from the Mahomedans; and imperfect as is their knowledge I cannot but have feeling akin to veneration for them. There is a large Mahomedan Cemetery close by, in which yesterday there was the burial of the body I saw brought down to the shore on the island of Elephantine with such loud and long lamentations. This was still continued at the grave as our party rode past on their way to Philæ and there was also much gesticulation (which they thought was dancing) tomtoms were beaten also. In the cemetery is one tomb at which the passer whoever he may be casts a stone. Whose body lies there? The ignorant people say the devil, but in all probability it may be that of some witness for Jesus who of old counted not his life dear to himself and sealed his testimony with his blood. The heap does not increase, as present superstition is content with lifting the stones of former generations as they lie, and casting them down again.

January 20th.

The duties I owe to the sick Englishman are incongruous with the pursuit of pleasure and information from looking at the ruins of past ages here. Yesterday I went on board the steamer to ascertain whether it would be possible to have them take in tow the Dahabeyah of Mr. Betts and found it was prohibited from doing so by a special restriction in the contract. That party was about starting for a visit to Philæ. I availed myself of the opportunity to accompany them. We were mounted on donkeys except Mrs. R. who had a large chair

suspended between two donkeys one before and the other behind. Our route lay first through the town of Assouan. The houses are larger than those we have seen in other towns. The walls well built of sunburnt bricks, and entered by a gate way with an ornamented entablature and each having a lamp suspended over it. One was occupied as a grocery store by a Greek whose white children dressed in French costume, with velvet sacks trimmed with white ermine, were playing about in the dirt before the door. This led us through the mounds of the ancient city. Great holes are excavated exposing the massive walls of old structures which are entombed in the debris of the dwellings of the generations which have built first amid and then upon them. The sand and dust which has accumulated in them is found to be impregnated with nitrate of potash in varying proportions. Some so rich that the Khedive has found it pay to have it washed and the nitre thus dissolved and collected by evaporation is used in making gun powder. That which will not pay for this is used for its fertilizing property. We find these excavations being made at many points but particularly at Thebes and here, and we see the nitrous earth landed at various points on the shore and loaded up on donkeys and spread on the wheat fields. Were it not that none are offered us for sale here I should have thought that coins and other relics would be disinterred here in these excavations.

Passing beyond these we came at once upon the desert. Rock piled on rock, in savage grandeur amid the desolate sand contrasted strongly with the rich green wheat fields and palm groves which fringed the shore with a very narrow belt of fertility. We at once struck off on what is evidently the great track of the Caravan to Nubia. A wide well trodden road. It led through the Moslem cemetery with its tombs of Sheiks, little domes mounted on square bases like miniature mosques, which stood surrounded by the humbler graves marked only by small elevations of sunburnt bricks about the size of a human body. When we had gone through these there was nothing but rocks and sand which has drifted into the beds of the old quarries from which were taken the obelisks and all the granite columns and images of the Gods and heroes which are cut in granite and are still found in lower Egypt. We see, as I did from the river the mark of the work of the men in the quarries fresh and clear; and at one spot lies the great unfinished obelisk. It is nearly a 100 feet in length and at the base about 12 feet square. What is the weight of this immense mass of granite? And how tedious must have been the process by which it was to have been dragged by bands of men from this to some temple down the river. Two thousand men were engaged three years in transporting one of much less dimension before the days of Herodotus. On the face of the rock around are many hieroglyphics and tablets, with inscriptions telling in whose reign the quarries were worked. Many of them have dates reaching

back earlier than 2000 years before the birth of our Lord and are still legible. Others are of the date just prior to the invasion of Cambyses, who must have marched his forces by this very road on his mad expedition for the conquest of Nubia, five hundred years before our era. Whichever way we turn we see these figures and inscriptions, some nearly obliterated, others still fresh and clear. The road led directly beside the line of crude brick wall which was erected along the eastern side of the valley of the Nile by Sesostris, according to Herodotus, who attributes all the wonderful works of Egypt to this Mythical personage. These ruins are certainly of a late date, but they may have been erected on the site of the older. The wall runs for some mile or more and is composed of fragments of stone built in with the brick. It must have been for some military purpose. It can have had no other object running from one mass of precipitous rock to another. The bed of the roadway lies across masses of granite, which is being decomposed, and the quartz and feldspar lie like small gravel, some white and some of a pink colour, while the dark fragments of hornblende mingling with them prove that it is syenite and not granite.

The proportions in which these ingredients mingled in these rocks varied much and with this variation there was diversity of colour as well as of durability. My knowledge of geology is very slight but I am confident that lying above this granite and syenite are huge masses of volcanic rock closely resembling the boulders known in the neighbourhood of Green Hill farm as "Nigger Head"; round masses scaling off in concentric layers and of very close texture. These are here piled on each other like cyclopean walls so that you can with difficulty be persuaded they have not been the work of man.

Through these scenes of utter desolation, into which one would not suppose man had ever intruded were it not for the inscriptions which assure us he did, we passed on till we came suddenly on the neat enclosure of a convent, now entirely deserted but long supported by the Romish church sending Monks here from Europe. The last was a German. On a corner of the wall is a Latin inscription to the memory of a student of the Mission "Nilo submersus." I did not examine when, but the freshness of the inscription shows it was quite recent.

Near by rose a beautiful spreading sycamore whose welcome shade was most grateful to us, wearied by the long ride in the hot sun. On our way we had paused for a short rest beneath one of the masses of rock. I have often admired the beauty of comparison of the favour of God to the "shadow of a great rock in a weary land." Here we had it. In the sun the heat was distressing not only beating down from above but reflected from the glaring surface of the sand below. The moment we passed into the shadow we *felt cool*, and as we sat there and talked I begged the little Roosevelts (very nice boys) to think of it when next they heard the passage read.

As we stood under the sycamore tree the island of Philæ with its beautiful ruins, backed by a line of palm trees, lay before us. Two perfect Roman arches built of sand stone stood on the nearest shore before us, the remains of some temple of the time of the Cæsars. Just beyond them rise the very beautiful columns of the temple of Athor built by Ptolemy Euergetes II., about one century before the Christian era.

Behind these lie spread the massive remains of the temple of Isis and Osiris, hall after hall, one range of columns after another, each rivalling the grandeur of the other and all covered with colossal figures of the Plotemy by whom they were erected and his wife and sister, each represented as the god receiving the homage of the priests of the temple and the tribute of the people. Pylons and propylons rear their massive structures, still perfect, with stairs of easy grade rising within them and leading to the summit, from which the eye ranges over the course of the river broken into rapids as it rushes through the masses of rock which I have already mentioned when describing my trip up the river some days since.

Far as the eye can reach it takes in an expanse of desert studded with rocks all evidently rounded and worn by the action of water, and proving that this has been the bed of a great lake at some early period before it had worn down the channel of the river to its present bed. Above the so called cataract the river now spreads itself with a lake like surface, from which this little island rises crowned with its temples.

It was in the mythology of Egypt a spot of especial sanctity, the most sacred of all the places at which portions of the dismembered Osiris were concealed by the malignant Typhon. Three hundred and sixty libations of milk were daily poured out to him from as many vessels.

A temple had been here from the older dynasties. That whose remains now attract the voyager was begun by Ptolemy Philadelphus. Its columns are massive and have capitals on which the lotus appears sculptured in various stages of advance from the bud to the full grown flower. Many of these capitals still retain their beautiful green and blue color, and the flat ceiling or under surface of the roof of solid stone work is still covered with blue and studded with stars, among which are sculptured the winged globe with the serpent's heads rising on either side like horns.

This is said to have been the cradle of monachism. The long ranges of columns stretch from before the pylon to the margin of the stream, forming a corridor into which open cells in the wall which were occupied by the priests. Sharpe says "no oath was so binding as that taken in the name of him who lies buried in Philæ" None but priests were allowed to set foot on the island, which was held sacred. One of the duties of the priest was to throw a piece of gold once a year into

the river in order to purchase of it its annual blessing of a bountiful overflow. This was usually in the form of a ring.

The priests were divided into several orders, and when once they entered the service of the temple never left the island. Like their imitators in later times among Christian recluses they neglected cleanliness, did not change their garments, tortured their bodies, and "thought that sitting on the ground in idleness with the knees to the chin was one of the first religious duties."

There are openings in the walls which evidently led to secret places in which the vessels and treasures of the temples were kept, and an inscription which is now at Paris was found on an obelisk in this temple which illustrates the perpetuity of the habits of these people. Now, the Reis of the cataract has the power of calling on all the people of the district to draw up the boats of travellers ascending the cataract. No matter what their personal interest in gathering a crop or preparing the soil, at his summons they must desert it all. So, of old, these priests had the same power, but were compelled to use it to convey everyone who could in any way claim to be in the service of the government. The priests petitioned that their temple might be relieved from the heavy and vexatious charge which they said lessened their power of rightly performing their appointed sacrifices. They begged to be relieved and to have the power to set up a monument to record the grant of the desired boon. Their prayer was granted and the petition with the grant of relief was engraved on an obelisk which was found here by the French and carried to Paris.

In the pylon has been built up a portion of the granite rock on the face of which is a long hieroglyphic inscription. The figures of the Gods have been very much defaced. Great pains have been taken to cut them out almost entirely. Scaffolds must have been erected for this purpose. I am inclined to attribute this work to the Saracens. The Iconoclastic spirit of the earlier followers of the Prophet is well established and I know nothing but the vengeful spirit of a conquerer which incites and sustains the performance of so laborious destruction.

The Marquis of Bath joined me as I was wandering around, while the Roosevelts were lunching in one of the apartments of the Temple, and in reply to my remark attributed it to the Christians and drew my attention to several Greek inscriptions, one of which claimed that "*Ton ergon touton*" (this work) was done by Theodorus our Bishop. But I do not see any reason to believe that "this work" was the defacing the figures. I should rather assign that expression to the construction of a Christian church among the columns. There lay before us an altar having on it a Greek cross, and in the wall above it was a Piscina with the same emblem, which was also repeated on many of the columns which undoubtedly were included within the walls of the church. I could not but be grateful to the Marquis for

his condescension to a stranger nor withhold my admiration of the literary taste and culture he manifested with an entire freedom from display.

As we rode back to Assouan Mr. Roosevelt and myself had a long and interesting conversation on the immortality of the human soul with a young Syrian, the physician of the steamboat, who has been educated in Paris and in being emancipated from the superstition of his early years, has unhappily been entangled in the snares of philosophical speculation, and because he cannot comprehend the mode of existence and nature of the soul, denies it. These old Egyptians did not so. I saw many repetitions of the figure which I understand to represent the principle of life having two hands each grasping one of Anubis, the god of death; and on many places are representations which confirm the idea that the preservation of the body was desired only to secure it for the return of the soul after its migrations in other forms.

ON THE NILE, ASSOUAN, January 19, 1872.

My Dear Children:

We reached here four days ago and have been visited by Consul, Governor, Sheik and Reis of the cataract; and a committee of the Arab dignitaries was sent to the cataract to see if there was sufficient water for so large a boat as this to pass, they decided that we might go up but could not return three or four weeks hence which is the time required, about. They offered two smaller boats, but as they are dirty we have declined, somewhat to the disappointment of some, but not to *me*, as I had had a hard conflict to obtain resignation on the subject, I am more than content. Yesterday all except ourselves and aunt Hannah went on donkeys to Philæ, seven miles, to visit ruins and see the cataract. They returned at the end of eight hours a very tired party though they think 'twas well worth the effort. Your father was detained by the illness of his patient, who now has paralysis. We all feel much for them. A steamer arrived, landing just behind us, and immediately a young gentleman, a Mr. Roosevelt, called to see us saying his mother was aboard and a Miss Lewis (Dr. F. Lewis's sister) and a Miss Mitchell, all of whom would like to call on us. Of course we gladly welcomed them and showed them our Dahabeyah. They had had no opportunity of seeing one was an object of interest. 'Tis very pleasant in this remote corner to see Americans and your father is so well known that they seek him. Mrs. R. was a Miss West, and sat some twenty-five or thirty years ago in the pew behind us. They have gone to-day to Philæ and your father has gone with them (Dr. Kingsley staid with Mr. B.). They will take our packages of letters as far as Cairo for us, and so we are all glad to avail ourselves of the opportunity. Since writing I have been to call on the consul,

an Arab of course. He has breakfasted with us twice and on your father asking how many children he had he said four, all sons. He admired Holly, kissed her and said she should have one of his sons and to-day when we were at his house the boy was brought out and introduced as the one for her, a handsome mulatto. His house for this country is a fine one, floor covered with Turkey carpet ; also the divan with Turkish rugs ; and windows in it. He took us ladies into the part to see his wife and children and grand children, but of course the gentlemen could not see them. The women uncovered their faces for us, we talked by signs, they gave us coffee and dates, then on our way thro' the town. All the houses are of clay, no chimneys, no windows and flat roofs, on which they sleep; look just like large lumps of clay thrown together without any order ; and walks of about three feet between them. You can hardly call them streets, and 'tis right on the desert, no sign of vegetation and not a tree to be seen. I think the people amiable, industrious, and cleanly ; they certainly wash a great deal. 'Tis well, poor creatures, that they require but little clothing, for it must be as much as they can do to get food. We are beset by a crowd hanging around the boat with various things for sale, feathers, earthen ware, war implements, Nubian dresses, etc., and while I pity them they are not things I think any of you would like to have.

I am glad to tell you your father seems quite well and were he not so interested in the Betts' would be enjoying himself.

Our ladies have not tried camels yet but they intend it. Mrs. Roosevelt has a chair which is carried by men, but she says 'tis very uncomfortable, they don't keep step. Donkeys are preferred and 'tis astonishing to see the weight the little things will carry.

As this boat is chartered for the three months we shall go down the river *very* leisurely, stopping often to see every object of interest, and cannot, until we get to Cairo, decide on our future course. We will not run any risk of going into Cholera, and if some of them undertake to cross the desert on camels and lodge in tents for a month we will not go with them. We could not do it. They can endure more than we can. At the same time they are very unwilling to separate from us, but I do not intend to be led into rash acts. Your father is sending his series of letters, some to each, lest they should be lost. Of course you will let your sister have them and take care of them. With much love to one and all of you.

Yours most truly and affectionately,

A. C. M.

I dare say Uncle G. would like to have the reading of these also to Aunt Margaret. Offer them. Remember to charge the postage of our letters to West River to us.

January 21.

What a blessed gospel is that which brings life and immortality to light! How great its comforts and consolation even for the life that now is! I have been witness to this truth again and again and now have renewed reason to value it from the exhibition of its power in the support of poor Mrs. Betts in her sad bereavement. Mr. B. died last night and while she realizes to its full extent the sadness of the bereavement under any circumstances, and the great aggravation of the sorrow here, separated from friends, she knows in whom they have believed and enjoys the support which Jesus gives by the indwelling presence of the Spirit which He hath given them. It is a high privilege to be permitted to minister in any way to the servants of Jesus, and here amid the graves of Christian martyrs and surrounded by the gloom of decayed Christianity and Mohamedan intolerance the brightness of Divine truth and power shines the more clearly.

January 22d.

Though still so dark that I am writing like a blind man guessing at the lines and unable to see a word that is written, the Sakkia still sends forth its unceasing sound, which has not been once interrupted during our stay here, so constant is the demand for labour to maintain the population.

The river is rapidly falling so that we are obliged daily to move our Dahabeyah which is found each morning left dry on the shore where yesterday it floated, and as the water recedes the husbandman follows it by his lupins and wheat, so that what a few days since were barren sand banks or muddy ooze are now clothed with verdure, and where the river now rolls its turbid current similar banks will soon undergo a similar transformation. Thus death and life ever being perpetually transmuted, the one into the other, before the eyes of the contemplative priests of old, who led the mind and formed the character and transmitted by their temples and monuments the history of Egypt which has so occupied the attention and puzzled the ingenuity of thinking strangers in all past ages.

Yesterday was one of rest to our party, to myself especially. Troubled by toothache, wearied by a sleepless night in watching with Mr. Betts, and exhausted by sympathy in their sorrows, I was glad to escape from the sight of the noisy crowd on the shore and the sight of the preparations being made for the transportation of the remains to England, and remained in my room all day. The temperature was most genial, while a slight breeze just gave sufficient motion to the atmosphere to give a sense of luxurious delight, and a book appropriate to the day enabled me to enjoy the repose. To-day will be one of bustle. I must superintend the final adjustment of the body in cases of tin and wood, packed in powdered charcoal, which will, we hope, enable the friends to carry it with them to Cairo; and when that

is done we shall all turn our faces homeward. Though the loved spot is so distant and our approaches to it will be so gradual, irregular, and uncertain, and though there is so much, so very much here still unexplored and attracting with almost irresistible power, so much that if I were alone and had the undisputed control of my own movements I could not leave unexplored, I yet rejoice in the mere turning of the card of the compass so that the quivering needle settles with its point in the line corresponding with that of the pole there marked. The soft light of the morning now once more lends its passing color and life to the grim outlines of the desert; smiles on the rocks whose seamed, and blackened and perforated masses, tell how ages have rolled around renewing day by day the same song of praise to the Omnipotent Creator who placed them here. The tufted and flowing crowns of the palm rise with an indescribably attractive majesty along the winding shore of the flowing stream; the wheat fields spread their living green bosoms around their bases; the lupins with their deeper color and their rounded heads, tipped with bloom, interpose a line of color between these and the surface of the water, just glowing with the reflection of the colour of the light clouds which herald the coming of the Lord of day. Truly every prospect pleases and it is sad to be obliged to finish the couplet, but at this moment the shouts of the rowers who are carrying across the ferry the first cargo of living men, who swarm here and are going to and fro unceasingly all day, brings it before me; Man is vile. This is a great mart, and human experience in all ages confirms the utterance of Solomon, made contemporaneously with the erection of some of the grand temples whose ruins now exhibit the vanity which he inscribed on all human grandeur, that as a "nail in a sure place so is sin between the buyer and seller."

It is still a slave mart. Hundreds are brought here annually and sent down to Cairo, and however the apologists for the traffic may attempt to moderate our expression of disgust at its abomination, by reminding us that Mahomedan justice makes the state of slavery less intolerable than it is rendered by human depravity when it breaks through the law of Christian love and tramples on the control of the selfishness of our nature which that imposes in more favoured lands, still, slavery is an infamous wrong. One man tramples on the right of another, the fellow who is, in the sight of God, his equal. The price here now runs from ten to fifteen pounds and there are many wealthy traders here, Copt and Moslem.

This being also the point where the Caravans from Nubia and Abyssinia bring the products of those regions to be shipped, renders it a busy place. Boats are being built and repaired on the shore. Boxes and mat bags of gum and dates and other produce lie heaped high on the bank; and the sand near our boats presents a busy scene from the crowds who assemble daily, offering their refuse ostrich feathers and spears, and clubs, and skins of leopards, and girdles of shell strung

on leather thongs, and ostrich eggs and similar worthless trash to the buyers on board the dahabeyahs, no less than six of which are lying here close together. By this time to-morrow we shall all have left, but doubtless others will take our place to be pestered by the annoying pertinacity of these poor creatures whose misery moves one's compassion, while their cunning excites only a feeling of increased pity for their hopeless degradation, which is I fear becoming yearly greater and less hopeful. But I must address myself to preparation for the day's duties.

January 22d.

The temperature to-day is most genial. We can quite enter into the enthusiasm with which others have spoken of it. But our observation here confirms our experience elsewhere of the uncertainty of the climate everywhere and would deter me from exposing to its vicissitudes a sick patient.

23d.

Dense heavy leaden clouds entirely cover the sky and give the impression of certainty of a rainy day like our September equinoctial weather. The wind during the night was high and I was greatly deceived if I did not hear the patter of rain drops. Miss Betts, who was sketching the view of the scene of her father's death yesterday, told me there had been a slight sprinkling shower. Instead of the warm weather, which we supposed we had entered on, we were obliged to be on our guard against taking cold. Some of the Arab crew have done so and Friezler is again suffering with violent neuralgia, whether miasmatic in its origin, and thus periodical, or depending on defective teeth and renewed cold, I find it difficult to decide. Thus is dissipated the dream of a resort for the consumptive in the dry atmosphere and equable temperature of a Nile voyage.

My time yesterday was wholly occupied in the superintendence of the arrangements for the transportation to Cairo of the body of Mr. Betts. Soon after breakfast I wrote a professional certificate that he had died from Cerebro meningitis in the later stage of tubercular consumption, and went with Ali, the intelligent and gentlemanly dragoman of Mr. Richardson's boat, to ascertain whether any certificate of the Governor of Assouan, founded on mine, would be of service on the arrival of the body at Cairo. We went to the Governor's house and were ushered into a small square apartment, at the opposite side of the court, into which we entered from the open square in front of his residence. This apartment was provided with low wide divans running around three sides. At the right hand was seated the Governor's Secretary with a long stem of cherry wood and a large amber mouth piece to his small bowled earthen-ware pipe; and a yellow silk shawl with long knotted fringe thrown over his red tarboosh. He sat alone.

Opposite to the entrance sat two persons one light coloured, and dressed in the usual turban and robes of the country, the other darker and older, but neither giving me the impression of authority.

On the third side the divan was crowded with some half dozen youths whose countenances gave one the impression one would have from a body of newspaper reporters at home ; and the ink stands lying one before each, and the blank book at their knees, as they sat cross-legged, indicated clearly enough that they were the scribes. Here was the office of the Governor, but he was then occupied elsewhere.

The Secretary offered me a seat beside him on his Persian rug. Ali speaking in Arabic declined it for me and took me to that opposite to the door, and seated me and himself beside the two who were there on a mattress and ragged silken cover. I was suffering with severe toothache myself and glad of a seat anywhere that I might cover the side of my face with my hand.

Ali at once entered on an explanation of the object of our call with much graceful gesticulation, and the animated countenance of the Secretary proved that he entirely comprehended the business. His answer was perfectly simple and correct, "If the gentleman had had any difficulty with the governor's subjects and had been injured or killed it would be the governor's duty to attend to the matter, but as he died under the care of his own friends and countrymen and of a disease which they knew him to suffer from, and about which the Governor could know nothing but what they told him, no certificate from him could be of any value." It was done with great manifestation of interest and civility.

I apologized for my deportment by requesting Ali to mention my suffering for which they expressed a sympathy, founded on their own experience, and said "Hakim could help another but could not pull his own tooth." I then enquired of Ali if I could have it pulled, but he gave no encouragement to try the "barber surgeon," who occupies here the same position still, as of old in Europe. We then took our leave by shaking hands, as we had commenced our interview with a salaam all around after taking our seats. As we came out Ali told me the gentlemen on the divan with us were a governor and vice-governor from an upper district, now here on a visit.

On our return to the shore we passed large piles of bags, bales and boxes of merchandise. The bags contain Gum Arabic and Senna, brought down from Nubia ; and the boxes and bales cotton goods from Manchester and spirits from somewhere in Europe, to be carried back. These with Ivory and Ostrich feathers are the only merchandise except the slaves, and the trade in them is surreptitious. Ali denies its continuance.

January 23rd.

The high north wind keeps us bound here. This is not pleasant as the uncertainty of the moment at which we might start renders it improper to leave for any length of time, and we have already

exhausted the objects of interest around us, and are annoyed by the perpetual appeals for "backsheesh," and offer for sale of articles of no value for beauty or use. All the boats left last evening except the Gazelle and ourselves, so that we shall probably not meet again before reaching Luxor, even if then. I cannot avoid some anxiety lest we should find some imperfection in the work of yesterday which may compel the interment of Mr. Betts before they can reach Cairo, and, all others having gone, the whole responsibility will rest on Wistar and myself.

I should take great pleasure in having your mother go up the river some miles in the boat if it were not *so cold*. The views of the rocks and river and desert, and the hieroglyphics on the rocks are full of interest. The island of Elephantine has on it some few squared Roman ruins above ground and is covered with mounds under which lie buried temples and palaces. Immediately behind our boat there is the abutment of a Roman bridge with several burned brick arches. This is said to have connected the island with the mainland. If so it must have been a very strong and high structure to resist the current, and rise above the flood.

January 24th.

We have spent the night under a high bank clothed with lupins planted terrace above terrace, as the subsiding water gave opportunity for culture, and crowned with palm trees whose glories waved ceaselessly in the breeze and made shadows on the ground in the flood of silver light which lay softly diffused over all. Acacia trees in clumps, and the rounded forms of the sycamore fig, and the soft delicate foliage of the pale green tamarisk, and the scalloped leaves of the Ricinus give variety, while the turbaned heads of the Arabs as they move up and down the bank add to the picturesque effect.

We lay all day yesterday at Assouan, detained by the force of the wind which blew strongly from the north, carrying boats laden with merchandise and crowded by native passengers up the stream and through the cataracts which we had so earnestly but vainly wished to ascend. I availed myself of the opportunity to visit the Coptic church, taking with me our dragoman, whose imperfect knowledge of English and utter ignorance of what I wished to learn made it unsatisfactory. As we reached the level of the bank above which the water does not rise, we found piled above us mounds of rubbish not less than thirty (I might safely say fifty) feet, in perpendicular height, on the top of which stood the houses of the present generation, built, as were those of every preceding one, of sun dried brick and Nile mud. Each generation occupies its house so long as it is tenable and then it is partly filled with rubbish and prostrated, to afford a surface on which another is built. Thus there is accumulated a mound of brick bats and broken jars and pottery and other rubbish. The present generation is availing itself of the fertilizing property of the finer portions of this refuse

to spread on the wheat and bean fields and here at Assouan hundreds of men and boys are busily engaged in loading it in panniers on donkeys and carrying it to the water's edge for transportation.

Our attention was soon arrested by the numerous fragments of columns and capitals of granite stone, but of light Roman and Grecian style of architecture, which were scattered on the ground and as we advanced we saw several standing erect. It is evident that if this process is allowed to go on, in a few years many relics of the former grandeur of Syene will be disinterred and future travellers will enjoy a privilege denied to us.

We found the Coptic Church on the highest point of the present town. A building not in any way differing in its exterior from the dwellings around it. As we crossed the court yard my ear caught the sound of the school taught there by the priest, and a dozen boys of some twelve years old rose to their feet as we entered what would perhaps be called the nave of the church. They were reciting from tablets of tin plate on which were inscribed sentences from the service book (the bible, our dragoman called it) in Arabic characters. The Coptic merchant who calls himself Consular agent accompanied us. Through him I asked to see their books. Three or four small quartos of neat manuscript in Coptic and Arabic were shown me with rude coloured illuminations. They were evidently modern, comparatively speaking, and the work of monks. The priest here is not a monk but married and lives with his family in rooms attached to the church. He is at least a foot taller than I and has a fine form and good countenance. His pupils were pretty nice looking lads. At my request one of them, a son of the consul, recited from the book, in chant, a portion of the service, and he (as well as his father) was highly gratified when I took my pocket knife from my vest and gave it to the boy.

At one side of the room, I believe the eastern, were three pointed arches before which were hung curtains covering recesses, in one of which was an altar covered with an old faded cloth having on it three candle sticks but no crucifix. Over the crown of each arch was hung a small rude painting. Over the centre one St. George and the dragon, and on the one side the Blessed Virgin and babe and on the other St. Michael and the devil. A very rude wooden lectern stood before the central arch. Crosses were embroidered on the curtains. This building is only 15 years old. To my question how long there had been a Coptic church here the consular agent replied it was the first in Egypt.

Late in the afternoon Miss Harris and Mr. Longstreth, wearied of waiting took the small felucca and rowed down the river. They had not been gone many minutes when we saw evident signs of preparation for our own moving and amid the songs of the crew and the pressing cries for backsheesh, and final offer of feathers from the crowd on shore, we pulled up our stake and floated off. We supposed Mr.

Longstreth and Miss H. had continued down the river till we passed the lower point of the Island of Elephantine when we were obliged to conclude that they had pulled up the other channel around it, as the boat was nowhere visible. Our only consolation was the brightness of the moonlight and that they would have the current in their favour. The nature of the channel was such as to forbid our stopping or turning; we could do nothing but go forward with no little anxiety on their account. We finally cast anchor and awaited their coming with no little anxiety and were all greatly relieved when in about an hour they dropped along side.

This morning we are drifting side ways, stern foremost, anyway the current will carry us. We have already (at 9 A. M.) got below the granite region and are among sand stone cliffs and heaps of driving yellow sand in which we see many plants of the *Asclepias Gigas*, or apple of Sodom, growing among tuft of Halfah grass just beyond the narrow green strip of lentil and lupin; and already we find the bifurcated trunks of the Dhom Palm. The date palm grew more luxuriantly at Assouan than it does in the more northern parts. I was quite surprised to find it send up shoots from the central trunk so that in some instances there are as many as ten or twelve trees growing out of the same root. They are just at this season shooting up the spathe with its blossom, and require six months to mature the fruit.

It is with a positive feeling of regret that I leave the region of Assouan so rich in its historic associations and so grand in its ruined temples. So awfully interesting in its rocks and deserts and yet so beautifully attractive in its verdant palms and groves. No spot in our travel has been more interesting.

The weather this morning is quite as cold as our October. Just the temperature for perfect enjoyment for those in health and able to take exercise in rowing or hunting, but too cold for the feeble and invalid. Your mother had lost her cough and breathed comfortably while at Assouan but has a return of cough and some oppression to-day.

2 P. M. January 24th.

This is certainly to us a novel mode of advancing. The wind is from the North strong and cold. The current running strongly to the north also; so strong that the river has fallen at least two feet since we were here on our way up. The boat is rowed slowly from one bank to the other thus keeping its broadside to the stream by which it is carried down. This mode of progress affords us ample time to inspect the crops on the banks and to examine through our glasses any object of interest.

We certainly saw a very large crocodile. Wistar asked me what was an object lying at the end of a sand bank. I said at once I should decide it to be a crocodile if it were not too light colored, and called the dragoman who took my glass and said "no it is a bundle of

Doura" and handed me back the glass. Wistar said "it is too large to be a crocodile" as I looked again it had gone. We all had seen it a moment before and its disappearance proved its animation and settled the question. We should have been glad to see more of him.

We have been passing through a range of sand stone hills. The yellow sand of the desert beyond has drifted over the range and lies like great drifts of snow streaked and seamed by the changing currents of wind.

25th.

A cloudy morning with a cold leaden sky found us lying fast to the Lybian shore. Before the sun rose we pulled out into the stream and floated rapidly down, and before 8 A. M. found ourselves near Kom Ombo and are now staked to the Arabian shore, with the crude brick wall with some sandstone lintels and square stones, just emerging from an interminable drift of yellow sand which covers the temple and stretches away to the eastward till it is lost in the pathless desert from which it has been raised by the wind. We find the Marquis of Bath beside us, and soon after we stopped our friends of the Gazelle pulled in after us. So soon as we have breakfasted we shall address ourselves to the task of exploration amid the din of the Arabs and the dust and dirt which are always annoying.

January 25th, noon.

We have climbed to the top of the mound which covers the temple and have stood beneath the adytum, on the under surface of the stones of which are winged globes with serpents heads, the colour (blue and green) still fresh though on the front are inscriptions which indicate that this temple was erected for King Ptolemy and Queen Cleopatra and their children by the military forces stationed here, in honour of the great god Arocris (Apollo) and to the contemplar gods for their benevolence to them. It is difficult to frame any description of this spot. The river rushes with a most impetuous current which has swept away a portion of the bank and now approaches so near the foundation of the wall that a portion of it trembles to its fall.

We landed a short distance above and crossed a tobacco lot the owner of which had cut it and was busily engaged with his family in stripping it while green and laid the leaves in heaps where of course it undergoes fermentation and is spoiled. I tried myself by pantomime to show him how to hang it and dry it before stripping it but could get nothing in reply but "backsheesh Hawadgi." I then endeavoured to prevail with the dragoman to explain it to him but in vain. He said he had tried before but they would have their own way. I do not believe him as I think him entirely unreliable. This tobacco lot lay immediately beside the edge of the heap of yellow sand which covers the ruins of Ombo.

We climbed the hill, which was just like wading up a hill covered with drifting snow. Beside us on the left hand was the wall of half

burned or unburned brick which must at one time have had a casing of sandstone as at about half way up there was a large window, the frame of dressed sandstone and covered with hieroglyphics, within which were arches turned of the same brick work, opening on passages which are filled with sand. Climbing still higher we came to the top of the wall, which is of great thickness, and has numberless fragments of broken pottery wrought into the clay of which the bricks are composed thus proving that whether a part of the temple whose ruins now attract visitors, or of more modern date, they certainly are composed of the debris of still older structures. When we had climbed to the top we found the foundations of modern huts and looked down into the basin in which rose the capitals and architraves of the temple.

Near the river, half ruined, stands one pyramidal propylon on the front of which are the figures of the crocodile-headed god Savak and many figures of Arocris, and of kings and queens in the attitude of offering. Many of them here as at Philæ have been deliberately and laboriously defaced. There are some ten or twelve immense shafts with huge capitals, ornamented with papyrus and lotus buds and covered with hieroglyphics inscription, evidently of very inferior execution to some we have already seen. The figures both in the sculpture and in the hieroglyphics are the same but they are less cleanly cut. In two or three places they are unfinished and the red lines by which the surface of the stone was divided into squares of about two inches each way shews that a plan was first drawn and then the labourers worked by measure as the ladies do their canvas worsted work by stitches.

We wandered around amid the columns and speculated as to the mechanical means by which the great blocks of squared stone, which lie across these capitals and formed the roof of the temple, could have been raised to so great a height. We found the lower stones had been laid in cement and in one, which had been fractured, Wistar saw the impression of a fossil.

As I walked about the drifting heaps of sand I could not avoid speculating also about the immense accumulation of potsherds which where the sand is blown away from them are sufficiently numerous to give a ruddy hue to the surface of the mound. Pliny says when he saw the quarries he had no difficulty in asserting there must have been a great people from the work they had accomplished in carrying away such masses of material to build. By a converse process of reasoning I find in these broken pieces of clay the positive evidence that these temples were not built in the desert, nor by magic power, but by human beings with the same wants and habits as ourselves. They have buried their most magnificent buildings in the waste of successive generations.

From the top of the brick wall which formed the sacred enclosure in which still stand these ruined tokens of departed power, the eye ranges over pathless waste of sand till at the eastern horizon it rests on the mountains which skirt the western coast of the Red Sea. All between is waste, howling desert. The Nile pursues its winding course north and south, its line marked by the Palm groves which give the only token of life in the desert. Even among these we can see the sand driving like drifting snow and as I write my paper feels gritty under my fingers.

I looked in vain for any relic I might bring away and was compelled to be content with the dried "Apple of Sodom," which was drifting before the wind. Large bushes of the asclepias on which it grows skirted the ruined wall.

4 P. M.

The story that it never rains on the Nile is a pure fiction. While we were in the ruins at Ombo there was a slight shower and about two o'clock I drew Wistar's attention to a dark cloud which I remarked would at home surely give us rain. We soon after passed close to a pebbly bank and I asked to be put ashore to look among the stones for Carnelians or Agates. The Reis happily made it an apology for stopping and we are now having a regular thunder storm with heavy wind, rolling in a strong wave on the shore, and vivid lightning, rolling thunder, and rain enough to wet everybody and everything on deck. We are quite thankful that we are not exposed to it in mid stream. Your mother to my surprise followed me and soon all hands were busy and each came back to dinner with pockets filled with agates or carnelians or jaspers or some such pebbles. They lie in a stratum along the shore mingled with pebbles of larger size and various composition. These strata are very curious, too hard to be alluvial, and filled with a sort of calcareous concretion which looks like those found in the green sand of our own country; and among them sandstones shapes which might be thought huge fossil bones.

Jany. 26th.

I suppose our experience of Nile weather is without example. At least we find no notice of such in any of the works on the subject and our dragoman says he never met with such. Soon after the entry of last evening the storm which had been threatening burst on us with lightning, thunder, heavy wind, and pouring rain, not without a suspicion of some hail. This is most distressing to our Arabs who have no shelter for themselves or their provisions, which consists of bread, dried in the sun, and lentils, and I fear is all ruined. They crept under the boards of the lower deck, but this afforded but imperfect shelter for themselves. Our trunks are on deck and we fear the cover of canvas thrown over them will not have been impervious. The water from the deck came

pouring into the saloon. Happily we were at the shore and though it was a lee shore it was safer and more comfortable than we should have found the mid-stream, which was lashed into waves by the opposing wind and current. Toward midnight the wind fell and the moon light was sufficient to induce the Reis to move. Our boat had been driven by the wind so high that it was with no little effort of the crew in the water, shouldering us off, that we finally got afloat.

This morning finds us near a sandbank ; with a leaden September sky and cold north wind, not promising much comfort for the day. A few Dhom and Date Palms skirt the shore, and beyond stretches a mountain range to the east, which I suppose to be that of the sandstone region of Silsilis which was to be our place of stopping to examine quarries, and temples, and tombs. As the sun rises there is some clear sky at the horizon ; we shall be thankful to be spared more rain. One of our servants was crippled with rheumatism before the rain, your Aunt Mary complaining and I a little threatened. I am specially thankful that I do not hear your mother cough as she often does in the morning. I see the Gazelle, which left Kom Ombo an hour before us yesterday and was out of sight when we took the storm, lies now near by us.

9 A. M.

Clear, bright and cold, with a north wind so strong as to neutralize the power of the current, so that we make little or no advance. The Luxor, which left Assuan twenty-four hours before we did, is now behind us. We are greatly relieved by being told that the bread of the crew did not become wet, and hope we shall find our trunks escaped. The deck is still too wet for us to venture out. The beauty of the palm groves and cotton fields, and lupin and wheat patches, as they reflect the varied shades of green in the morning sun, is so bewitching that I confess notwithstanding all the little discomforts it is with a sincere feeling of regret I realize that we shall never look on this again.

11 P. M.

We lay all day windbound beneath the bank at which we arrived last evening, and this evening after the full moon had risen we dropped slowly down to Silsilis where we now lie, with the sandstone wall rising perpendicularly above us, bathed in the soft light ; crickets chirping in the clefts, hyenas howling in the desert ; these the only sounds breaking the solemnity of the profound stillness which now prevails where 40 centuries ago the hum of human industry prevailed, leaving as its result the great cavities from which were cut the pillars of temples of gods, and caverns with columns, which lie against the face of the rock above our heads, inscribed with dedications to the same inconceivably monstrous objects of worship. We shall explore them to-morrow.

SILSILIS, January 27th.

Aroused early by the movements of others to look at the Southern Cross, I lay watching the moon as it came down to the level of the sandstone cliff above my cabin window; and so soon as its whiter light began to yield to the stronger rays of the approaching day I dressed and started for an exploration. I soon found myself in a space of about an acre in area, surrounded by sandstone walls as smoothly cut as the art of man can accomplish, the mark of the tool still plainly seen. This is one of the chambers out of which the blocks we have seen in the columns and temples have been hewn. Open to the river, and backing against the desert, it is protected from the wind and sand. Every point to which these have access is black and polished; contrasting strongly with the clear yellow of the cut surface.

I soon found a stairway which was worn by the ascending feet of generation after generation of quarry men which, during the ages which preceded the Christian era, had here laboured. It was still the gray of the morning. The moon hovered above the sharp edge of the rocky wall directly before me as I climbed, and, mounting stage after stage these flights of stone stairs, I reached the summit of the cliff. Turning round I saw the valley of the "Ancient River" through which, a broad silver ribbon, it wound its way, skirted by palm groves and cultured fields, with here and there a slight smoke indicating the fires of the watchmen, still at their posts. Across the stream the eastern sky was just glowing with promise of the rising sun. Far as the eye could range it met only with the horizon, and passed over nothing but rolling heaps of desolation. I determined to mount to the next height beyond me to the west, that from it I might hail the rising sun. As I did so I saw two beautiful Jackals scampering away before me. When they reached the height they turned round and stood gazing at me. The surface of the height on which I stood was thickly strewn with black pebbles, some rounded like balls; some elongated; some flattened.

The upper surface of the sandstone, which was soft, and in thin layers, breaking beneath my feet, was polished by the sand and wind; but what was most unlooked for, there were deep ravines evidently worn by rushing streams of water. There could be no mistake about it. The eddies had left holes in the sandstone, and the mark of the water was as plain as it is along the present bank of the river.

I slowly climbed still higher, only to reach a plateau over which the wind, blowing freshly, denuded it of sand and disintegrated the very soft layers of sandstone, leaving the black pebbles which are found in it, strewn as thickly as the sand on the shores. At several points around me lay bones bleached and decomposing, and I realized that I was an intruder into the domain of the beasts, at an hour when it was theirs by unquestionable right; and that though I might assert my superiority over the Jackals by aid of the stones which were so plentifully provided, my strength and skill would be of no avail should I rouse up one of the hyenas whose howl had sounded mournfully in

my ears during the night. I therefore determined to advance no further before the rising sun should proclaim my right to the possession of the earth, and send back to their dens the beasts of the desert. I therefore took my stand on the ridge till the sun rose above the hills on the eastern shore, after which I moved on toward the western desert, picking up here and there specimens of the very curious nodules which lay strewn around me. I crossed several dry water courses cut deep into the sandstone rock, in the clefts of which the loose yellow sand had drifted, and my feelings were akin to those of Robinson Crusoe when he first descried the print of a human foot on the sand of his island when I found the unmistakable clear and freshly made track of a hyena. As the hour was even then a debatable one I did not hesitate to turn back, and following the bed of the torrent soon reached the shore.

When did water run through this desert? From the time of the Father of History to our own period, when Lyell assures us that no tributary ever fell into the Nile in the 1700 miles above its mouth, we have no record of any such stream, and the unburned brick houses which have sheltered its inhabitants all these generations prove most incontestably that it has been so.

The geological structure is very peculiar. As we lie here on the shore we have on the present level of the water, a stratum some eight or ten feet thick, lying horizontal, of black semi-vitrified sandstone. Over this lies about 20 feet of the yellow sandstone which was worked for building purposes by the ancients. Acres of it have been cut out leaving the unbroken stone clean and square, with the face as fresh as though it had been exposed to the sun only yesterday, and the face as neatly dressed as though it were designed for ornament; the marks of the tool still there. The process of quarrying must have been to mark out the intended size and shape of the block, and cut all around it and then wedge it up. In all probability they cut down to the lower edge of the stratum. In the corners left are still to be found eyes, cut through from side to side, through which were passed the ropes which guided and steadied the block as it was slid down to the water's edge on an inclined plane. In the face of this stratum looking toward the river are grottoes, having columns and architraves sculptured on the rock. On the architraves are sculptured the winged globe with the serpent's head, beneath it the same is repeated and is there most richly coloured red and yellow and green and blue. Within on the walls are sculptures representing gods and kings and priests with offerings of lotus flowers, fruits, boxes of ointments, &c., and in niches within are found bas-reliefs, sitting figures, now much defaced, but resembling in their attitudes the colossal figures before the temples and giving me the impression of the design to represent by them the same immutable quiescence and abstraction as the figures of the Buddha in India. They are invariably grouped in triads. Tablets beside them contain hieroglyphic inscriptions, and cartouches indicate the name of the kings in whose reign they were constructed.

On the eastern side of the river are more extensive quarries. Here they have all been worked from the top. There they have been carried hundreds of feet into the side of the hill, and the ceiling is supported by columns left standing. Between them and the river's margin lie great heaps of chips and refuse like the culm banks of coal mines. The inscriptions and figures on these rock shrines are of the date of 12 to 1500 years before the birth of our Lord, but the quarries continued to be the source of supply for temple building down to the days of the Romans.

We are quietly spending the Sabbath at Silsilis. The morning cloudless; the temperature most genial; no wind to disturb us. I was about to add nothing but the desert around us when the sharp report of fire arms broke upon the silence. I thought it was our dragoman, but lifting my eyes from the paper, see a tall Bedouin stalk by the window with his long gun across his back. From the top of the cliff we can see a large cultivated plain on the opposite side of the river and small patches above and below on this side, but they are separated from the point at which we lie by desert behind, and projecting cliffs above and below. Yet to our surprise we saw donkeys come down paths we should have said were made only by wild beasts.

Wistar and all, except Anne and myself, crossed the river yesterday afternoon. The boat would not carry all, so we were content to remain. They report the quarries there more extensive far than those on this side, and Wistar thinks the excavation, with its solid pillars of twenty feet through, was designed to be converted into a temple but was left unfinished. They appear to have been greatly impressed by the view of the desert and valley of the river as being more grand and impressive than that I had from the point to which I climbed yesterday morning. I am quite satisfied with my own observation.

When contrasted with the winter weather of Great Britain or our own, this is certainly genial, and presents advantages for an invalid. But the violent catarrhs of the Arab crew and the rheumatism and neuralgia and the toothaches of the whole party prove that some more protection than that furnished by the Dahabeyah, with all its elegance, is needed before a Nile trip can be advised for the consumptive. The steamers present still less comfort as at present fitted up.

As we sit and gaze on these wondrous excavations and think of the wealth and power of the Royal and Priestly caste of Egypt in the days in which the stones were carried away, and the purpose to which they were applied, the mind involuntarily reverts to Moses, the chosen servant of the Lord who, brought up as the son of Pharaoh's daughter, heir of the treasures which were accumulated by the King, and learned in all the wisdom of Egypt, was without a doubt also, initiated into the most sacred mysteries of their religion and participated in their most solemn, imposing ceremonies. Familiar with their gods, many and monstrous, and accustomed to look at the figures by which they

represented the attributes of Power in the dark temples and lofty ranges of columns which they built for their residence, how wonderful the contrast afforded by the sublime and awful simplicity of the utterance of Sinai, "The Lord thy God is one Lord," "Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image the likeness of anything in Heaven above or in the earth beneath or in the waters under the earth," and how absurd the folly of those who because they find some few points of ceremonial in which the Hebrew service corresponded with that of the Egyptian worship assume that Moses merely adopted the Egyptian rites and ordinances!

On the other hand it appears to me that nothing could give stronger confirmation to the claim of Divine teaching than this very strong contrast. The institution of the Passover, as a type of the great Paschal sacrifice on Calvary, and the service of the high priest in entering into the Holy of Holies, sacrificing "the abomination of the Egyptians," could never have originated in the habit of worship to which Moses was accustomed, and had its origin in the same Divine call, teaching, and power, which led him to forsake Egypt, "not from fear of the king but because he esteemed the reproach of Christ of more value than all its treasures." I have never read the account of these temples and the riches of the treasures of the kings, and the evidence of the wisdom afforded by these ruins, and the recorded fact that from Pythagoras and Solon down to the time of the Roman Empire the wise of other peoples resorted here for instruction, without thinking how wondrous must have been the faith of Moses which counted it all of no value for the reproach of Christ, and forsook it all.

This impression is infinitely greater here on the spot with the palpable evidence before us how great was that wisdom and incalculable those riches, nor does the knowledge we have of the fact that the kingdom did descend sometimes in the female line render improbable the belief, transmitted by tradition, that Moses, as the adopted son of the daughter of the king, was heir of all the power the possession of which inflated the pride of Pharaoh and led him to despise the judgments of the God of the Hebrews. It was Divine power working in Moses to will and to do of His good pleasure, and that alone, which enabled him to overcome by faith the visible present power of the great king; whether he were Rameses or Setho or some less noted Pharaoh matters but little.

29th.

The song of the morning greeted our ears as we lay quietly under the sandstone cliffs on the Lybian side of the Nile at Silsilis, reminding me of the thought I so delight in, that as moment by moment the earth turns round in its diurnal revolutions on its axis, bringing the dawn in unceasing renewal every where on its surface, so from some part of its habitable parts this song arises eternally. Curlews and plover led the strain with their cry, and as we drifted into the fringe of palms and acacia on the opposite shore the softer notes

of the warblers and the deep bass of the wild geese filled up the diapason.

As we loosed from the shore the soft light of the morn lay quietly sleeping on the sandstone and illuminating the recesses of the ancient quarries, and casting shades into the openings of the grottoes, but soon the dark curtains of the morning which hung over the Arabian shore were all aglow, changing from rose to amber, and coloring the wide spread bosom of the Nile as deeply as when under the uplifted rod of Aaron its waters became blood indeed. Then the soft saffron yielded to the clear blue, and these glories lingered till the "wheels of amber and of gold" rolled above the horizon, and palms and acacias and sycamores laughed in the fresh glory of the new-born day.

We had drifted with the silent majestic current, out of the savage cliffs, into the wide expanse of the cultivated plain. The hills on the Arabian side receding here some miles, and the desert itself yielding to the vivifying influence of the life-giving water, and smiling and blossoming as the rose. It is the fertile plain I had overlooked from the top of the cliffs on Saturday morning.

We have passed beyond the region of crocodiles and shall be obliged to content ourselves with the sight Wistar and I caught of the monster a day or two since. This is a grievous disappointment to those who were less fortunate and who had fancied them strewn along the bank "thick as the leaves in Vallambrosa," and fancied here and there a Hippopotamus disporting in the stream. The variety of birds is great and the beauty of the strip of fertile land unwearying though the same.

12 M., January 29.

The calm majestic current of the stream has borne us very rapidly down, until we have already passed the ruins of the Saracenic fortified town on the east bank which stands half way between Edfoo and Silsilis. There has been much cotton planted, now nearly ripe on both banks, and many very beautiful groves of trees. The shadoofs are placed every hundred yards at the furthest, and are kept busily at work.

This is the first day we have felt warm since we landed in Egypt. It is perfectly calm, the sun so hot as to drive us from the deck, and even in the cabin I am more comfortable without my coat than with it. There has not been an hour before since we left Cairo in which I could not have borne my overcoat, and very few in which it would not have added to my comfort when sitting quiet. We met a dahabayah on its way up, flying the Stars and Stripes, and cross of St. George. We therefore infer she carries a mingled company of both nations. Three others are in sight, descending like ourselves. The whole day was a fine summer temperature. The thermometer we have is not very reliable, but indicated 78° in the saloon of the cabin.

We reached Edfoo about 2 P. M., having made 22 miles in 8 hours, passing through scenes varied from the most savage wildness to the highest culture. Cotton, wheat, lupins, and sugar cane. We have just returned to the district to which the latter culture extends from the north. It is not seen further south than Edfoo. The Sakkia is less common here than it is further south. Where the Khedive has cane plantations he has erected steam pumping machinery. All other culture is watered by the Shadoof.

The permanence of race and independence of color or climate and solar influence is very strikingly exhibited. I have seen nude men as white as myself working at the shadoof, fully exposed to the direct rays of the sun and atmosphere, directly associated with Nubians as black as my coat, and Arabs of a dark copper color, and Copts of a hue intermediate. This could not be if color and form were dependent on climate and exposure. The influence of the kind of labour in developing form is I suppose equally manifest. The movement at the shadoof, which is the greatest and most uniform labour, is well adapted to bring into play all the muscles equally. It is hard labour and also requires skill. The force is expended in pulling down the empty skin bucket. The weight of the body is thrown on the pole as an assistant to the muscular power in overcoming the weight of the mass of hardened clay at the end of the lever, which raises the bucket filled with water by the mere gravitation of its mass, the muscles being then used only in guiding the bucket and steadying it in its ascent and then emptying it. The height of lift of each stage is from 12 to 15 feet. This motion is repeated without cessation during the entire day. The bodies of the men shine in the sun with the perspiration, and their feet and legs are drenched unceasingly with the water which leaks or flows over the rude skin bucket, or in some cases palm leaf mat basket.

It is certainly true that these poor fellow men earn their bread by the sweat of the brow, and little it is they earn for themselves. Their clothing can give them no "anxious thought," it consists of nothing more than a half yard of cotton cloth worn as an apron, most carefully and unceasingly it is true, and their appetites must be small and their taste limited within the most narrow bounds. A leek, an onion, some green leaves of lettuce or radish, or sweet pea, or clover, constitutes the variety; and a dried date the luxury, while hard bread of doura or millet, and lupins or coarse beans, are the staple. In the cane districts they indulge in sucking the cane, as we do in common fruits, as a luxury of indulgence.

The sakkia worked by oxen, cows, or buffaloes, raises more water for irrigation, but requires more capital. Rude as is the wheel, in a country where wood is so scarce and money scarcer still, it is a costly machine. Any but an Egyptian would stand aghast if asked to form a wheel, no matter how irregular its radii, of such materials. It has a central hub, and branches of every kind but straight radiate from it; and the periphery does end where it began, thus closing the circle,

but if laid out it would form anything but a straight or even regularly serpentine line. Between the outer end of each of the radii a jar is tied on an endless rope, while the projecting end catches like a cog, in a perpendicular wheel in a similar projection from a similar wheel, which works horizontally, a little above the surface of the ground. Levers are fixed to the hub of this horizontal wheel, a foot or more above it, to which the cattle are fastened and travel in a ceaseless round. There are relays of cattle standing by, and the driver who sits on the horizontal wheel must be relieved also. Every joint of the rude machine creaks with the strain, and we hear night and day the not unmusical sound.

Sister Jane this morning asserted that the music of the statue of the young Memnon was no fiction, and may still be heard by any one who watches the dawning day and listens. I hear "the song of early bird," but she insists it is not that, and rejects scornfully my suggestion of the sakkia as its source. But in the perfect absence of all other sound, borne from the distance on the surface of the water, it is truly a melody much more to my taste than the quartette singing of our maltese servants.

But O! these sweet warblers! so numerous, so beautiful and, sure of no disturbance, so tame. The early day is full of the song of the various warblers, who here find refuge from the rigor of more Northern climes, to which they resort in turn when the heat of summer drives them from this more hospitable home. Some do not migrate. We saw yesterday two beautiful Hoopoes. They were fighting and therefore so absorbed that we could stand and admire their crests erected, spread like the tail of a peacock, and their beautiful varied white and blue-black plumage. Then every sand-bank is an aviary on which cranes of many sizes and colors, from pure white through all the shades of blue and gray, are standing in rows; and flocks of geese with white bodies and black wings, lie along the shore; while vultures soar above, and hawks and kites skim gracefully through the air, and king-fishers hover over the water and drop upon their prey.

EDF00, Jany. 30.

We reached the bank at which travellers always stop to visit this temple about 2 P. M. yesterday. Very soon after the dragoman handed me a note dated 1 P. M. from Mrs. Betts expressing their great regret that they should leave before our arrival and kindly suggesting a way by which your mother could visit the Temple which is a mile and a half distant. The bank is here so high that she could not climb it and she would not consent to be carried up. Mrs. B. had found another landing place to which she was taken in the felucca and from which she had walked, and thought your mother could ride. Both Friezler and the dragoman rudely asserted it could not be as Mrs. Betts said,

so I determined immediately after dinner to try for myself; and your Uncle and I started off to explore.

In doing so we visited the Temple itself, having first found the other road and decided that even by it your mother must be carried either on donkeys or by men. I was quite exhausted myself by the fatigue, but felt the compensation so perfect that I would gladly have prevailed on your mother to make the experiment. Mr. Longstreth and Miss Harris took the boat to learn what the landing place was like and reported that she must be carried ashore by men. She has therefore given up the greatest pleasure of the voyage, which I regret greatly.

This temple, though not ancient for Egypt, having been erected by the later Ptolemies during the two centuries before the birth of our Lord (I am learning to love and prize more highly that mode of expressing an epoch) on the site of an older one of the date of the early Pharaohs, still stands so little injured by time that it furnishes a perfect pattern of the Egyptian place of worship of all the ages during which they did honor to their gods and their successive sovereigns, of whatever dynasty, as the children and representatives of their gods. There seems to have been no hesitation about the transfer of the Divine with the sovereign right by possession, and unhappily here as elsewhere the erasure, by the *de facto* possessor, of the figures of predecessors, has sadly defaced the temple.

The Pylon, like the great Cathedral of Milan, towers above every surrounding object, and its twin truncated pyramids may be seen from the river for many miles. As one approaches it by land traversing wheat fields laid off in small squares by the arrangements for irrigation, and glowing with the most vivid green, one soon detects the winged globe of immortality hovering over the gateway which lies between them; and sees the gigantic figures of the kings and queens and gods sculptured on the exterior faces of the massive walls sloping from before and from either side, and rising to the height of at least sixty or eighty feet. As you draw nearer the lower portions are concealed by the huts of the present village raised on mounds composed of the ruins of the dwellings of former generations.

A canal which carries the water of the river at its flood so as to irrigate the more remote fields, but which is now nearly empty, we crossed by a bridge laid for the Prince of Wales on occasion of his visit; and mounting between one storied huts of sun dried brick, amid clustering crowds of children of all ages, destitute of even the fig leaf clothing of the shadoof workers, while their mothers and fathers sit within the little court yards, which open by door ways only on the street, and with goats and sheep and turkeys and chickens and pigeons, none of them disposed to move at our approach, we could see directly into their houses as we passed. They are furnished with water jars, we could see nothing more; and sheep, goats, donkeys, fowls and lords of the creation would seem to hold possession in common, within the walls as well as without.

Through lane after lane we followed a self-constituted guide till reaching the top of the mound, which is entirely covered by such houses, we saw the temple at our feet in the midst of a hollow which has been excavated within a few years by Mons. Mariette, under the patronage of the Khedive ; and at the cost of some four or five thousand dollars.

We descended by a rude flight of steps and found ourselves on the pavement of sandstone which had been trodden by the priests and worshipers of two thousand years ago and has lain buried in rubbish certainly during 70 or 80 generations. Along the lower ranges were sculptured smaller figures of gods and kings, intermingled with stela and hieroglyphic inscriptions, while above in successive stages were larger figures of conquering heroes, with uplifted battle-axes, while cowering suppliants knelt before them with outstretched arms, asking for mercy. Tiaras and caps, emblematic of the crowns of Upper and Lower Egypt, towered above the heads of the kings, while Ibis heads and Crocodile heads and figures of the Sun and Moon crowned and designated the several gods.

Of some the faces were beautiful, all were well executed, but the hand of the spoiler had been at work, in many cases having erased the features entirely, and in others so hacked and disfigured them that nothing was left beyond the mere outline. The hieroglyphic signs of immortality, and life, and power, were repeated everywhere, while kings and queens, in the character of gods, received homage in some places, and in others themselves made offerings of lotus, and papyrus, and fruits, and birds, to the gods. Though some parts of the upper portions of the Pylon have fallen, and some stones are said to have been used for building by the modern rulers, the entire outline of the temple stands unbroken.

The front is about 200 feet wide. In the centre is the gate way, about 50 feet wide, through which one looks into the inner court, across which, at a distance of 100 feet, stretches a row of columns with richly sculptured capitals ornamented with lotus and papyrus and palm leaves and united about half their height by a screen, each division of which is crowned by a sculptured winged globe, the wings of one touching, with their tips, those of their fellows, as did those of the cherubim covering the Mercy Seat.

On either side of the Pylon was a narrower door way by which one enters a passage about eight feet wide and well paved, which goes entirely around the *cell* of the temple. The inner side of the outer wall and the outer side of that of the cell of the temple are covered with sculptures and hieroglyphics, some beautifully executed, even when almost as small as the letters of our own print. Many of the figures are represented in boats engaged in spearing hippopotami. Chains, with well formed oval and twisted links, are clearly cut ; and the forms of the animals, birds, beasts, fishes, and serpents, are faithfully represented. High up near the top of the wall of the cell of the temple blocks project on an uniform level, each having on it the figure

of a sphynx. At the end of the lateral passages a transverse one passes across the rear of the cell of the temple proper.

Here there is a very long and elaborate inscription in hieroglyphics. At either side is an entrance into chambers in the rear of the temple, which are still covered by stone roofs adorned on the inner side by stars and winged globes.

These roofs are pierced by square openings at regular intervals allowing a dim religious light to fall into the chambers, half revealing the sculptures and hieroglyphics with which the walls are covered from the floor to the ceiling. These chambers open into each other and also into the larger sanctuary which stands in the midst directly opposite to the gate way through the Pylon.

This middle one is larger and better lighted than the others and has standing in one corner a shrine of black syenite resembling an immense chest set on end, or a closet. The mass is about 20 feet high by about 12 feet square; a single block, cracked at one corner, but still perfect. It is covered within with hieroglyphic inscriptions. A winged globe stretches above the door way and the frame is covered by them also. It has certainly been brought into this inner sanctuary since it was completed as it stands on the stone pavement and the wall behind it is covered with sculptures and hieroglyphics as fully as in other parts.

From this inner sanctuary we emerged into the court into which the outer entrance through the Pylon leads. It is separated from the inner sanctuary by the screen and columns to which I referred when I described the appearance presented as we entered the first gate way. At both the inner and outer door ways are corner holes to receive the pivots on which the doors revolved with a semi-circular ledge or tram way on which it traversed as it was opened and shut. A hole in the centre of the threshold was evidently designed to receive the bolt by which it was secured when closed.

The outer court was, I should think, 100 feet square. The one side was formed by the inner wall of the towers of the Pylon, sculptured with colossal figures of gods and heroes in attitudes of offering and receiving gifts. That which faced the opening was formed of columns with capitals and the screen rising to about 12 feet, or half the height of the columns. There were 16 columns on either side covered by an entablature running around, like the cloisters of monasteries, or the colonnade in front of St. Peter's. These columns were about 24 feet high and each crowned with a richly sculptured capital; those opposite to each other corresponding in device.

The design of the temple is simple. An outer court by which you approach, which at Karnac and elsewhere is lined by sphynxes or other mythological figures. Then the Pylon with its lofty towers in which are stair ways by which one can ascend to the summit. Through the central gateway in this, entrance is had to the court surrounded by a covered way with supporting columns. Directly opposite to the entrance is a sanctuary, the entrance into which is flanked by columns,

between which rises a screen to shut off from vulgar eyes the abode of the priests and the shrine of the gods.

Opening from this, chambers, like the chambers of imagery which the prophet* saw intruded by the idolatrous priests into the very sanctuary of the temple of the living God, and what is more closely to the purpose, dark as are these chambers with their stone roofs excluding the day, except as its light falls through a small opening from above, there are in the floor openings, which evidently descend to deeper and darker chambers below. If one wishes to prize the liberty wherewith "Christ has made us free" let him visit one of these temples, the fossil remains of a blinding superstition which held in bondage to the tyranny of human power the possession of the few, the will and conscience of the many; substituted for the judgment seat of Christ, the tribunal of Osiris; and for the one Advocate and Intercessor offering His own blood, the intercession of minor gods and the offerings of men of like passions with ourselves.

The type of all false religions and superstitions is the same; each has its sacred shrine; its class of priests; its powerful advocates; its terrors of punishment; its burdensome rites and ceremonies; its costly offerings; and, where accumulated wealth permits, its more or less magnificent temples. But the teaching of the Apostle when, standing on Mars Hill, he had before his view the highest perfection of beauty to which this type ever attained, spoiled its glory by the grand enunciation: "God that made the world and all things therein, seeing that he is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands, neither is worshipped with men's hands as though He needed anything, seeing He *giveth* to all life, and breath, and all things." The blessed liberty wherewith "Christ hath made us free" from the bondage of superstition, is an inheritance most highly to be prized and most sacredly kept. The high and mighty one who inhabiteth *eternity*, looks to the contrite one that trembles at His word; and we have "one Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous, who gave Himself once an offering for us all and ever liveth to make intercession for us."

The massive grandeur of this temple of Edfoo with its lofty Pylon, its first court surrounded by columns with sculptured shafts and capitals, separated by a row of other columns from the inner court and more sacred shrine, and these surrounded again by cells all covered with hieroglyphics, is certainly imposing to the senses, but is destitute of attraction for the affections. It moves awe, not love.

We got under way from Edfoo about noon. The sun was very powerful, the water looking still as a lake, yet flowing with a current of some five miles an hour; just breeze enough to give a pleasant sense of fanning to the surface of the body and keep it cool. The grand old temple stood majestically as though, like a dignified host, it would see the last of its transient guest and wish him silently God speed; the

* Ezekiel, 8th chap., 12th verse.

green banks of the river were like an emerald setting to a diamond band, and the beautiful rows of tamarisk trees with feathery plumage of a grayish hue, lay between the deep rich green of the wheat-clad shore and the everlasting desolation of the desert and the mountains, which shut in the whole like a garden well watered and well guarded. Far away above us stretched the valley of the Nile with its palm groves fading in the long-drawn vista of the distant perspective. Before us, as we turned our faces Northward, lay boundless stretches of yellow sand and the rugged outline of sandstone hills.

The river has fallen perceptibly since we went up a month ago, the wheat is heading and the cotton ripening its boles, while the tufted lupin patches are relieved by the beautiful blue flowering pea which is now just perfect, and is being cut and carried away on donkeys which are hidden beneath their green burdens, tinted with blue.

January 31, 1872.

This has been one of the most interesting days in Egypt. About sunset last evening we reached El Kab, the ancient Eileithyias, a very old city of which now nothing remains but the crude brick wall by which it was enclosed. A tablet was found here having on it the date of one of the kings of the 12th Dynasty, which reigned at Thebes from the year 2020 to 1860 before the coming of our Lord, that is, according to the received chronology, about the date of Abraham. In this valley, at a short distance, are found the ruins of a small temple of a later though still ancient date, which possesses no special attraction beyond its antiquity, as we still see on a tablet the fresh inscription, in hieroglyphic characters, by which it is dedicated by Rameses II (the great conqueror who lived 1300 years before the Christian era) to the worship of Ra, or the Sun.

Our way to these temples lay across a plain the entire soil of which is filled with some alkali which gives a white appearance to the surface and crunches under our feet as we walked, precisely as a thin fall of snow covered by a frozen surface does in early winter at home. I put some into my mouth, which has not yet lost its saline taste, after the lapse of more than an hour, and having chewed a dry biscuit.

There were evident traces of torrents having washed gullies in various places, and the light shower we had on the river last evening must have been a heavy fall of rain on the desert, as it had not only run in some places but stood in pools in others, and in some the sand was still moist enough to take the impression of the foot of the passer. Scattered over the face of the desert were nodules of flint and other stones rolled and evidently brought there by water. I gathered my pockets full, though I suppose they may prove nothing but flints, perhaps agates. They will at least serve as paper weights from the land of the Pharaohs.

After looking at the ruins of the temple, and the inscriptions on the tablets there, we followed our guide along the edge of the sandstone cliff, which is pierced by many holes which have been tombs. He led us to one in an upper range, which we entered, and found ourselves introduced into a contemporaneous representation of the habits, and manners, and religious rites of the people who dwelt here in the days of Moses.

Sculptured figures on the lintels and door frames which are cut in the rock, tell us that it is the tomb of a captain of the fleet. As you enter, on the left are parallel lines of figures arranged in rows. On one we see a chariot and pair of horses in which the owner of an estate, supposed to be him for whom the tomb is designed, enters a field in which labourers are working with hoes (just such as they use to-day), ploughing with oxen, and sowing wheat. On the next line above, the labourers are reaping wheat with sickles, and pulling doura by the stalk, and binding both in bundles which are being carried away on their heads. On the next line they are threshing the wheat by driving oxen over it; in another compartment, winnowing it by throwing it up in the wind; in another measuring it into bags, while a clerk takes record of the quantity, which is then carried to granaries to be stored in heaps. In still another line are scales in which men are weighing gold money, which is represented in rings. A weight is in the one scale and the money in the other, while the weigher is moving a *pea* along the balance lever with his hand.

On the same side, further toward the inner end, are represented funeral services and offerings; below which nets are being drawn, from which fishes are taken. The process of taking off the scales and putting them in jars with salt, is shown very clearly. Other servants are bringing geese and ducks and antelopes, apparently designed for sacrifice.

The figures are not so beautiful as those sculptured on the obelisks, but sufficiently well executed to leave no room to question what object they are designed to represent. In another compartment is an exceedingly interesting series representing the culture and gathering of grapes, pressing them, and putting the wine into jars. The vine is not now known in Egypt. But the trellis work on which it is trained, the peculiar foliage and bunches of grapes are very distinctly represented. Men are emptying the grapes from baskets into a vat, in which others stand trampling them with their feet while they steady themselves by ropes suspended from a beam above their heads. In another compartment, still on the same side of the grotto, sheep, asses and pigs are being numbered. It is as if an inventory of the possessions of the deceased inscribed on the wall of his tomb; and then follows the lesson of the transfer of himself across Acheron to the land Amenti.

The rear end of the grotto is occupied by a deep niche in which are three figures the size of life, seated, but their heads have been so entirely defaced that I could not satisfy myself which of the Triads it was designed to represent.

At the rear of the right hand wall, seated on massive arm chairs, are a man and woman supposed to represent the possessor of the tomb and his wife. The legs of the chairs are gracefully curved like those of our old-fashioned mahogany chairs, and like them the feet are carved. To one of them a monkey is tied. The pet of our dragoman might have been the original. The band passes around his body at the same place in his loins, and he sits in the same attitude as this assumes almost hourly. Just before this picture there is an opening in the wall which communicates with other vaults on a lower level and at the entrance are square openings about 2 by 6 feet which descend perpendicularly at least 20 or 30 feet.

The whole side of the mountain is excavated and there are galleries by which the different grottoes or caverns or tombs communicate, not only with those on the same level but above and below them. As we follow the right wall, after passing the doorway mentioned, we see guests seated at an entertainment; men in one row and women with bouquets of lotus flowers in another. A harp and flute and cymbals are represented near the host and hostess, behind are servants bearing viands of many varieties from the place where they are being prepared. Near the door is a representation of a dahabeyah with its raised cabin gaily painted and the rowers seated near the prow. As we rode back to the dahabeyah we saw green wheat fields being watered; near this the stumps of doura stalks which had been just gathered; a threshing floor over which a man was driving oxen, cows and donkeys to tread out the grain. The house of the owner was shaded by a noble sycamore fig tree. The beautiful acanthus lined the way to it along the top of the bank of the Nile, and people were squatted on the shore in the same attitude and attire as the labourers in the picture in the tomb of 4000 years ago.

February 1, 1872.

The wind blew such a hurricane yesterday afternoon that we were compelled, nothing loth it is true, to lie at the shore of El Kab with its beautiful sycamore trees sheltering the one house, occupied by a tribe of natives, whose wheat and doura plantations responded lovingly to the ample supply of water which they labouriously poured upon it; while acanthus trees hung their golden buttons amid the delicate foliage along the line which separated the desert, as they did of old when as shittim wood their congeners furnished the bush that "burned but was not consumed," on the edge of another desert near the mount of God, and supplied the material from which was made the ark of the Covenant, the table, and the altar. Common earth born wood to be overlaid with gold, beautiful type of human souls covered with Divine glory by the power of the Holy Ghost.

The wind sank with the setting sun, who now pours his golden glory as he rises to another day above a wild looking mountain range; and lights into the smiles of exquisite beauty the green slope which extends beside us as we lie waiting for the man dispatched to seek milk at the village, hidden by the grove of palm trees which stands beyond. How strongly such a scene revives the lesson of our Lord who teaches that God makes his sun to shine on the unthankful and evil! There lies the desert burning with her noon day influence and yielding nothing in return for the soft benison of his morning ray, while here blossoms with verdure and laughs with fertility the narrow strip which, drinking in the grace of the river, brings forth fruit to the glory of the giver and reward of the labourer.

We have here, now, a fresh illustration of the inadaptability of the Nile voyage to serious invalids. Yesterday was a day to be marked with a white stone so genial was the temperature notwithstanding the high wind. When we retired last night we decided it was an unrivalled day. This morning it is positively cold, requiring all the warm wraps we have with us for the comfort of those in perfect health. Another dahabeyah on its way down lies beside us in mid stream, the strength of the current and the force of the wind balancing each other so that even oars give but little progress, and I hear them announce a steam boat in sight having a dahabeyah in tow on its way up the river. As I lift my eyes to see them pass they rest upon an utterly barren waste of sand. Strong contrast with the beautiful verdure I saw but a few minutes ago in close proximity. To that man has applied the bounty of the river, thus causing it to bring forth food for the sower, and it is said that water applied to any part of the surface will cause it to bear fruit. God's grace needs man's acceptance and voluntary use of it, not once only but continually, or it flows by us in vain.

12 Noon, February 1st.

The strong cold North wind driving against the current raised so rough a sea that I have been quite "sea sick" all the morning. Our progress has been but slow, yet we have drifted around the rugged range, on the south side of which are the temples and grottoes we visited yesterday, and find ourselves abreast of the spot where on our way up we saw the people gathering the stones which are said to contain soda which is used in some way in making the water jars. We thus learn the source from which the deposit on the plain on the opposite side is derived. After we came on board some of the party wandered around the old walls and picked up very beautiful purple agates. Your mother and I did not hear of it till late at night or I should have gone ashore and sought some also.

The wind became so strong, loaded with the fine dust of sand, that we are obliged to come to the shore some miles above Eṣnū, which is concealed from view by the driving clouds of sand. I landed and

walked across a field from which a crop of doura has been gathered recently. Castor oil plants are scattered about among the ridges, on the boughs of which the beautiful green Merops sit warbling, almost regardless of our approach. The ground is covered with a short growth of diminutive pretty, pale pink-coloured convolvulus, lettuce, diminutive Solanum, and some Cuminum or Anise, with a very pretty light lilac-coloured flower, which we saw cultivated near the house of the proprietor in a large bed. The appearance of the plant resembles fennel, but it is small and the seed vessels are round while those of the sweet fennel are oblong and flattened.

The proprietor must be of the richer order, as he has a field of sugar cane, and one of cotton still growing. When we approached the house we saw a cloud of dust which we found arose from the winnowing of the doura. Oxen were being driven around a central stake to which three or four were tethered by a cord, thus treading out the seed from the head, which had been plucked from the stalk, and men with many-pronged wooden forks were tossing it in the air from a similar floor which lay adjoining; thus exhibiting the practice of to-day, unchanged from that of 3000 years ago. So soon as he saw our approach the chief man, in no way distinguished from the others, probably his children and slaves, came forward with much talk, which we of course could not understand, but calling to the dragoman he told us it was an offer of eggs for sale. There was nothing more to be seen, so I returned to the boat where your mother sits quietly embroidering a canvas pattern with worsted and silk, while I read to her, when my attention is not withdrawn by some object passing on the high bank. Just at this moment your mother drew my attention to "some sticks of wood they are bringing"; on looking I find it is bundles of sugar cane. I had told the crew I would pay for as much as they wanted, and find they have brought a dollar's worth. On my paying for it they cheered me most lustily, and sat down to it like so many children round an emptied sugar hogshead before a grocer's door; laughing heartily when I made signs to them which indicated my conviction of the painful consequence of their indulgence.

February 2d.

Yesterday was so cold that we gladly sat below, shut up in our several rooms and wrapped in heavy clothing. The atmosphere was filled with the fine dust of sand, obscuring the sun. The dragoman shot some pretty green merops and two or three larger birds with top-knots and burnished plumage which he calls "carawan." About 7 in the evening we got off and drifted slowly down to Esné near which we saw a steamboat and dahabayah, gaily lighted within and without with lanterns. It is said to convey Lord Dudley who having extended civilities to the Khedive was at Cairo as his guest, occupying one of the

palaces when we passed through, and is on his way up the river. This morning the wind has not yet risen, but we lie at Esné, as the dragoman has some sugar to buy and nothing can be had before 10 a. m. at which time the faithful go to the mosque before they open the Bazaar.

We visited the temple here on our way to Assouan. It is of the days of the Ptolemies and Cæsars. It is in good preservation, but buried in the accumulated rubbish of the ages which have passed. The portico has been disinterred and a small portion of the body of the temple, which is used by the Khedive as a warehouse. We looked down into it and admired the massive pillars covered with sculptured figures of the God Amunoph who is represented with a Ram's head, though this is said to have been the special place of worship of a fish called Latus which had the power of giving a shock to whatever touched it. It is said still to be found in the Nile, but Dr. Kingsley was vainly offering backsheesh to any one who would bring one to him. There is a Romish convent here and it is said to have been the site of martyrdom of Christians in the persecution of Diocletian. Shall our descendants ever fall from the profession of the faith of Christ and our land become as dark as this now is, where once shined the light of the glorious gospel and was so prized that men died rather than deny him?

12 Noon.

We are destined to little progress to-day. Soon after breakfast we started. The sun was bright and warm, the wind cool and strong. Your mother, who wears her thickest flannel undergarments and her thick winter dress, put on all her quilted wrappers, her water proof cloak, my blanket shawl, and a black woolen handkerchief around her neck and a brown barege veil over her head, then dear Mellie's silk hood, and over all her Leghorn flat tied down under her chin, with a thick muslin cover outside of this descending in a long veil behind and before. Thus equipped she took her seat on the sofa on deck when I tucked around her the carriage blanket and raised over her my umbrella to screen her from the sun and wind as best I could, while she drove her needle as usual through her embroidery, and we listened to your aunt Jane reading, alternating these occupations with watching the passing panorama.

Between the strength of wind and water contending with each other, we were whirled round and round like a chip in a stream and made perhaps about 5 miles of progress, during all which we have been still in sight of Esné with its minaret and palaces. This is a strong expression, but it possesses the residence of a governor, and a very beautiful house and garden, formerly the residence of and owned by the grandfather of the Khedive. It appears to be kept in good order and presents a very attractive aspect.

Two dahabeyahs floated like ourselves at the mercy of the wind and current, and thus proved how large is the number of foreigners resorting here every winter. Two steamboats were also in sight at one time, as well as the chimneys of a pumping engine; all fed with coal imported from England.

So soon as we were compelled to stake our boat I stepped ashore. Fields of wheat, cucumbers, tobacco, lentils, and lupins were spread around as I walked some distance, and could not but admire the patient industry of the people. Every inch is literally watered by the foot of the cultivator. The land is laid out in squares of about 6 or 8 feet each way, divided by ridges. Through these run channels which are supplied with water from the shadoofs. We certainly should despair of our supplies were we dependent on such labourious culture. We saw them bringing on donkeys, panniers full of fertilizer to spread as a top dressing to the wheat fields, but could not ascertain whether it is the earth dug out of some ruined town, or earth mingled with pigeon dung. Thousands of these flocked on every side, and the air was filled with the music of the little warblers, who sat upon the ground, as there were no plants on which they could rest. The vetches were in flower and there were enough of the beautiful flowers of convolvulus to give as much grief to the cultivator as Harry finds from the same plant at Ivy Neck.

The dry channel of a canal for carrying water to the more distant fields at the time of highest inundation, was used as a fold for sheep and camels and donkeys who grazed on the very short growth of grass and were fed with the lettuce and other weeds which were plucked from the wheat and bean fields.

Soon after dinner the wind lulled a little and our Reis gave the order to "up stakes," and the crew took their places at the oars. They pulled just enough to give headway to the boat, so that the pilot may steer her, and we slowly floated along through the usual green slopes and shadoofs and sakkias. Toward sunset we came in front of one of the establishments of the Khedive, a series of lime kilns, and some very extensive sugar works. Large barges lay at the shore discharging their loads of cane which were carried on men's shoulders to the mills. These were built of very fine dark coloured brick, which were laid beautifully, and the plan of the buildings must have been designed by an accomplished architect. There were several tall brick chimneys as well proportioned and ornamental as those of Mr. Whitney's works on Callowhill Street, and the arches of the doors and windows were as well turned as those of the Academy of Music on Broad Street. There were not less than a dozen tall iron chimneys in stacks or ranges. The buildings must have had a front of 1000 feet.

Immediately joining them was the residence of the superintendent which was built with an arcade in front and a second story retired some twenty feet. It was in a very large garden, enclosed by a high wall, except immediately in front of the house there was an iron railing and handsome gate way. Banana and pomegranate trees could be

distinguished among the plants and the enclosure, proving that there was attention to more than the mere necessary supplies for support. It was a very attractive spot and under any other circumstances would have been an indication of prosperity. Here we could only see the power of the Khedive to overcome obstacles, by no matter what cost. We were surprised to see the huge stream of waste water turned back into the river—certainly it might be utilized for irrigation. The sunset was one of peculiarly soft beauty, but though the wind had lulled, all the wrapping your mother had on (as described this morning) was insufficient to make her warm enough and we returned to our rooms. Separated only by the river from the scene of agricultural and manufacturing prosperity I have described, stretched a range of savage cliffs in alternate strata of red and yellow sandstone, flanked by rolling heaps of sterile yellow sand which ran far away in the distance, and were lost in the pathless desert which stretches away to the Red Sea.

February 3rd, Daybreak.

We are once more at Thebes! that great city, mysterious and famous in the days of Homer and Solomon. Familiarity with the grand and solemn does not diminish its majesty. The sun's rays fall on the sacred front of the awful range of hills which stretches away along the western horizon, revealing the varied lines of white, and yellow, and red, which add beauty to its sublimity. It stands there like an impassable barrier to unknown regions beyond. All the intervening valley is now shrouded in darkness except the broad line of the mysterious River whose smooth surface reflects the glory of the molten light which clothes these stern guardians of its flood passing silently, solemnly, irresistibly, on, on, on, like that narrow stream flowing between the impassable barriers which guard the entrance and outlet of earthly existence, which unites the incomprehensible oceans of a past and a future eternity. I feel the deep and solemn awe with which the sight first impressed me, intensified by the increased power to comprehend all its associations acquired by the daily renewal of similar scenes on our voyage to Assouan and back.

While I have thus recorded the impression made on me as I first looked from my cabin window, the growing day has cast its light upon the clouds above, and converted them into a canopy of purple and gold, shutting out the fading stars; throwing shadow on the coloured barrier of the mountain range, revealing the palm groves and green fields which border the river, and making its turbid stream a stream of gold. Another change! The rays of the sun have touched the tips of the mountains, and they now shine, rather than glow as they did when I first saw them, clothed with a uniform living mantle of glorious light. Now there are points which shine supported by deep dark shadows. Again a change; and the tops of the palms have caught the coming day and wave their feathery crowns, and bow

before the breeze as in solemn adoration, while above all the clear vault of heaven is spread in its unchangeable sublimity of depth, with the clouds, so lately like gorgeous hangings, melting away into solemn gray. It is a sight which once seen can never be forgotten.

The increasing day now shines on the entire valley, and the silvery sheen of the light from heaven conceals the turbid muddiness of the river, while it shows us no less than six other dahabeyahs fastened to its shore, from some of which the hum of voices proves that we have fellow creatures in the midst of what was so recently our own in its solitude and grandeur; while the multitudes of the sweet little birds, which chirp as they flit by the window, add their morning song to the eloquence which would justify the mythic story of music from the lips of the colossal statue of Amunoph which still stands, though in fragmentary ruin, against those solemn hills in which lie the mummified remains of the humming multitude who for so many generations peopled this *now* solitary wilderness, during so many ages before history began to chronicle the deeds of man except on the pages of the rock which transmit their names and deeds to our day.

Feb. 5th.

How wonderful are the incidents of human life! Here am I in the eventide of life, seeking release from its responsibilities and cares and anxieties, engaged in rendering professional services to Copts and Arabs in unburned brick dwellings built around the columns of the temple of Luxor; those columns cut from the sandstone quarries of Silsilis two thousand years before the Christian era and covered with the sculptured figures of Egyptian gods. I, an American Protestant believer in Jesus, some of my patients followers of Mahomet, others in their delirium murmuring "Christiani" to elicit my sympathy; all children of one Father and objects of the mercy and love of one Redeemer who died not for me only but gave himself a ransom for all, praying even for those by whose wicked hands He was crucified and slain.

Your dear mother has been confined to her bed by a pleurisy and I have therefore not accompanied the others to Medinet Aboo and the Rameseum where they spent the day. In going to my patients I pass the grand Colonnade of the temple of Luxor, and several isolated figures of gods in black granite; sitting figures of men with heads of hawks, and dogs, and rams. Among the hovels, which are clustered together like so many cells in a bee's nest in the great halls of the temple, I find cattle folded, donkeys stabled, poultry roosting, with their owners. Yet amid this my "Christiani" patient lies on Turkey rugs carefully tended by loving women. Her brother is one of the rich men, has immediately adjoining a mill for grinding wheat, another for making oil from cotton seed. They are simple enough. The flour-

mill consists of a large stone lying on the ground, bevelled from the centre toward the circumference, on the upper surface of which revolves another, which is concave on the lower surface, having a shaft attached to a lever, and made to revolve by a horse who walks around the lower stone. The wheat is supplied through a hole in the centre of the upper stone and the meal removed from the edge of the lower. These stones are brought from "the Houran or land of the Moabites," east of Jordan, and are very hard and of fine grain. The cotton seeds are ground in a similar mill, except that here the lower stone is concave and the upper one revolves on the edge thus retaining the oil in the basin in which the seed is ground. It is afterward pressed by a screw turned by lever. The works though simple are all good. The oil is used for mingling with their food, and by the Nubians for anointing the body.

I had quite a dispensary of rheumatism, dysentery, and typhoid-pneumonia and ophthalmic cases. But if I shrink from responsibility where I can understand the language of patients, what shall I do here, not only dependent on an imperfect interpreter, but with no remedies appropriate to the cases?

February 6th.

I am more and more impressed with the unsuitable character of the Nile climate as a resort for invalids. Yesterday was warm, and in the shade, with a light breeze, very genial. The sunset clear and glorious. This morning a dense grey fog envelopes everything so that I cannot see the mountain range which rises across the river. The palm trees look through the veil like mere shadows, and everything wears an aspect of cold, cheerless storm. My cabin window looks out upon the river and the western shore, which is at this place a wide sandy beach intervening between the beautiful green wheat fields and patches of beans and lentils which cover the site of the Thebes of ancient glory. Each preceding morning the distant mountains, the majestic ruins, and the superb groves of palm and acacia trees, have claimed the eye and homage of the mind even from the first dawn of day. The sunset last evening, clear as I ever saw it amid that soft light which is so entrancing to the feelings, and with a temperature and atmosphere which made it a source of pleasure merely to live.

During the night the wind blew a perfect gale, and this morning the fog conceals all beyond the sand bank, so that the eye rests there on a curious spectacle which presents itself it is true each morning, but is overlooked amid the exceeding interest of things beyond. There is collected there a crowd of donkeys with their attendant drivers and guides, and the motley group of followers which throng around us everywhere with the unceasing petition for "backsheesh." The gay crimson saddle cloths on the backs of the black and mouse colored donkeys, gives color to the picture which contrasts strongly with the

white turbans and blue robes of some and the white robes of others, and the brown skins of those who cannot afford to cover their native hue. It is a pretty object always in the foreground of the grand picture. To-day it claims undivided attention.

As the fog was dispersed the clouds of sand usurped its place, obliging us to close windows and doors, and covering everything with an almost impalpable powder, which grits under my fingers on the paper. Every day convinces me that it is no place for a sick person, however desirable it may be to escape the harder rigors of a Northern winter. Our dahabeyah is the envy of all our fellow-voyagers, but I find it impossible to screen your mother from draughts or to secure the repose which is so essential. The direct rays of the sun are scorching, the wind strong and penetrating. The other members of the party are resting from the fatigue of yesterday which they spent among the ruins of Medinet Aboo and the Rameseum, except Wistar and Mr. Longstreth, who have walked alone to those of Karnac.

So soon as I had dressed your mother's blister and secured as much quiet as possible I visited my patients. They live in houses built of unburned brick amid the ruins of the temple of Luxor constructed by the great conqueror Rameses, about 1300 years before the birth of our Lord, as a memorial of his glorious conquests, and connected with the great temple of Karnac whose Pylon, built by his son, still stands at the distance of a mile or more, terminating an avenue of Sphynxes which lined either side of the wide passage from the one to the other, forming one of the great streets of Thebes. That intervening space is now heaps of fallen dwellings and potsherds, in some places covered with bean and wheat fields, in others turned up by the excavations for nitrous earth which abounds amid these accumulations of decay, and is here washed by the Pasha to procure potash for his powder manufactory.

It would be absurd to attempt any description of these ruins. The books of Wilkinson and Champollion give them, but who can understand them by written accounts? They must be visited again and again day after day by those who have learned to decipher the sculptures and read the hieroglyphic inscriptions. I must be content with the effort to communicate the impression they produce on my uneducated mind. I passed the noble portico with its massive columns still nearly as perfect as when brought down from Silsilis, distant nearly 100 miles; 3000 years ago they were erected here. Perched on a wall, built of the stones of the temple, stands the roomy and elegant house of Mustapha Aga as though the stones of some of the out buildings of Girard College were to be used 3000 years hence to build a house among the capitals of that noble colonnade which fronts the gateway. The debris has been cleared from before it so that the front stands well exposed and a flight of steps rises to the entrance to Mustapha's house. Well might the Prince of Wales say that he had no such palace. But while the front is thus opened you must imagine all the interior of the main college building with the side colonnades buried in

the masses of unburned brick houses which during 1500 years have been built, one over the ruin of the other, until they have accumulated so that the only parts of the columns to be seen are the capitals; the shafts all buried. On the level of these capitals build houses, each consisting of one room only, of one story, and that not high enough to permit me to stand upright, and placed with no rule as to size or distance from each other; indeed opening from one to another in inextricable confusion. In some rooms, and in the court yards between others, these magnificent capitals rise on every hand. Buffaloes and donkeys are stabled around them; hens and pigeons roost amid their sculptured projections. Stooping low and entering one of the houses, to which no light enters but by that low door, you will find the sick lying on fine Persian rugs watched and attended with affectionate assiduity. Beyond are large mud-built receptacles for grain and beans, and smaller earthen pots or jars in which are stowed away the wealth of the inhabitants.

There are no medicines to be purchased and no physician of any kind lives here. Is not the contrast sufficient to satisfy the most unthinking that the prophecy uttered by the prophet of God when that temple was in its proudest perfection and the representative of the power of Egypt that she should "become the basest of kingdoms," was the voice of inspiration and has been fulfilled?

Feb. 7th.

Your dear mother is still suffering from the pleuritic stitch, and has a little fever. The whole party except ourselves have gone for the day to the Tombs of the Kings. I do not feel able even to think of that which is near much less to leave her for the day, and shall probably be compelled to rest satisfied with what I have already seen. I am glad I went with Mrs. Betts, the first day we were here. I went to induce her to go, and thus had an opportunity of seeing the remains of the Memnonium and the tombs in the Assaseef, a hill which rises behind those ruins.

Feb. 8th.

Your mother appears relieved this morning. The blister I applied yesterday morning rose toward evening and, following the cupping and former blister, appears to have arrested the pleurisy, though she still has some catch in her breath.

The party returned last evening highly gratified by the day's excursion, though very much fatigued. They slept well and are all bright to-day and ready for a fresh enterprise. They rode yesterday not less than 12 miles and crossed a mountain ridge on foot, scrambling among loose flint stones and pebbles. It is wonderful they should not one and all be laid up—Mary especially;—she appears able to endure

more than Wistar. Their report of the beauty of the sculpture and painting in the tombs of Belzoni and Bruce is very interesting. Even Friezler who has been disappointed thus far and dissatisfied acknowledges that these are worth visiting. I am glad they were to go and enjoy it.

February 8th.

Thankful for your dear mother's improvement I started off with your Uncle and Mr. Longstreth for a walk. The weather just such as to invite it. Our October in temperature, the only discomfort a November wind. We could see the clouds of sand drifting before it on the Western shore of the River. We walked first through mud walls about 4 feet high enclosing gardens containing lemon, fig and banana trees, and palm groves with wheat fields, and leaving these enclosures came out on the open plain spreading widely in every direction and richly clothed with barley and wheat, through which we walked on; leaving Luxor with its columns and obelisk behind us.

Our way lay along the water courses and past the wells with their Sakkias by which these fields are watered. We clambered over mounds of broken pottery and crumbling unburned bricks, and after walking about two miles found ourselves on a bank which looked down upon a large pool of water some twenty feet below us. It was evidently an artificial excavation and had a peculiar shape as though it had been oval with a projecting bank into one side. On looking carefully at this projection we saw that it evidently was composed of ruins, and following the margin round to it, we found ourselves in the midst of the halls of a temple built 1500 years before the Christian era with colossal marble statues guarding the entrance. Within, the courts were surrounded by sitting figures of the Goddess Pasht with her cat head. They were above the human size, of black basalt and were placed around what had been the walls of a square court, almost touching each other.

As we looked towards Karnac we recognized it at the distance of half a mile; with a straight avenue of enormous Sphynxes, in sand stone, lining it on each side. This avenue evidently connected these two temples in such a way that its line continued ran directly through the Pylons of the great Temple and the centre of the halls of this, on to the Lake, and beyond that struck the Pylon of the Temple of Luxor. As these buildings had all been erected about the same time by Amunoph, Tothmes, and Rameses, it is certain they had a common design. Many later additions had been made to each of them, down even to the times of the later Ptolemies. But in each the grandest portions bore the names and figures of the older date. Even on the spot, and in their dilapidated condition, it is impossible to form a proper conception of their plan and arrangement; but this does not prevent the impression of the majestic grandeur of the whole. The Sphynxes were some

twenty feet, or perhaps thirty, in length from the paws to the rump, and perfect in their proportions. Some with the heads of men or women, some with that of a ram with fine features and large curling horns, they stood facing each other and with not more than twenty feet between them side by side. The avenue was about fifty feet wide. When filled with the processions of richly dressed priests bearing costly offerings and attended by flags and banners, the spectacle must have been most imposing. The entire space, some mile and a half in circuit, was enclosed by crude brick walls, the mound formed by its crumbling masses being still easily traced.

We wandered from point to point examining the sculptured figures of gods and heroes and queens and priests and the hieroglyphic records of the names and actions, and then walked by the Avenue as far as the Pylon of the Temple of Karnac, which rears its lofty front almost unbroken. The gateway is not less than 50 feet high. In each corner above is the opening which received the pivot on which the gates revolved, and below, the circular ledge on which it turned. How massive must have been those gates! We wandered around the heaps of rubbish, picking up agates which seemed to abound in these ruins. Whence they were brought and with what purpose no one can conjecture. They are thrown out of the rubbish which is carried away to the fields as a top dressing to the wheat, by the hundred. Some of these heaps are so full of Nitrate of Potash that it gives a frosty look to the surface and crunches under the feet like thin ice. The Pasha has a very large tank and evaporating pans here. The earth is thrown into receptacles into which the water is turned, and when it has dissolved the nitre it is drawn off into large shallow tanks where it evaporates, leaving the crude saltpetre which he uses in his powder manufactory.

As I visited one of my patients this morning I saw in the court yard on which opened the door of the dwelling, the stable of the cows and donkeys, and in which the chickens and pigeons were walking about freely, some dozen or more unburned dishes of mud in each of which was a cake of wheat dough. They were placed there until they should *rise* before being baked. The cattle walked and the pigeons flew over them, and the wind brought clouds of fine sand and dust.

The wheat grown here is very white, and has a fine, round, heavy, plump grain, and some of the party who accepted an invitation to dine, a'l'-Arabe, with Mourad Ali, the American Consular Agent, yesterday, report the bread and pastry very sweet and nice. I was specially and urgently invited, but was not willing to leave your mother. They sat on the floor, spread with Persian rugs, round a tray raised a few inches from the floor. They had not less than a dozen courses, beginning with soup, followed by various side dishes, which they ate by dipping the bread into them. The turkey was pulled apart by the host and handed to them in his fingers, and they ate from theirs. When he found a nicer part, he would take from them that they were eating and place it on the dish, giving them the better. Goose and lamb followed the turkey, each being brought on by itself and eaten in the same

manner. The meats were followed by preparations of spinach, and that by sweetmeats. It concluded with an infusion of dates and raisins in one dish and rice in another, which was eaten with wooden spoons with long handles, each dipping first into the sweet and fishing for a raisin or date, and then putting the spoon into the dish of rice to get some of that with the sweet. This he assured them was so medicinal that it would prevent any uncomfortable results from the previous indulgence. Coffee was then handed in a little cup, after which the Chibouque, which all but Wistar pulled at. Then coffee again, and an offer of tea if they would only wait half an hour longer. Water was poured over their hands from an ewer into a basin, and each had a napkin during the meal and a towel to wipe after washing. A ball of fine soap was on a rest in the centre of the basin, so that they could rid their fingers and mouths of all traces of the meats before taking the coffee and pipe. They all returned highly pleased.

February 9th.

The morning opens on us more genial. There is yet no wind. We have had three days of very cold weather. The natives have been carefully wrapped in their warmest garments. Two steamboats have gone up the river. One had in tow the dahabayah, "Bessie Camac," with Lord Dudley on board. The other was towing several barges loaded with iron. I suppose beams for the sugar works.

Evening.

Your mother being better, I left her this morning and went with the other members of the family to repeat my visit to the colossal figures, the Memnonium and the Tombs on the western side of the river. We first rode through the wheat and bean fields to the edge of the desert, and then across a waste stretch of debris, nodules of flint, and fragments of limestones, to the foot of the hills which contain the Mummy pits, the tombs of the kings, and the private tombs of persons of affluence from the earliest period of Egyptian history. The entire mountain is penetrated and bored, story after story, tier above tier, and below tier too, for it sounds under the feet of the donkeys as we trot over the flinty soil, so that the frequent sunken pits through which we pick our way are not needed to prove that we ride through and over the City of the Dead. But the sun is setting in glory behind those hills, and night lets fall its curtain so suddenly that I must lay aside my pen, though I fear the power to describe the objects of interest we have visited may be lost during the night.

February 10th.

The last object visited was the tent of Mr. McCallum, a Scotch artist, which is pitched in front of the colossal statues, that he may there, on the spot, paint them as they appear when the sun's rays first

fall on them ; and now as I lie in my berth and watch the glow which clothes the mountain top, and gradually descends to illuminate their gigantic features, I enter fully into his enthusiasm and feel that my criticism uttered in the involuntary expression "It must sing," was hardly exaggerated. As I stood yesterday on the enormous monolithic pedestal, still 8 feet above the surface of the ground, and looked at the inscriptions Greek, Latin and Modern by which various visitors of all ranks and in all ages from the time of the Roman Emperor Hadrian down to Irby and Mangles and those less known of our own day, have testified, some that they heard the song of Memnon and all to the sense of gratification they have enjoyed, I could not but realize there is something natural, some instinct implanted in us as by Him who gave us our life and the power to appreciate and love the beautiful and be awed by the grand and solemn, which stimulated the builders so many ages ago to express itself in the mythic song, which has struck a responsive chord in so many hearts. So now this morning as I lie and see the drama of the opening day pass, act after act, before me, and remember that it has been thus repeated through all ages, I cannot but join in the song of the morning with the higher note ;

"All thy works praise Thee and thy Saints give thanks to Thee."

If I felt saddened by the thought I should never again look on the scene at Syene, what will be my feelings when, as we soon must, I turn my back on the City of the Dead at Thebes, glowing as it now does? In the language of Beattie :

"On the pale cheek of death smiles and roses are blending,
And beauty immortal awakes from thy tomb."

It is the Gospel only which brings this ray of life and immortality and gives us the privilege to see,

"Peace, Love and Mercy in triumph descending,"

to give a richer glow to the deeper shadow of a more fearful death.

Among the most interesting objects we visited yesterday was a small temple built amid the tombs high up on the hillside, on a plateau overlooking the whole valley of the Nile in its widest extent, including the temples of Medinet Aboo, the Memnonium, Goorneh, Luxor and Karnac. In the day when it was first erected the prospect must have been grand, as it took in the colossal figures and rising Obelisks and sculptured Pylons of these Temples and the immense masses of human habitations. The portico was not large and had but four columns joined by a screen, behind which was a vestibule, or Naos, as it is called in the books. The walls are covered with sculptured figures of Ptolemies and Cleopatras worshipping Athor and other gods. The colors are still fresh and bright. Behind these are three recesses entered by doorways each ornamented with devices of various acts in honour of different gods. On the wall of the easternmost is a curious scene representing Osiris sitting in judgment. Before him stands the figure of Chem, the Ram Headed God, as a scribe reading from a tablet the

record of the acts of one who stands far behind supported by other secondary gods. Between them and the figure of Chem a balance is erected beside which stands the figure of Justice. The balance is large and stands perfectly even with the hieroglyphic of truth or perfection on the one scale and a vessel containing the merits of the candidate for admission to the realms of Osiris in the other. The aspirant, however, is proved to be worthy by the fact that a weight is placed on the arm of the balance which supports the emblem of truth, proving that he has supererogatory works. The figure is that of one of the Ptolemies, I believe the one who was called Philometer, not, it is said, for his actual desert of so honorable a title, lover of his mother, but rather in irony. I am reminded of the possibility that I may have mentioned this scene in a previous record, as I did visit this temple the first day we were at Thebes in company with poor Mrs. Betts.

I feel as though these are very disjointed notes. They are written under every conceivable disadvantage. Often I have scarcely seated myself when I am called away, if not to some duty, to some gratification of the moment, which must be enjoyed then or the opportunity is gone. In the absence of the pressure of settled purposes and appointed duties controlling the employment of time, trifles turn us out of the way just as the lightest breath changes the course of the thistle down, or the gossamer which floats on the air, whose currents are unheeded by the earnest labourer in the path of duty.

THEBES, February 10, 1872.

It seems almost impossible to find time to write. Every hour brings with it some interruption or occupation. It is now nearly bed time; I have not yet had a moment to spare.

Just as I seated myself this morning we were sadly disturbed by learning that a man was to be "sticked" for having misbehaved to us yesterday at the tombs. Just as we were leaving he presented himself to myself first and then to Wistar demanding "backsheesh," as Sheik of the tombs. We referred him to Joseph, who refused to give him any, though our guide said it was right to give it. A violent altercation ensued between the claimant and Joseph, but we thought no more of it till this morning, when we heard that Joseph had made complaint against him before the Governor for having been violent with us. Wistar and I at once repaired to the Consular Agent and found the whole affair was mingled with jealousy on the part of Ali Effendi, because Mustapha Aga had spoken to us about it. After long conference we succeeded in procuring the release of the culprit, who came to the dahabeyah to apologize to sister Mary and solicit her pardon. It is difficult to determine the right and wrong in the case. He probably had no claim for a present, and it may be important for the protection of future visitors to resist such appeals. Still it was terrible to think of such a punishment being visited to a poor fellow for

so simple an act as soliciting a few coppers from those who are naturally enough thought to have more than they need, as they spend so much in coming here to look at objects which must seem so uninteresting to them. Much time was thus consumed, as well as some coffee and tobacco.

Then my patient required a visit. She is convalescent and rose up from her Persian carpet to ask me if she might be washed, as she "could not bear to be so dirty." I hope your mother may be well enough to make her a visit before we leave.

As I was on my way my attention was arrested by a number of camels and donkeys, loaded, entering through a gate way into an open court enclosed by a high brick wall. My curiosity led me to enter, and I found the modern repetition of one of the scenes we had seen depicted on the walls of a tomb. It is the granary of the Khedive. In the midst was an immense heap of beautiful white plump round heavy wheat. Bag full after bag full was being added to it while a clerk was standing keeping record of the measure. It is said to be worth about one dollar per bushel and to be taken as payment, in kind, for the taxes. The stem of a palm tree lay upon one side of the heap up which the people carried their wheat and deposited it at the top. Similar heaps and actions are represented on the oldest tombs.

Both Mustapha Aga and his rival Ali have been very attentive to us and have given us several articles of interest. Your mother sent to the old man the large bead purse Annie so kindly gave her, with which he was amazingly delighted, and insisted on my taking an amulet which had been round the neck of some royal or priestly mummy, showing me how it could be set in a brooch, and also a fragment of some statue covered with hieroglyphics. How we shall be able to carry these away is a serious question, as they are all contraband and liable to seizure by the government. Your uncle Wistar and Mr. Longstreth walked to Karnac while I was thus occupied.

This afternoon I have given to your mother, and this evening we have been honored by a visit from the Earl of Pembroke and Dr. Kingsley. The Earl is an unsophisticated natural character, expressing his opinions without embarrassment and with much intelligence. He had rowed twenty miles this morning. Dr. K. is intelligent, highly educated and having seen much of the world has most agreeable conversational powers.

The glory of the sunset was so great that at the risk of appearing foolish I must mention it. I never, even here, saw so rich a golden horizon or such a resplendent sea of glass; over which the new moon hung her faint white bow in the purest blue arch of the heaven.

12th.

Yesterday was spent in the quiet which belongs to the Lord's day, except a visit early in the morning to the Coptic church. It is the most substantial structure in Luxor with the exception of the houses of the

Consular agents. It has the usual division into nave and chancel and apse. The chancel screened off from the nave by lattice work, and the apse from the chancel by a solid screen, ornamented by crosses. A door through this screen exhibits the altar. A priest was at this, clothed in white garments having crosses rudely embroidered on it. Lights were burning on the altar and also at the lectern, which was a rude wooden stand with books on it, in the chancel. There were many priests present in the chancel and some dozen boys from 10 to 12 years old. All were clothed in their usual dress except the officiating priest. The service consisted in chanting, processions round the altar, bowings, and prostrations, and burning incense, which was thrown toward the altar first and then toward the priests, and afterward to the people. The hand of the priest was frequently passed through the incense and then laid on the head of some one of the other priests or people. The lessons were read in Arabic which the people understand. The chants were Coptic and much of them consisted in inarticulate sounds. During the service a lamp was lighted in a recess in the apse and a part of the chant was accompanied by cymbals. To some part of the service there were responses by the people, and I was delighted to see the parental affection they displayed, and one little fellow nestled in his father's bosom most lovingly. Part of the service was read by one of the boys. Judicious teaching would find a good opportunity among these people, so long down trodden and oppressed. With what glad acclaim will these and such as these everywhere hail the coming of the day of the Lord when their chains shall be broken and their redemption draw nigh!

The first thing on which my eye lighted this morning was a fresh arrival during the night, with the stars and stripes floating, and before I was dressed a message was brought me, the compliments of Edwin T. Greble. We exchanged similar compliments as they went up about two weeks ago; I sent him my card with the Ledgers. While we were at breakfast Mr. Greble called and we found he left Philadelphia only eight weeks since. It seems incredible. Mr. and Mrs. Mark Reeves of Richmond, Indiana, are in the same boat. They must certainly be Friends. Mr. G. made a very hasty visit, as we told him where he should inquire for letters. Wistar called soon after, but they were about starting for Medinet Aboo.

This morning sisters Hannah and Jane and Mr. Longstreth and myself took the boat and were rowed about 20 minutes down the river and from there walked through wheat fields about 15 minutes to Karnac. Wilkinson himself declines any attempt at description of this wonderful ruin. How could words convey any idea of a building one mile and a half in circuit, erected by various monarchs, each adding to the work of his predecessor? The oldest part dates from the days of Osirtasen, 2000 years before the Christian era. The larger and most imposing from that of Rameses the Second, 800 years later.

Sheshonk or Shishak has inscribed his name and deeds on other parts; and his triumph over Rehoboam King of Judah is recorded on

the outer wall. He is represented riding in his chariot while the Jews are bound and led captive. They are plainly recognized by their countenances and costume, but all doubt is removed by the hieroglyphic which asserts one of the figures to be the king of the Jews. Pylons and Propylons and columns and obelisks, some standing and others thrown down, with figures of gods and colossal figures of kings, are strewn in inextricable confusion over the vast area.

The part in best preservation is also that which must have been most imposing—the hall of columns. No where on earth are so many columns grouped together—no where are they loftier or more imposing. No where else have such stones been raised to so great a height. In this hall of 330 feet long by 170 feet wide stand not less than 150 columns, twelve of which arranged along the centre are 62 feet high, without the plinth or abacus, and 11 feet 6 inches in diameter; one hundred and twenty other columns, each 42 feet in height between 9 and 10 feet in circumference, stand in parallel rows along either side of these gigantic supports of what might be called the nave, these supporting the side aisles. The roof, where there was any, was formed of immense squared masses of sandstone, some of them more than 40 feet long and of proportional breadth and thickness. The entire surface of the columns and under side of the lintels, and roof stones which remain, were deeply cut with figures of gods and men and hieroglyphic characters not less than two or three inches deep and of size appropriate to that of the building and its parts. Some offering to Amun-re, the producing power—father of gods and men;—being represented every where. The offerings are made by the sovereign, who is attended often by some of his family, and Amun-re has with him attendant gods of all grades, Ibis headed, Hawk headed, Crocodile headed, Cat headed; each in their several respective functions.

In many places the color is as bright apparently as when first applied to these figures, and when they all were fresh the blue, red and yellow so profusely scattered over almost the entire surface of roof wall and column, must have produced a gorgeous effect. One cannot even now stand or sit in its cool retreat without the sense of awe its colossal size and wonderfully perfect proportions are so well adapted to produce, and the thought of the ages during which it has stood is overwhelming. Not less so is that which is kindred to it. What thousands of fellow men must have expended their strength in the construction, and what treasures were lavished on it! Then comes the humiliating reflection that fellow men, evidently with like passions as ourselves, and by the token of these very structures possessed at least of an equal degree of intelligence, and some knowledge of power we do not possess, they yet bowed down and worshipped the work of their own hands and served the creature more than the Creator; dedicating to them that are no gods the honour and wealth and service due only to Him who is God, over all blessed forever. Shall we judge them even? much less condemn them? The question of the apostle to the gentiles to the self-righteous of his day furnishes a reply still

as appropriate now as 1800 years ago, "Are we better than they? In no wise," and his caution "thou that judgest another condemnest thyself," finds a ready response in the whisper of the Spirit of God to our own conscience, so that here amid these columns in this glorious monument of human power and greatness,

"Loudest tongues at once are hushed,
Pride in all its writhings crushed."

I found myself under an impulse of which I was scarcely conscious, singing the hymn

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run,"

and

"Our glad Hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy coming shall proclaim."

Then the temples shall no more be defiled with abominations, and the triumphs shall not be marked by uplifted swords over suppliant crowds of cowering captives.

From the centre of this hall of columns we look out on four grand avenues leading one toward the river, and the similar temple and palace on the western side, another toward the noble pile that rears its massive portico at Luxor, some three miles distant, its huge columns still buried in the waste of ages which has accumulated in its courts. These avenues were all lined by sphynxes, some still remaining half buried, some half-consumed by time, others entirely destroyed; their bases sunken in the earth proving that these were grand approaches for processions and triumphal celebrations.

Around this central hall others of varying style and size clustered themselves, some surrounded by colossal figures of Osiris, others containing obelisks of granite, some of great beauty of sculpture and rising to nearly 100 feet in height; others smaller, though not less graceful, and covered with inscriptions cut with consummate skill. There were no less than 17 of these. Some still stand as fresh as when first erected. Some have been removed to European capitals, others lie in fragments, tokens now of man's power to destroy, as they once were of his skill to construct.

It is supposed the work of destruction was effected by some of the Ptolemies, though it may have been begun by "the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses." These huge masses of granite still retain the traces of the grooves cut into them to receive the wedges by which they were split in order to overthrow them; and while, where the polish is undisturbed, they retain their beauty and freshness, wherever the surface is broken and an access for atmospheric influence opened, the rough surface shows the disintegrating power of air and time. Some of the colossal figures are seated, some standing; some of red granite, some of white marble, some of alabaster, some of black granite. All colossal, some immensely large.

